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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN UTAH

1776 — 1909

Dean Harris

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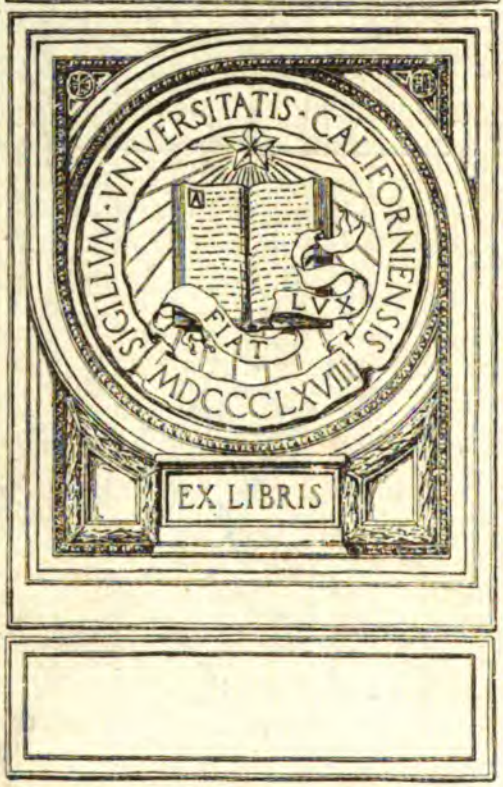

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The Catholic Church in Utah

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AN EXPOSITION OF ...

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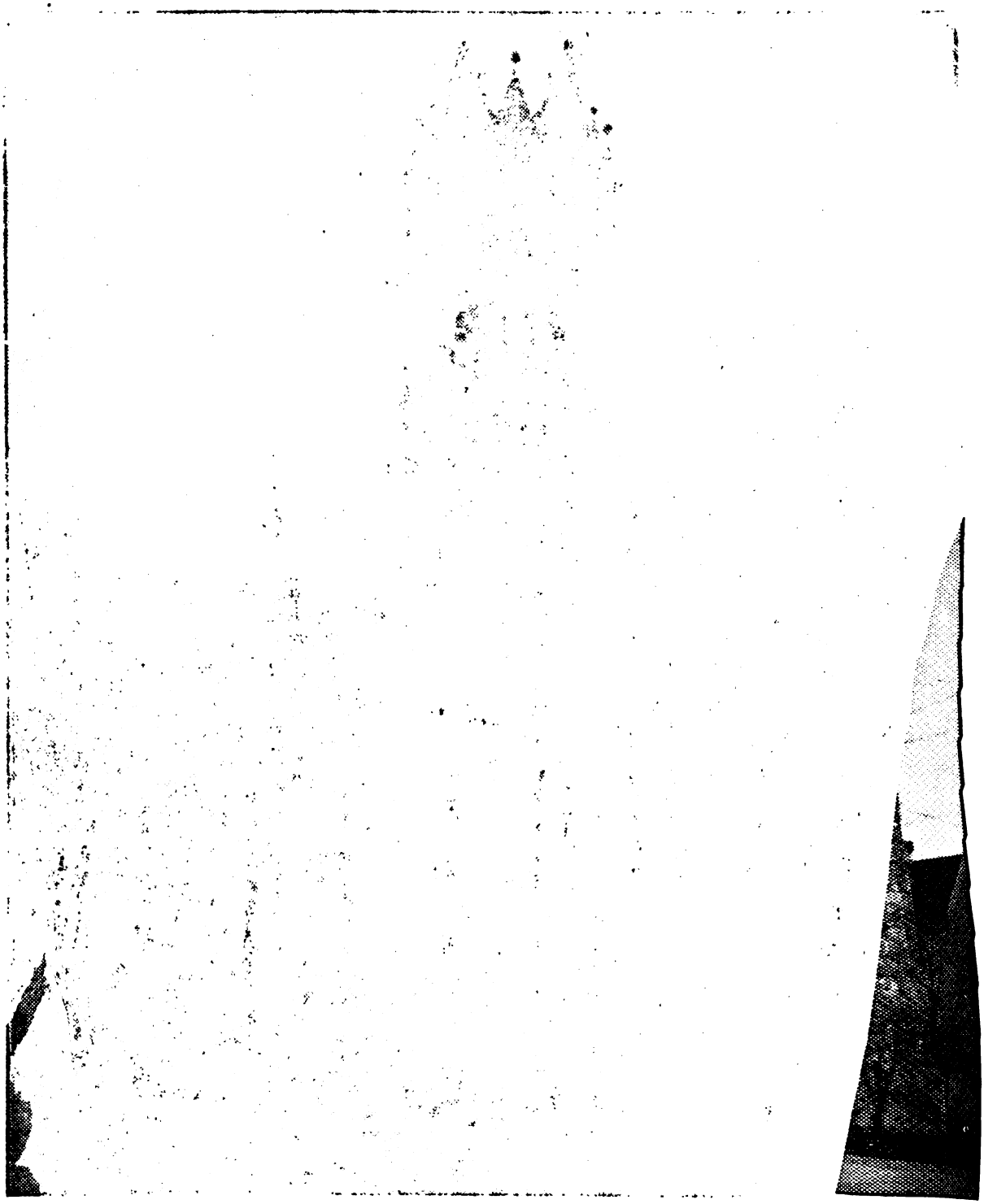

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The Catholic Church in Utah

INCLUDING

AN EXPOSITION OF CATHOLIC FAITH

BY

BISHOP SCANLAN

A review of Spanish and Missionary Explorations. Tribal Divisions, names and regional habitats of the pre-European Tribes. The Journal of the Franciscan Explorers and discoverers of Utah Lake. The trailing of the Priests from Santa Fe, N. M., with Map of Route, Illustrations and delimitations of the Great Basin.

BY

VERY REVEREND W. R. HARRIS, D. D., L. L. D.

AUTHOR OF

Early Missions of Western Canada, Days and Nights in the Tropics, Tribes of the Dominion, Etc.

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"Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost."
(John. VI-12.)

"Gather up the letters of the past, gather up the traditions, gather up the pamphlets, gather up the records that are so essential for the fulness of our Catholic history, for surely our Catholic people have no reason to be ashamed but every reason to be proud of their glorious traditions."

Governor John Lee of Maryland, to the Catholic.

Historical Society, Philadelphia, March, 1894.

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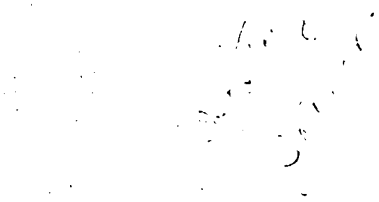

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TO

RIGHT REVEREND LAWRENCE SCANLAN, D. D.

Bishop of Salt Lake

Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, Etc.

This History of his Diocese is gratefully and affectionately

inscribed by The Author.

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PREFACE.

The title of this volume sufficiently indicates its character and its purport. This work, in all probability, would not have been written in our time if conditions and circumstances did not make for its production. The people at large in our southwestern regions know nothing of the visit of the Spanish priests to Utah Lake; even learned men, until now, have thought that Bonneville or Bridger first made known to the outside world the existence of our inland salt sea.

Though referred to by scholars and historians, and mutilated excerpts printed by Simpson in his Report, written in 1859, very few readers were aware of the existence of the Journal of the Franciscan priests who entered our immediate neighborhood one hundred and thirty-four years ago and preached Christianity to the Ute Indians.

Though drawn upon liberally by Bancroft in his "History of Utah," and attention courteously attracted to it by Elliott Coues in "On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer," the "Diario" or Journal of Fathers Dominguez and de Escalante is altogether unknown in our country, and is now, for the first time we believe, translated and given to the public in this history. If the Journal presents us with no fact of importance, apart from the discovery of Utah Lake and the existence of the Great Salt Lake, it has nevertheless a merit peculiarly its own.

The description which it gives of the country and of its geographic position, the information we receive on climatic conditions then obtaining, on the habits, customs and manners of the tribes, and particularly the knowledge we obtain of the topographical features of our region in those early days, remain as memorial tablets of our early history which we love to trace back to its primitive source. Nor was it known, even to the select few, that the great missionary

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and explorer, Father De Smet, passed through Salt Lake Valley in 1841, and five years afterwards met the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, and unfolded before the eyes of the Mormon leader a panorama of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Again, we were affectionately moved to enter upon the preparation of this history while the pioneer and practically the founder of Catholicism in Utah and Nevada was yet living and moving among us as a friend. Bishop Scanlan knows more of the history of the Catholic Church in Utah and Nevada than any living man. To him we went for information, or when in doubt, upon any item bearing upon pioneer times. For his courtesy to us and his forbearance when we often put a severe tax upon his time and patience it is idle to add anything here.

The closing chapter of this history, entitled "Sketch of the Life of Bishop Scanlan," is written and published without consulting his Lordship. He knows nothing of it, and will not, till the title confronts him in this work. We would like to have interviewed him for the chapter, but we had a presentiment that our reception might be an exception to the habitually gracious and friendly greeting with which he received us at all times and on all other matters.

The expectation of presenting the Bishop with a copy of the history of his diocese, the morning his great Cathedral is consecrated, has unduly hurried us and must serve as our apology for any errors which may have escaped our notice and for the defects of style and composition too painfully prominent on the face of the work and in our translation of the Spanish Journal.

The author begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Fredrick W. Scofield, consulting engineer, for his generous aid in preparing the chapter which covers the itinerary of the Franciscan priests and the tracing of their route on the Escalante map.

To George W. Keel, Esq., of Mexico City, who, at considerable inconvenience to himself, obtained the Spanish

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transcript of Fray Escalante's "Diario," and for his courtesy in searching, for this history, material among the archives of the Mexican National Library, the author begs to express the assurance of his appreciation.

SALT LAKE CITY, January 29, 1909.

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BOOK I

Pioneers of the Faith

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INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE.

BY RIGHT REVEREND L. SCANLAN, D. D., BISHOP OF SALT LAKE, ON "THE FAITH OF CATHOLICS."

Doctrines Held by Catholics—Essential Articles of Christian Belief—One Revelation, One True Religion—Opinions of DeMaistre and James Anthony Froude—The Catholic Church a Perfect Society—Peter Its Visible Head—The Deposit of Faith—Infallibility—Importance of Tradition—The Church and Tradition—Confession of Sins—Penance a Divine Institution—Doctrine of Indulgence—The Sacrifice of the Mass—The Blessed Eucharist—What of Our Dead?—The Blessed Virgin—An Unmarried Priesthood.

When requested to write the introductory chapter for the history of the Catholic Church in Utah, it occurred to me that a brief exposition of Catholic doctrine and belief would be a salutary and useful preface to a history dealing with the early and present work of Catholic missionary life in our state.

Early in August, a special cable dispatch from Rome reported Mgr. Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, to have said that "Many observant non-Catholics had told him that very many English-speaking people would be prepared to accept in their entirety the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, did they but know them as they were."

During my missionary life extending over a period of forty years, I have received many, very many, converts into the Church, and in numberless instances I was told that many of their friends were restrained from entering the Church by ignorance of its doctrines, early prejudices and, in too many cases, by the religious indifference and carelessness of many of their Catholic acquaintances.

I trust that this authoritative statement of what Catholics believe and are taught, may help to remove prejudice from

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the minds of our separated brethren and instruct Catholics themselves on many points of Catholic doctrine which they accept without being able to "satisfy everyone that asketh a reason for the hope that is in you."—(I Pet. iii, 15.)

In this summary of Catholic doctrine it will be assumed that the reader knows already the principal religious truths which all professing Christians are supposed to believe. Among them I include the Unity and Trinity of God, the Divinity of Our Lord and His Resurrection from the tomb. The immortality of the soul, the immutable existence of God, and man's consciousness of a judgment to come, are elemental truths common to the human race.

But we, Catholics, hold in addition to these truths that God the Son, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, assumed our human nature and became man; that His conception in the womb of the Virgin Mary was wrought by the Holy Ghost; that His birth was in the natural order, like unto our own. We believe that by His life, teaching, miracles, death and resurrection, He proved that He was what He claimed to be, true God and true man—having two distinct and perfect natures, the human and the divine, united in one divine personality.

We believe that this Divine Person, Jesus Christ, Our Lord and Master, rehabilitated and redeemed our race by His sufferings and death on Calvary; that He is the one and only Mediator; that there is no other name under heaven by which men can be saved than the name of Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

While all Christians hold that Christ wishes all men to be saved, all do not agree regarding the doctrines He taught and the means He provided for our salvation. Non-Catholics maintain that the Bible, and the Bible alone, forms the foundation of Christian belief and contains all truths necessary for salvation.

Catholics hold that Christ established a Church, and to that Church He intrusted the means of salvation and charged it with interpreting the Bible. This Church is popularly known as the Roman Catholic religion. But what is re-

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ligion? It is the theoretical and practical recognition by men of their relations, their service and duty to God.

It is conceded by universal reason that all men are essentially equal in their spiritual relation to God, because all men are equally creatures and all are beings composed of body and soul. As rational creatures they owe a supreme worship to their Creator, and that worship ought to be internal and external, that is to say, a visible and invisible worship—the adoration of the soul and the worship of the body.

As there is but one true God, religion, to be a revelation and divine, must be one and one only. The reasons which prove that religion must be one make it also clear that that one religion should be universal, for all men and for all time; and unchangeable or unalterable, for God cannot change, nor should man's essential relations to God change when these relations are fixed by an unchangeable God.

Though there is and can be only one true religion, this religion is natural or patriarchal and supernatural or revealed. And of revealed religion there was the Mosaic or Jewish, which became the Christian religion when God, through His Son Jesus Christ, completed His revelation and supreme message to man.

We have here to deal with the Christian religion alone, which includes the truths of all religions, and which may be defined as the summary of all the truths which God has revealed to us, of all the laws which regulate the conduct of the soul in its relation with its Creator, and of all the external means of grace and salvation which He has provided for us while we are on this earth.

We maintain that the Christian religion, the religion of Christ, is and can only be the Catholic religion. The Catholic Church is the divinely established institution for preserving intact and advancing the Christian religion; and that Church may be described as a visible, well-defined and organized moral body, or society, established by Christ, the imperishable soul of which is the Holy Ghost.

To the non-Catholic who views the Catholic Church as

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simply a human institution, her perpetuity and indestructibility will ever remain an insoluble problem. The Catholic, however, is confronted with no rational difficulty; he compares the Church to the human body, differentiating, of course, the natural from the supernatural, the human from the divine.

As the vital principle of the human body is the indestructible soul, animating all its parts and every atom of its physical being, the imperishable soul of the Catholic Church is the Holy Ghost. Now so long as the soul remains with the body, man lives and acts, and so long as the Holy Spirit, the animating principle of the corporate body of the Church abides within it, the Church cannot perish. And as we have the ever-abiding word of our Blessed Redeemer that the Holy Ghost would be with the Church until the end of time, the Church must live while time endures.

Nor is her immortality limited by locality, for her influence, within her own sphere, is as far-reaching as the all-powerful arm of the Eternal Father.

That distinguished French philosopher, Joseph DeMaistre, rose from the study of the religious movements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with the conviction that "Heresy can never successfully compete with, or hold its own, against the Catholic Church, unless supported by the strong arm of military power."

Equally strong is the expression of wonder on the part of the Protestant historian, James Anthony Froude. In his work on the "Revival of Romanism," he tells us that "The tide of knowledge and the tide of outward events have set with equal force in the direction opposite to Romanism. Yet, in spite of it, perhaps by means of it, as a kite rises against the wind, the Roman Catholic Church has once more shot up into visible and practical consequence. If she loses ground in Spain and Italy, she is gaining in the modern, energetic races, which have been the stronghold of Protestantism. Her members increase, her organization gathers vigor, her clergy are energetic and aggressive. She has taken into her service her old enemy, the press. What is the meaning," he asks, "of

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so strange a phenomenon? Is it because science is creeping like a snake upon the ground, eating dust and bringing forth materialism, that the Catholic Church, in spite of her errors, keeps alive the consciousness of our spiritual being, the hope of our immortality?"

In another part of this remarkable essay he claims that "Rome counts her converts from Protestantism by tens, while she loses but here and there an unimportant unit."

Some years before the tide of conversions had set in toward the Catholic Church in England and America, and when Mr. Froude was beginning to emerge from obscurity, Lord Macaulay was examining the mystery of the indestructibility of the Catholic Church. "There is not," he exclaims, "and there never was on this earth an institution of human policy so deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church."

* * * * * *

The Catholic Church is a perfect society, a supernatural society, a society founded by Christ for the salvation of the human race. But the Church is a society of living men, and therefore must be a visible society. It is a society for all men who would be saved and must therefore be a perpetual society. No society can exist without a head, a center, an authority, a governing power. Our Divine Lord before organizing His society and establishing His Church chose one of His disciples and appointed him head of the society or Church He was soon to institute. "Thou art Peter," spoke our Saviour to this disciple, "and on (thee) this rock I will build My Church."

Had the disciples of Christ chosen the visible foundation they would have had power to change it. Had Peter himself, by divine appointment, established the Church, Peter could claim a right to alter or modify its doctrines. But when Christ Himself chose the head and built His Church, no power on earth can destroy it, and all hell can not prevail against it.

Now as the Divine Founder was soon to go to the Father and leave for all time a visible society to perpetuate His

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doctrines, it was necessary that a visible head should preside over this society, and so He made Peter that head and His visible successor on earth, with superhuman power to rule His Church, and in and through his lawful successors to rule it to the end of time. This is what we Catholics mean by the Supremacy of St. Peter and of the Pope of Rome as his lawful successor.

The Church of Christ is one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic. The Church is one in its Sacrifice, its sacraments, and its doctrines. And this oneness excludes all multiplicity, all division, all diversity, for Christ said:

"On thee, Peter, I will build My Church (not churches), to thee I will give the keys; feed My lambs, feed My sheep; there shall be one flock and one Shepherd."

By divine precept all are bound to be within this Church which Our Lord compared to a sheepfold. "He that hears you, hears Me; he that will not hear the Church, let him be as the heathen. As the Father hath sent Me, I send you; go teach all nations; preach the gospel to every creature; he who believes and is baptized shall be saved; he who believeth not shall be condemned."

There can be only one true Church, and all are commanded by Christ to belong to that Church. He who knows this will of Christ and this obligation and does not obey, cannot be in the way of salvation.

A church teaching supernatural truth, mysterious truth beyond human understanding, must be an infallible church, especially if tremendous penalties accompany a determination not to listen to its voice. Hence our Lord made His Church infallible on the instance He made it divine. "I will be with you always, even to the end of time," and again: "I will send you the Holy Spirit, the spirit of truth, to teach you, and He will abide with you forever."

Without an infallible church there can be no faith, no certainty, and therefore no supreme obligation to believe. The only church on earth that makes good her claim to infallibility is the Roman Catholic Church. She not only claims in-

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fallibility, but she exercises and makes her claim operative through (1) General councils. (2) The voice of her bishops in union with the See of Peter. (3) The Pope, the head of the Church, teaching *ex cathedra,* or as the vicar or representative of Christ on earth.

* * * * * *

What, then, do we mean by asserting Papal infallibility? We mean that the Sovereign Pontiff is, by divine appointment and as successor to St. Peter, divinely protected and exempt from error when, in the exercise of his exalted office, he defines what is of faith, that is what we are to believe, touching doctrines and morals. Here is what the Vatican Council, representing the universal Church, proclaims in reference to this subject: "We teach and define it to be a dogma divinely revealed that when the Roman Pontiff speaks, *ex cathedra,* that is, when in discharge of the office and as teacher of all Christians, by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines that a doctrine regarding faith or morals is to be held by the universal Church, he enjoys by the divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed His Church to be endowed in defining a doctrine regarding faith or morals."

It is most important that we hold clear and accurate meaning on this subject. A definition of faith is not the creation of a new doctrine, but is simply an official declaration by the Church, or by the Supreme Pontiff, that a defined doctrine is contained in the deposit, or legacy, or revealed truth, left us by Christ.

"What is a deposit?" asks St. Vincent of Lerins. "It is that which is intrusted to you, not that which is the fruit of your invention; it is what you have received, not what you have devised; it is not a private assumption of authority, but an affair of public transmission; a thing transmitted to you, not produced by you." (De Potes, v. 29.) The Church does not create a doctrine and never claimed the right to do so. She defines what God has revealed, and lifts above the

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region of controversy doctrines contained in the deposit of faith.

A definition of faith, then, is not the invention or creation of a new doctrine, but is simply an authoritative or official promulgation of a truth as old as Christianity itself. Thus, a truth of revelation which was before implicit, that is, enclosed as it were in the deposit of all doctrinal or moral truths, becomes, by the official voice or definition of the Church, a thing to be believed by every member of the Catholic Church under pain of exclusion from her communion. For example, the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope was of necessity included in the deposit of faith, but the vast body of Catholics did not know it, and, until the voice of the Church of God was heard proclaiming it to be of faith, were not expected or bound to believe it. After the Church had officially defined Papal Infallibility to be included in the revelation of God to man, then it became what is called a dogma, and was to be accepted and believed under penalty of excommunication.

Papal Infallibility does not mean that the Pope cannot sin. It is one thing to be exempt from sin or the power of sinning, but it is quite another to be divinely protected against doctrinal error, when teaching the things that are of God.

Infallibility is not inspiration. Inspiration implies infallibility, but the latter does not necessarily mean inspiration. By inspiration is meant the impelling will or influence of the Holy Ghost moving one to write or speak, His will and presence moving the mind of the individual, not allowing him to err, and influencing him to write or speak what God wishes.

By infallibility is understood a special providence or assistance from God by which the representative or Vicar of Christ on earth is preserved from all doctrinal error in teaching or defining all matters of faith and morals contained in the deposit of truth already revealed.

Now, there is nothing contrary to reason and practical common sense in believing that God has given to the head of His Church this prerogative of infallibility for the conservation of the doctrines He revealed for the benefit of the

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human race. An infallible God proclaims to man truths which must be believed even though they transcend the comprehension of the human mind. It was necessary for the conservation and the correct exposition of these truths that the Church which He founded should be infallible, otherwise we could not be held to believe them. An infallible God could not establish a Church subject to error, and the exigencies of time and locality demanded an infallible head for an infallible body. There is, therefore, nothing contrary to reason, nothing out of harmony with God's dealings with men as exemplified in the lives of the inspired prophets and apostles, if God shields the supreme head of the religion which He established on earth from all doctrinal error in his capacity of Supreme Teacher. It is due to the human race that it should be so, for without infallibility there can be no unity and no obligation to believe.

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There are two divine sources of the Church's infallible teaching—the scripture and tradition, or the written and unwritten word of God. Touching what is known as the Bible or Holy Scripture, that is, the Old and the New Testaments, the relation to and position of the Church ought to be well understood.

The Church teaches that the Bible contains the revealed word of God, that it was written under the inspiration of the Divine Spirit; that, in the words of St. Paul to Timothy: "All scripture inspired of God is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct unto justice." (II Tim., iii, 16.) The Bible as we have it to-day, humanly speaking, owes its preservation to the Catholic Church. During the bloody persecutions, waged against Christianity for nearly four hundred years by the emperors of Rome and the world, the Church preserved the scriptures from destruction. She guarded the Bible with maternal care when the fierce hordes of northern barbarians swept over Europe, slaying, burning, pillaging and devastating everything before and around them.

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It was the Catholic Church that fixed the Canon of the Scripture; that is to say, she determined, for all time, what writings were to be accepted as inspired and what were to be rejected as of human invention. She separated the spurious from the genuine and made it certain what was the inspired word of God. She incorporated the scriptures into her liturgy; that is, her ritual and public worship, and insisted that they be read in her open services and be expounded to the people.

Her priests and bishops take upon themselves at their ordination the obligation to read every day for an hour the Bible and the commentaries on the word of God. These commentaries, or notes and explanations, are the best, most satisfactory and learned ever written. No scholarly man now believes that the Catholic Church ever forbade her children to read the Bible or was ever opposed to Holy Scripture. The Church was and is not only the guardian of the Bible, but—I draw attention to this—she is the divinely appointed official teacher and interpreter.

The Bible was not, and could not be, intended by Christ to be the rule of faith and of morals. The theory that the Bible, interpreted by each individual or by a group of individuals, is an unerring rule of faith is absurd.

First, because Christ never wrote a word of the Bible.

Second, He never commissioned His apostles or disciples to write.

Third, the Bible, as we have it, was not written and completed until sixty odd years after our Lord's Ascension. Moreover, it is well known that the Canon of Holy Scripture —that is, what books were declared by the Church to be inspired—was not formed in any respect for upwards of a hundred years after the destruction of the Temple. Even the Protestant essayist, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, admits in one of his essays that the Canon was not collected into an authorized volume for nearly three hundred years after the Ascension of our Saviour. How, then, could it be a rule of faith for those living in these times? Moreover, the Gospel

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had been preached to all nations, and the Christian Church constituted and ordered as a divinely organized religion long before; so that before the Canon was settled the Church determined the belief of Christendom.

Fourth, for sixteen hundred years, from the foundation of Christianity until the time of the invention—and years after the invention—of printing, it was impossible to disseminate the Bible or for the overwhelming mass of Christians to read it even if it were possible to circulate it.

Since the Sacred Scriptures have been unwisely commonised, and each individual has become his own teacher and interpreter, religious confusion has taken possession of the human race. The unlearned and unstable, "understanding neither the things they read, nor whereof they affirm, . . . have made shipwreck concerning the faith." (I Tim., i, 7-15.)

Christ, the Divine Lawgiver, appointed His Church to be the guardian and teacher of His revealed words to His people. "All power," said our Lord to the members of the Apostolic Senate—His Church,—"is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (Matt., xviii, 19.) "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark, xvi, 15.) "He that hears you, hears Me, and he that despises you, despises Me." (Luke, x, 16.) "He that will not hear the Church let him be unto thee as the heathen." (Matt., xviii, 17.) These solemn words of the Divine Master prove that He appointed His teaching Church, and not the Holy Scriptures, to be the rule of faith for all Christians.

The Bible, for four hundred years, has been the rule of faith for our separated brethren, and, as a result, endless divisions and warring sects have filled the civilized world with doubts about the supernatural character and divinity of Christianity, have supplied the infidel with plausible arguments, and have served to bring the religion of Christ into unmerited contempt.

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THE CHURCH AND TRADITION.

The Catholic Church is the custodian of Sacred Tradition, as she is of the Holy Scriptures. What do we understand by Tradition? By Tradition we understand the transmission, by the teaching authority or office of the Church, of certain revealed truths of salvation not explicitly contained in Holy Writ; such traditions are known as oral; that is, handed down from generation to generation, either through the Councils of the Church, Liturgical Books, the Acts of the Martyrs, the writings of the early fathers of the Church, or inscriptions on the tombs and monuments of martyrs and confessors of early days. The saintly and learned men familiarly called the "Early Fathers" were nearly all bishops or priests who flourished from the days of the Apostles to the sixth century. The Fathers were succeeded by holy and scholarly men known to ecclesiastical history as Doctors of the Church. Now, where the testimony of the Fathers, sustained by the authority of the Doctors, proves that a truth is revealed and was taught by the early Church, we are satisfied that such a truth was and is, an integral if not an essential part of the Christian Faith. Such ecclesiastical tradition has always been entitled to the same veneration by the Church as the Bible itself. Indeed, as a medium of transmitting revealed truth, tradition from some aspects is more important and necessary than the Bible itself. The Church, whether in Mosaic or Apostolic times, antedates the Bible and is independent of it. The Church existed before the Bible, and could exist without it. But the Church never did, and never could exist without tradition. "Stand fast," writes St. Paul to the early Christians, "and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle." (Thess., xi, 14.) Commenting on these words, St. Chrysostom says: "It is evident that the Apostles did not communicate all in writing, but much without writing. Both deserve equal faith. . . . It is tradition, ask no more." Do away with tradition and the authority of the Church and the Sacred Scriptures them-

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selves would be as the Vedas of India, the Koran or the writings of Confucius; for neither their inspiration, authenticity, canonicity, or, indeed, their certain interpretation, could be conclusively and authoritatively proved. "I would not," writes St. Augustine, "believe the Gospel itself unless the authority of the Catholic Church moved me to it."

CONFESSION, OR THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

Those who believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ will, I am persuaded, agree with me in admitting that the Son of God came down from heaven to destroy the power of Satan, to overthrow the reign of sin and to establish purity, peace, charity and justice. The purpose of His earthly mission and the object and suffering of His divine life here on earth was to save our race from sin and its dreadful consequences, and to rescue mankind from the horrors of eternal death. But it was necessary, in the Divine Economy, that man should co-operate in the measures taken for his salvation. By sin, voluntarily committed, he estranged himself from God, and, in order to be reconciled to the Creator he insulted, man must conform to certain conditions submitted by his Redeemer. One of these obligations was that he should honestly repent of his sins and confess them to some one authorized to listen to him and, by the authority of God, absolve him. Now that the power of absolving sinners was granted to the Apostles by our beloved Lord seems irrefragable. When he said (St. John, xx) that He sent them as His Father had sent Him—that as He was the Apostle of the Father, even so they were to be His apostles; and that, in particular, they were thereby and thenceforth invested with authority to remit and to retain sins, it seemed hopeless to conceive what the meaning of these words could be, if they did not involve all that was claimed for them in regard to Absolution.

Moreover, it was evident that this commission to the Apostles was only a carrying out of the Lord's declaration in regard to the Jewish church, that He had not come to destroy but to fulfil the law. By that law the priest was appointed to

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judge of carnal lepers, and so shadowed forth the Christian priesthood to spiritual lepers. As the carnal leper must have shown himself to the Levitical priest ere he could be pronounced clean, and be permitted to stand amongst the congregation of Israel, so was the spiritual leper to be dealt with by the Christian priesthood. In both cases they only who showed themselves to the priest were undoubtedly cleansed. If it be maintained that the Christian priest has not authority to judge between the clean and the unclean, he is then much inferior to the Jewish minister; if he has not power to cleanse as well as to pronounce clean, as St. Chrysostom says *(de Sacerdotio),* he is not superior to him. In like manner, it was provided under the law that all persons disqualified by special transgressions from approaching the altar had to come to the priest in order to be absolved. Nothing was clearer that neither the solemn Paschal offering, nor the annual Day of Atonement, nor the regular morning and evening Oblations sufficed for the cleansing of individual souls from these special transgressions. Every single soul whose conscience was burdened, had to come and confess its sins, before it was restored to the full privilege of the Covenant.

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Thus it is evident to every thoughtful and unprejudiced man that confession of sin belongs to an universal law of healing, and takes its date from the fall of Adam. When God interrogated Adam it was to lead him to confession, preparatory to the awful penance of sorrow and labor, to be consummated only by death. When he examined the conscience of Cain it was for a like end. Joshua in like manner bade Achan not only to give glory to God by confession to Him, but also by confessing to Joshua what he had done. Nathan was sent to King David to obtain the acknowledgment—"I have sinned." Thus, as St. Basil informed us, "Such among the saints in ancient times as repented, confessed their sins."

We read in Leviticus, v. 5, that if a man were guilty of any of the sins there named, he was directed to confess the

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sin to the priests. So in the Book of Numbers (v. 6), "When a man or a woman shall commit any sin, they shall confess their sins that they have done;" and in the Book of Proverbs, we read: "He that hideth his sins shall not prosper; but he that shall confess and forsake them, shall obtain mercy" (xxviii, 12). David confessed to Nathan, Saul to Samuel, Ahab to Elijah, Hezekiah to Isaiah, and Manasseh to the seers, "who spoke to him words in the name of the Lord of Israel." Nor was this method really altered in the New Testament.

They who were baptized by John the Baptist confessed their sins. They who believed at Ephesus "confessed and showed their deeds." It was on this account that Christ proclaimed His mission to be for the calling, not of the righteous, but of sinners, to repentance, and to invite the weary and heavy laden to come to Him for rest. And it was seen that, though Lazarus was raised by Christ as the type of deliverance from mortal sin, yet his salvation was incomplete until the disciples were bidden to "loose him and let him go." When St. James urged confession of sins and the intercession of a "righteous man" as a condition of healing, he was acting in conformity with the will of his Divine Master, who in the hearing of St. James declared to his Apostles, "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (St. John, xx, 23).

Arguing, then, from Scripture testimonies alone, the inquirer is convinced that confession to God only, as an instrument and condition for the remission of his sins, is not sufficient for that purpose; but that it is his bounden duty also to confess to those whom God has appointed on earth as His priests and His delegates to receive that confession and absolve him from his sins.

The origin of and the authority for confession is divine; the very same upon which rests our belief in the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and that is the warrant and decree of that divinely incorporated society, the column and foundation of all truth, the united, infallible, visible Catholic Church.

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Few subjects are less understood by the non-Catholic public than that of private confession and absolution; and, as a result, few subjects are oftener disposed of by sheer prejudice and passion. If you listen to one of the more determined opponents of this sacrament, you hear it denounced as this "auricular confession," as if confession could be anything but auricular; or this "private confession," as if the party speaking had a preference for confession of sins in public and in the hearing of the congregation. Then another time we are told that the confessional is often abused and perverted to a bad end, as if nothing else in religion were liable to the same misadventure; or that it exalts and exaggerates priestly authority, as if Christ Himself did not exalt His Apostles when he conferred upon them the priesthood; or that it exposes all concerned to the peril of impurities and defilement, as if any kind of cleansing or healing could be undertaken without incurring such risks; or that it is unscriptural, as though we were not told in the Holy Scripture to confess our sins—one to another. These objectors would cover absolution with contempt as being the refuge of weak women or of feminine men. What is this but the old cry against religion in general? What is this, after all, but the scoffing censure of the indifferentist and the sneer of the materialist that our churches are filled with women? Yet it is a striking fact in the present day that if any churches are more thronged with men than others they are the Catholic churches, where the doctrine and practice of private confession and absolution are preached and encouraged. We have yet to learn that the patient who boldly submits to a painful and distressing operation for the sake of his health deserves to be branded as being more effeminate than those who cannot nerve themselves to submit to the probe and knife of the surgeon. Now to face shame and confusion demands more moral courage and more manliness than to endure pain.

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THE DOCTRINE OF INDULGENCE.

Indulgence is not a pardon for sin, nor is it a permit to commit sin. An indulgence is the remission or the taking away of the temporal punishment incurred by the sinner and remaining after the guilt and eternal punishment due for grave sins are remitted by confession and repentance. There are many examples in Holy Writ which prove that after the guilt or stain of sin was taken away there yet remained due a temporal punishment. Thus Adam was forgiven the guilt of his sin, but still what fearful punishment he had to endure for it! David was forgiven, was pardoned his sin of murder and his violation of the sanctity of marriage, and yet was punished by the death of his child. Moses was forgiven his sin of doubt, yet as a temporal punishment for it he was not permitted to enter the Promised Land. It is, therefore, certain that a temporal punishment remains due for sin after the guilt of it has been forgiven. Now the Church, by virtue of the power of loosing and binding entrusted to her by Christ, can remit this temporal punishment on certain prescribed conditions, such as the worthy reception of the sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist, the recitation of certain prayers, acts of mortification, the giving of alms, and the performance of certain works of mercy. There is nothing in all this to show that an indulgence is the pardon of sin or the permission to commit sin.

Is it even, under any circumstances, allowable for the priest or the Church to fix a charge for absolving a penitent or to receive money for an indulgence? Emphatically no! To do so would be to incur the guilt of simony, that is, the selling of something consecrated or sacred.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

Jesus Christ, our Lord, as man and mediator, held a threefold office: He was Prophet, Priest and King. The Son of God, when He assumed our human nature was ordained, consecrated and appointed a priest in a twofold sense. He was

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a priest according to the order of Aaron, or the Levitical order, and according to the order of Melchisedech. As a priest, according to the order of Aaron, He offered Himself a bleeding Victim, a sacrifice of blood on the Cross. As a priest according to the order of Melchisedech, He offered Himself in the Eucharistic Sacrifice the night before His crucifixion. Melchisedech is called a priest by Moses because he offered a sacrifice of bread and wine (Gen., xlv., 18-19). The night before He suffered Jesus Christ took bread and said: "This is My Body which is broken for you" (I. Cor., xi., 24), and taking the wine, He said:

"This is the chalice of the New Testament in My Blood, which is poured out for you" (Luke, xxii., 20). The Catholic Church holds, and has always held, that Christ meant what He said. His words were not merely declarative, they were effective; they proclaimed a Sacrifice and a Sacrament. There can be no religion without a sacrifice; for sacrifice is the essential and distinctive act and mark of divine worship. All other religious acts, such as prayers, hymns, petitions, thanksgiving, etc., may be offered to man; but sacrifice can be offered only to the Creator, for it is an act by which we acknowledge God's supreme dominion over us and our entire dependence on Him. The religion of Christ is a perfect religion, and therefore must have a perfect sacrifice. It is the religion that is to last to the end of time, and, therefore, must have a perpetual sacrifice. Our Lord ordained His Apostles priests when, after consecrating the bread and wine, He offered on earth His first Mass, and said to them: "Do ye this in commemoration of Me."

In virtue of this command, these first Christian priests and their validly ordained successors for all time, offered and offer up to God the bloodless Sacrifice. Those who have rejected the Sacrifice of the Mass have rejected and lost the Christian priesthood. A priest is a sacrificial and a sacramental man, a man duly consecrated and appointed to offer sacrifices and administer sacraments. "So let a man account of us," declares St. Paul, "as ambassadors of Christ and dis-

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pensers of the mysteries of God" (I. Cor., iv., 1). As a sacrificial man, the priest ascends the altar of God to offer the highest act of worship to the Supreme Master of us all. As a sacramental man, he comes down from the altar of God to bestow divine graces and gifts to the people in dispensing the sacraments. A sacrament is a visible or outward sign instituted by Christ to communicate grace to the soul. Grace is a supernatural gift destined by God to enable us to resist temptation and merit heaven.

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The Holy Eucharist is, however, so transcendent a mystery that no one view of it, dwelt on exclusively, is sufficient to exhaust its fullness of grace and blessing. It is the highest, the most solemn, the fullest and most perfect act of Christian worship. It is the noblest offering of praise, the grandest and most joyous act of thanksgiving, the completest and most efficacious form of prayer, the surest means of obtaining the grace and favor of our heavenly Father, the most acceptable act of homage that we can offer to Him, the one act of worship specially and expressly enjoined on all generations of Christians by our Lord Himself.

On no subject, unhappily, has more misunderstanding—the fruit partly of ignorance and prejudice, partly of defective belief—been current than on the Eucharistic Sacrifice, popularly called the Mass. If we have read aright the signs of the times during the last forty years, if the tide of conversions now rising to the Catholic mainland mark a concurrence with the call from on high, and if a more respectful and deferential language toward the Holy Eucharist, which was in our boyhood stigmatized as a "blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit," be an assurance of better things, then let us hope and believe that God is mercifully, in this most sacred subject as in others, leading back honest souls to a fuller appreciation of Catholic truth and a fuller knowledge of the tremendous value of a human soul.

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WHAT OF OUR DEAD.

It is in the Catholic Church alone that the heart of man finds all its spiritual longings satisfied, and its tenderest affections enkindled at once, and elevated by the possession of privileges not subject to time, and by the exercise of duties which do not terminate in the grave. In the Church, relations and affinities once formed endure forever. They are not for this earth alone, nor only for time, because they do not arise out of earthly associations, nor depend upon the laws of human existence. They pass beyond the bounds of time and have their perfect realization only in eternity. These relations do not cease when death enters. The visible Church, that is, the Church on earth, is the channel and means of our union with the Church invisible, that is, with the souls who departed this life in friendship with God. When, by the One Baptism and the One Faith, we are united to the company of the faithful on earth, we are also joined to the spirits departed, so that the living and the dead are members of the same Church, united to one Head, Jesus Christ—the Lord and Ruler of both worlds—subjects of the same kingdom and members one of another in the same community.

Nothing can separate us from Christ, "neither death, nor life, nor things present nor things to come"—nothing but that which cuts us off from the communion of the Church, visible and invisible—either excommunication, or a death in mortal sin. The former cuts us off from the Church, visible and invisible, at once; and by death in mortal sin we fall away from the friendship of Christ, the hope of Heaven, and the fellowship of redeemed souls. We have it on the word of God that nothing defiled, no defiled soul, can enter into heaven; and the Holy Ghost, in the Epistle of St. Jude and in the second general Epistle of St. Peter, tells us that the reprobate and mortally guilty are in the unseen world detained in everlasting chains, imprisoned in the pit, and that for them the "mists and storm of darkness are reserved forever." For these we do not pray. Many of the baptized, let us hope the

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great body of the baptized, are not willfully and obdurately sinful; but when about to die they know that they have not made satisfaction to God for sins committed in the flesh, nor have they made ample atonement to God for these sins. The Catholic Church teaches that God has provided a state—St. Paul calls it a place—in the other world where satisfaction may be made for mortal sin, the guilt of which is already pardoned and the eternal punishment remitted, or for venial sins or voluntary stains found on the soul when it separates from the body.

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In what way the soul, which leaves this world in a state of grace, yet with remains of sin, will be prepared for its ultimate destiny in the Kingdom of God, into which nothing defiled or that defileth can enter, we know not. It may have to pass through a longer or shorter period of suffering in order to its purification. It may be that sin, once admitted into the soul, cannot be eradicated without the application of severe remedies external to itself. Sin has a substantive existence, besides its opposition to the will of God, which seems by the consent of the sinner to be woven into the very texture of the soul itself, so that we cannot entirely get rid of it by any effort of our own. After we have repented, after absolution, while we are striving against it, still it haunts us; we feel it as the presence of an evil being which will not let us alone. Its marks survive our earthly existence. It may survive God's most gracious pardon, and require means not attainable in this life for its extermination. All our experience leads us to believe that there can be no real, thorough conviction of mortal sin without the deepest anguish of mind. And if it were so that the soul had to pass through some fiery ordeal, internal or external, for its cleansing from the devil-marks which have been woven into it by former sins, it would not be so much penal suffering as the loving treatment of the Divine Physician healing the wounds of the soul by sharp but salutary remedies, and in healing, drawing it ever nearer to Himself and imparting to it a foretaste of eternal bliss.

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The Catholic Church from its beginning has taught and teaches now that the temporal punishment due for unatoned sin is modified and the time of suffering shortened by the operation of indulgences, prayers, alms and especially the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And that this was the belief of the Church of God before the Incarnation or birth of our Divine Lord we know from the history of the people of God in the time of Judas Machabeus. After his victory over Gorgias, the Governor of Idumea, Judas ordered a collection to be taken up among his officers and soldiers, and "sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered up for the sins of the dead. * * * 'It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins.' " (II. Mach., xii., 43-46.) Here is an evident, an undeniable proof—even as an historical fact—of the practice of praying for the dead under the Old Law which was then strictly observed by the Jews, and consequently could not be introduced at that particular time by Judas, their high priest and commander.

It must be frankly acknowledged that the Holy Scripture contains no direct and explicit command to pray for the dead apart from the living. Indeed, Holy Writ says very little about the state of the dead; it seldom refers us to the hour of death as the termination and end, and the final finishing of our moral training and discipline. "The coming of the Lord," "The judgment," is that to which it directs our attention as to our goal, and the consummation of our destiny. St. Paul seems to speak of the work of grace as continuing in the redeemed soul when it is in an intermediate state or in purgatory. "Being confident of this very thing, that He who hath begun a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ." (Phil. i., 6.)

"Waiting for the manifestation of our Lord Jesus Christ, who also will confirm you unto the end that you may be without crime in the Day of our Lord Jesus Christ." (I. Cor., i., 7, 8.)

But we have plain directions to pray one for another, to

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make prayers and supplications to God for one another, to pray for all saints. Now if all who have been and are lawfully baptized belong to the same body of the Church, if there be One Body and One Spirit, if that One Body be Christ Himself, from whom no faithful soul can be separated by death, it does not appear how any one soul redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ and united to Him by grace can be excluded from the prayers which the Church offers for the living and the dead, or from participation in the virtues of the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. All who belong to the "household of God," wherever they are, share in the communion of saints.

When St. Paul begged of God (II. Tim., i., 18) to show mercy to the soul of Onesiphorus, he certainly was praying for the dead, and in doing so professed his belief in an intermediate state, and in the possibility that remains of evil yet lingered with the soul of Onesiphorus, his friend, which the unknown discipline would cleanse. The soul of St. Paul's friend was not dormant; it was in a state of conscious existence and its powers were actively exerted in some way. The same may be said of every soul in the intermediate state, that is, purgatory. Thought is of the very essence of the being of a soul, in the body or out of it. It must think, it cannot exist and be inactive. The soul in purgatory is waiting for the voice of Jesus Christ summoning it to "possess the kingdom," it is preparing for the beatific vision. What may be the nature of its sufferings, the intensity of its longings, its lonely regret for its sins, or the duration of its exile, are known to God alone.

This much we do know, that the Church of God, in the Holy Sacrifice, appeals to Him to have pity and mercy on the souls of her departed children, and that the faithful, from the beginning, prayed for their dead. "We pray for all who have departed this life in our communion," writes St. Cyril of Jerusalem, "believing that the souls of those for whom our prayers are offered receive very great relief, while the holy and tremendous Victim lies upon the altar." (De Mort., l. iii.)

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The most unexceptionable authority is to be found in the early liturgies, or books of instruction and devotion, on all points of Catholic faith and practice which they embrace. No documents of proof can equal them in importance, and when *they* all agree, as they do in this matter of prayer for the dead, we may be certain that we have attained the mind of all the churches, not in one age or country, but in all ages and in all countries where Christ has been worshiped. Liturgies are the voice and words, not of one Doctor or Father, however great, but of churches which with one consent have approved a form of rites and prayers. In every liturgy extant, prayers are found for the dead; they form a part of the great intercession for the Church and the world, for the living and the dead. It is beyond the limit and the scope of this Introduction to quote the words in which liturgies commemorated and prayed for the dead. We find these prayers in the Liturgy of Malabar, in those of St. Mark, St. James, St. Clement, St. Chrysostom, the Sarum, and even to-day among all the churches of the East, among the Nestorians, Monophsites, Armenians and Copts.

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There are some other doctrines distinctively Catholic that space will not permit us to enter upon. There is the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, that of the Immaculate Conception, invocation and veneration of saints and devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose ineffable nearness to Christ and her immaculate purity, draw a clear line of distinction between her and all others, even the holiest creatures, so as to exempt her from the conditions which surround the pious dead. The moth-worn charge that Catholics adore the Virgin Mother of God is practically dead, killed by the intelligence of sane men. Of God we ask mercy and pardon, of the Blessed Virgin and the saints in heaven we ask for prayers and intercession for us with God. All history, sacred and profane, offers us no character worthier of our admiration, worship and reverence than Mary as child, maiden and

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mother. The poet Wordsworth, inspired by faith and poetic genius, sings of her:

"Woman above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast,
Fairer than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses; than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast.
Maiden, whose virgin bosom was uncross't
By the least shade of thought to sin allied."

Nor may any Catholic pay a higher tribute of respect and reverence to the sinless Virgin than did the Protestant poet Longfellow when he addressed her in reverent and devotional verse:

"Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer,
All hearts are touched and softened at thy name.
And if our Faith hath given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood—
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure—
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

No man who adores God may hesitate to exclaim with St. Bernard:

"Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, pray for me."

WHY PRIESTS DO NOT MARRY.

That her priests must lead a celibate, that is, a single life, is not a dogma or doctrine of faith of the Catholic Church. It is of the tradition and of the discipline of the Church to which a candidate for the priesthood must pledge himself before he takes Holy Orders.

Waiving the question of clerical celibacy with reference to the requirements of the Church, let us look back into the history of the past and inquire, what was the general teaching and tone of feeling in former ages upon this point which seems to be above the comprehension of many non-Catholics?

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We naturally turn first to Holy Scripture as that to which the professing non-Catholic Christian would appeal in support of his own religion, and as a witness to the soundness or unsoundness of ecclesiastical laws.

The high estimation in which the virginal, as distinguished from the married life, was held in primitive Christian times, no doubt had its origin in the teaching of our Lord. That He chose a Virgin for His mother, and that He Himself lived and died a Virgin can scarcely be considered to be without significance.

Both our Blessed Lord and St. Paul unquestionably give the preference to the unmarried life as being a more favorable state for religious self-devotion and higher spiritual aspirations than the state of matrimony. Our Lord's words are: "All receive not this word, but they to whom it is given; he that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

To some it is a gift of God, and those who have the gift are advised to abstain from marriage "for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake" (Matt., xix, 12). St. Paul's language illustrates our Lord's. He begins by saying that it is a good thing for a man not to marry (I. Cor., vii., 1.); he would prefer to see all men as he was himself; "but every man hath his proper gift, one after this manner and another after that" (verse 7); but celibacy is, indeed, to be advised" (verse 26). He encourages the unmarried condition for those who aspire to holiness and he gives his reasons in these words:

"I would have you to be without solicitude. He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that are of the Lord, how he may please God; but he that hath a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife" (I. Cor., 32-33). He draws a difference, too, between the married woman and the virgin, praising the condition of the virgin (verse 35).

Here, then, though the Apostle is far from finding fault with marriage, he evidently prefers celibacy, not because marriage is not to be commended, but because there is less distraction in an unmarried life. Such a life, undertaken and

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adhered to, from religious motives, involves a stricter renunciation of the world, a greater absence from earthly luxuries and enjoyments and a more entire devotion of the soul to the service of God. Nor should we lose sight of other passages which equally bear upon the question. St. Peter is the only one of the apostolic priests who is mentioned in Holy Scripture to have had a wife (Matt., viii., 14); but it may be doubted if he lived with her after his call to the apostleship. And the same may be said of the other members of the Apostolic Senate if any of them were married. Except upon this assumption, how are we to understand the meaning of our Lord's answer when St. Peter said to Him: "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee." Jesus said to them: "Amen, I say to ye, that ye who have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the seat of His majesty, you also shall sit on twelve seats; for every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife * * * shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." (Matt., xix., 27-29.)

* * * * * *

Judging from what we read of the Apostles, we may conclude that it was a spirit of self-sacrifice in a celibate priesthood which won for Christ the first and greatest victories; and in after periods of the Church's history we learn that the conversion of all Europe from barbarism to Christianity was accomplished by unmarried missionaries. The bare idea of such missionaries as St. Augustine, St. Martin of Tours, St. Boniface, St. Patrick or St. Francis Xavier indulging in the possession of wives and the comforts of married life is opposed to our conception of heroic self-denial. These and such as these were the men who carried the strongholds of heathendom, tamed the ferocity of savage man and converted millions to the faith of Jesus Christ. It would be unfair to a married clergy to expect it to produce a leper priest, a Father Damien or a Father Brebeuf, who was tortured by savages. Common sense tells us that celibates who are free from the anxieties, burdens and the responsibilities incident

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to married life are the proper men to face the perils of a missionary life, and very often the horrors of mutilation and martyrdom itself. A priest must, to faithfully discharge the duties of his high, holy and most honorable calling, be free from all earthly entanglements, be above secular interests, free of family cares and free also to devote his whole life exclusively to the service of God and the salvation of souls.

Again, he must be ever ready, like his Divine Master, to lay down his life, if necessary, for the members of his flock. When pestilence or infection ravages a community, when contagious disease of the most virulent type enters the home of any of his people, he need have no fear that by his death his wife will be left unprovided for or his children orphans.

The Catholic Church is inspired by the Spirit of all Wisdom. She was directed by divine inspiration in the apostolic age; she knows now from the experience of centuries and the lessons of the past that the celibate state creates a certain psychological and mental attitude in the priest which is necessary to the effective accomplishment of the work of the Church —the salvation of souls. She is heir to the experience, to the religious and social experiments of nearly two thousand years, and she is too wise to blunder. She knows that the conjugal state, in addition to its hampering responsibilities, brings about a condition of mind which, more or less, unfits a man to sympathize with the sacerdotal life and to enter untrammeled into the spiritual responsibilities.

Depend upon it, the Church is too wise, too familiar with the past and too experienced in human nature, to insist upon a celibate priesthood were she not convinced by a study of the centuries that the celibate state is better for society, better for religion, and better for the priest himself.

* * * * * *

And now I deeply regret the exigencies of space preclude me from entering more minutely upon the study of the Divine and human economy of the Catholic Church. Her deeds, her achievements, her superb charities are writ large in the history of the human race for nineteen centuries. Her mission-

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ary labors and successes outrank those of all the churches of the world combined. Her hospitals for the sick and injured, her homes for the aged, the poor and the helpless, her institutions for the education and protection of the orphan and the heroic charity of her consecrated men and women surpass and outclass those of all the non-Catholic foundations and all the philanthropic institutions of the entire world. This wonderful Church of God has survived the vicissitudes of time; she saw, to paraphrase Lord Macaulay, the beginning of all the dynasties of the world and she is destined to see the end of them all. She is the truth; immortal truth is but from the Immortal, and—Truth can never die.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN UTAH.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

THE JESUIT AND FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

Religious Orders of the Catholic Church—Opinions of Protestant Historians—Explorations of the Missionaries—Dangers which Encompassed them—Trials and Tribulations Left Eloquent Memorials—Parkman's Acknowledgment—Achievements of Jesuit and Franciscan Missionaries—Their Heroism—Their Writings and Result of Their Study of the Native Tribes.

The Holy Ghost, by the tongue of the Archangel Raphael, teaches us that "It is well to hide the secrets of the King, but honorable to reveal and confess the works of God." (Tob., xii, 7.)

It is the remembrance of this advice which impels us to record the edifying events in the history of the Catholic Church in Utah, and in an especial manner the experiences of the Spanish priests who, in 1776, preached Christianity to the Indians of Utah Valley.

Superficial men and men of contracted vision have for centuries harbored prejudices and entertained unreasonable dislike for the religious orders of the Catholic Church. But sincere, honest and conscientious men—men who could not and cannot doctrinally, see eye to eye with us—have long ago appreciated the religious enterprise and the prodigious results of their heroic zeal. These non-Catholic writers and students of history have not hesitated to proclaim the members of these orders to be benefactors of our race, apostles of religion and men of transcendent courage.

"The monastic orders," writes Leopold von Ranke in his "History of the Popes," "were constantly accompanied and

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animated by motives of a religious character. They taught the savage hordes to sow and reap, plant trees and build houses, while teaching them to read and sing, and were regarded by the people thus benefited with all the more earnest veneration."

Francis Parkman, the Harvard historian, after many years of study and research among the great libraries of Europe and America, completed his history, "The Jesuits of North America," and may be said to have revolutionized popular opinion touching the religious orders and that entertained in particular about the Jesuits. He strangled prejudice and disarmed hostility. Here is what he writes of the priests who in the seventeenth century dwelt with the savages of Canada and western New York:

"In the history of humanity it would be difficult to find a piety more ardent, an entire abnegation of self more complete, a devotion more constant and generous than we witness in the lives of these priests. A life isolated from all social companionship and separated from all that ambition covets, then death in solitude or amid most excruciating tortures, such was the perspective of these missionaries. Their enemies, if they will, may charge them with credulity, superstition or blind enthusiasm, but calumny itself cannot accuse them of hypocrisy or ambition. They entered upon their careers with the fearless souls of martyrs and the heroism of saints. The great aim of all their acts was towards the greater glory of God."

Adolph Bandelier, Eliott Coues, Charles F. Lummis, and other honest and distinguished students of Spanish-American missionary history, are unanimous in their expressed appreciation of the disinterested and daring efforts made by the Religious Orders of the Catholic Church for the reclamation and salvation of the American savage.

"Their zeal and their heroism were infinite," writes Mr. Lummis in his "Spanish Pioneers." "No desert was too frightful for them, no danger too appalling. Alone, unarmed, they traveled the most forbidding lands, braved the most

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deadly savages, and left upon the minds of the Indians such a proud monument as mailed explorers or conquering armies never made."

When studying the history of the explorations of those early times we must not forget that these daring men, Jesuits or Franciscans, were traveling entirely in the dark. Nothing in modern times can approach the romance of the solitary expedition of that fearless missionary, Father Marcos, who, in 1539, set out from a Spanish settlement in Culiacan, Mexico, crossed the Mayo and Yaquis rivers, struck the headwaters of the San Pedro of Arizona and, reaching the White Mountains, pushed on to the Hopi and Zuni towns, on the borders of New Mexico and Arizona. Not many years ago the English and American press and platform were loud and insistent—and rightly so—in admiration of the courage and daring initiation of Speke and Burton, Livingstone and Stanley, who let in the light on darkest Africa. But it must not be lost sight of, when instituting comparisons between these men of renown, that the recent explorers of Africa had a satisfactory knowledge of the outlines of the continent, knew the names and habits of the coast tribes, what rivers entered the ocean and what animals roamed the unexplored territory. Moreover, all that remained to be examined of the interior of Africa was a certain area of known breadth and length.

But the first explorers of America literally knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of the lands they were entering. The missionaries who penetrated the northern wilds of what is now known as the "Great Basin" had no information on the extent and vastness of the mainland, and no other guide than an astrolabe or a compass.

When ascending a mountain they did not know but from its summit the South Sea might be seen, or a vision of the "Great Northern Mystery" be vouchsafed them. It was not only an unexplored land they were entering, but a land absolutely unknown and perhaps peopled by races of men and animals unlike anything ever seen or dreamed of.

For all they knew they might encounter interminable des-

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erts of burning sand or rushing rivers of impassable width. They might reach the foothills of mountains of unscalable height or lakes of burning pitch. They might chance upon whole rivers of boiling water, gigantic forests, canyons of horrent depths, snake-infested marshes or volcanoes vomiting fire. They forded rushing streams, descended deep canyons, crossed yawning gulfs, skirted narrow ledges and trailed the fringes of dangerous precipices where one false step might carry them headlong to death. A sudden slip, a momentary loss of self-control, a slight giddiness, then a fall, a hurtling through the rocks, a crash, and all was over. They endured the horrors of quenchless thirst, of fierce and prolonged desert heat, and waded through marshes reeking with the exhalations of malarial fever. Their days were days of marvels, of appearing and disappearing wonders, of transcendent possibilities, and the things and strange people already discovered prepared them for the wonderful and the extraordinary.

It was as if a passage to the planet Mars were being opened, and the first adventurers to the stellar regions would return loaded with gems and diamonds, and bearing tidings of marvelous discoveries. When that heroic Franciscan, Father Marcos of Nizza, entered Arizona and New Mexico, in 1539, he blazed the way for that most remarkable of all explorers, Francis Vasquez de Coronado, who accomplished the most wonderful exploring expedition ever undertaken on the American Continent. After Coronado had returned to Mexico City, Don Antonio de Espejo organized his famous expedition, gave New Mexico its name, and, arriving at Acoma, saw, first of white men, the astounding "snake dance." Then, in 1596, Juan de Onate led a colony from the City of Mexico to settle New Mexico and Christianize the sedentary tribes of the then romantic land. Eight years after planting his colony he set out, accompanied by Father Escobar, for the Zuni and Moqui towns on the Chiquito Colorado. They then explored the Colorado and Gila rivers, following the Colorado to its mouth and claiming the newly discovered re-

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gions for the King of Spain. On January 25, 1605, Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, they raised the Cross, the emblem of Christianity, at the mouth of the Gila and placed New Mexico, which then included nearly all Arizona, under the protection of St. Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles.

Returning from his great explorations, Onate built the city of Santa Fe, and assigned, so far as he could, the tribes and the whole extent of the regions he had explored to the care of the Franciscan Fathers. This wonderful missionary order of the Catholic Church established missions all over the southwest, and in thirty years converted to the faith 60,000 souls, including many of the Moqui and Zuni nations. These Spanish Fathers were men of great heart and steady purpose. Every man of them was educated, fitted and trained for the accomplishment of one great object, the Christianizing and civilizing of the savage hordes around them. If the recognition of a common bond of humanity which unites the races of the earth and the units of the race be one of the noblest principles known to mankind; if to establish among men a knowledge of our common humanity, to remove the barriers which ignorance, prejudice and narrow conceptions of the dignity of life, have erected, constitute greatness of soul, then these heroic priests, thirty-eight of whom surrendered their lives for love of their savage brothers of the desert and the mountain reached the plane of greatness and will be yet immortalized in granite or marble.

But these brave and saintly men did not limit their time and talents to Christianizing, educating and teaching useful arts and husbandry to their bronzed converts. Many of them opened up unexplored regions and cut the trails to unknown lands. Of these was Francisco Garces, who crossed the California desert, covering hundreds of miles without a companion, and relying upon Indians to show him the way he wished or was obliged to go. Of these also were the Franciscan priests Silvestre Velez de Escalante and Atanasio Dominguez, who left Santa Fe July 29, 1776, for the pur-

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pose of exploring the land and discovering a direct route to Monterey, in Alta, California.

They explored portions of Colorado, entered Utah, and on the 23d of August, first of white men, looked out upon the placid waters of Utah Lake. They charted the newly explored land, described the tribes they had visited, the botany of the country, named the rivers and mountains and bequeathed to us an accurate map of the country as it then was. They did more. On their return to Sante Fe, in January, 1776, they wrote out a history of their expedition which carried them to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and to the Zuni and Hopi villages. They described Salt Lake, gave the names of the tribes living on its shores, and left to the people of Utah today an invaluable treatise on the habits and manners of the Indians around Utah and Salt Lake.

When the Spanish or French missionaries fearlessly penetrated an uncharted land, they were confronted with almost insuperable trials. The land was to be explored, the tribes to be civilized, superstition to be eradicated and the faith to be preached. And there is no record of failure in their noble mission. They plunged into unexplored regions with no weapon but the crucifix, no guide but a compass, and often with no other companion than their own zeal and the grace of God. They went from tribe to tribe, crossing deserts and mountains, encompassed by privations, surrounded by desolations of sand or an unbroken and pathless wilderness, "God also bearing them witness by signs and wonders, and divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost according to his own will." (Heb. ii, 4.)

They were confronted with toils and difficulties of an unaccustomed experience, and blazed the trails in many instances with their own blood. In savage encampments and in barbarous pueblos they raised aloft the Cross with the appealing image of the Crucified Christ, "whose head was bowed down even as droops the yellow ear of corn."

The extent of the country covered by the zeal and marvelous energy of their priests is remarkable. The field includes

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all northern Mexico, Lower California, Arizona, Northern and Southern California, New Mexico, Utah and portions of Colorado. Across the uninviting breasts of these barbarous regions these saintly and wonderful men wandered, instructing, teaching, preaching, toiling and dying on the deserts or mountains, showing on the whole such a record of heroism and zeal as to invite the applause and admiration of heroic spirits and men of lofty courage. And amid all their dangers, labors and trials, they were mapping the land, describing rivers and mountains and recording the habits of the natives with an accuracy of detail and a fidelity to truth that has withstood the attack of the keenest criticism.

Separated from the world, from ambition, from home, honors and dignities, they became very near and familiar friends with God. We may, without exaggeration, repeat of them what Thomas à Kempis wrote of the martyrs of the early Church:

"Saints and friends of Christ, they served our Lord in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, labor and weariness, in watching and fastings, in prayers and holy meditations, in persecution and reproach."

The ruins of the churches they built are to-day eloquent memorials of their love for the sun-scorched race they redeemed, monuments of their zeal and love for perishing man and beacons for the civilization which was to follow. In nightly hours stolen from lives of self-sacrifice, they wrote for those who were to come after them, and for the world at large, narratives and letters, essays on native manners, descriptions of the land, of the customs, ceremonies and rites of the tribes.

"It is impossible," says Parkman, "to exaggerate the value and the authority of these writings. I can even add that, after the most careful examination, I have no doubt at all that the missionaries wrote in perfect good faith, and that these 'Relations' are entitled to an honorable place as historic documents worthy of all confidence."—(The Jesuits of North America.)

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They mapped and delineated whole regions, named mountains, rivers and valleys, and left us an invaluable library on aboriginal man and savage nature. In this incomparable collection are included dissertations on botany, geology, zoölogy, ethnology and on tribal languages and dialects.

They omitted nothing; in their edifying letters we find accurate descriptions of localities and of natural curiosities, a wealth of historical and legendary information, reports on manners and customs interspersed with characteristic anecdotes and bits of folk lore. Their writings have proved of inestimable value to the secular historians who have enlarged the sphere and are now exploiting the aboriginal past.

There is not, in the history of heroic endeavor, a more inspiring chapter than that which records the deeds of self-denial, the apostolic labors and the affection of these lonely priests for their spiritual children of the forest or the desert. To a fervor that was intense and an abnegation that was entire, they added a devotion that was indefatigable. They brought to the discharge of their exalted office an unselfishness that was admirable and a fortitude under deprivation and suffering which, since Apostolic times, has hardly a parallel in human history.

That they might enlarge their usefulness and broaden their influence with their tribal flocks, they conformed and adapted themselves to Indian ways, to their manners, customs and linguistic address. They smoked the calumet with the Onondagas, exchanged wampum belts with the Hurons, and ate atole out of the same bowl with the Pimas. They mastered the dialects of the tribes that they might familiarly use the allegories, metaphors and figures of speech with which the tribal orator clothed his appeals.

Of the brave and saintly soldiers of the cross who did duty on savage fields in those early days, fifty-two won the crown of martyrdom. All these were slaughtered for the faith within the present limits of the United States and fell beside the standard of the Cross breathing loyalty to God and His Church in their expiring agonies.

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Nor should we marvel that God gave such courage to men. When our Divine Lord instituted His Church, He dowered it with the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, and conspicuous among these are Piety and Fortitude which, when received into the soul, make of the coward a brave man. From the day of the crucifixion of St. Peter, down to our own times, the Church has been the faithful mother of heroes, martyrs and confessors. The Damiens and the leper sisters of Port-of-Spain and Tracadie, were, and are what they are, by the grace of the Holy Spirit operating on the human will through the Sacraments and the Divine Sacrifice of the unalterable Church of God.

"The heroism of the priests and nuns," writes Mr. George Sampson in the *London Daily Chronicle,* "who have sacrificed their lives in an effort to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate victims on the lonely and isolated island in the Pacific ocean, excites the most profound feelings of admiration in every breast."

If Mr. Sampson were intimate with the missionary history of the Catholic Church, his admiration would deepen into wonder and, like the men of Nazareth, he would "fear and glorify God who had given such power to men."

The Spanish Franciscan priests stretched a chain of missions from Mexico City to the Bay of San Francisco, and eastward into Kansas, to a point where, figuratively, they met the missionaries of the great Jesuit Order from Canada and where these soldiers of the two divisions of the Army of the Cross sang a "Te Deum" to God that the name of Jesus Christ was reverenced and the Faith proclaimed across the North American continent from ocean to ocean.

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CHAPTER I.

MARCOS DE NIZZA, PRIEST AND EXPLORER.

Area of Salt Lake Diocese—Tribes of Arizona and New Mexico—The Moqui, "Cliff People"—The Priest Marcos de Nizza—Companion of Pizarro—His Wonderful Career—On the Way to the Zuni Villages—De Nizza's Tramp through Northern Mexico—His Plunge into Arizona in 1539—Death of the Negro Estavan—View of Cibola—Return and Death of the Priest.

Any descriptive work professing to deal with the early history of a great Church in a region embracing 154,000 square miles of territory must, in a measure, anticipate the epoch of which it treats. It will unfold a panorama of neighboring lands and peoples before and during the period with which it is occupied, that the reader may better understand the situation, the region and the individuals to whom he will be introduced, and with whom, speculatively, he will associate.

If, then, we examine the condition of our country west of the Rocky Mountains as it was three hundred years ago, we find it occupied by a number of independent hordes and sedentary tribes. Sonora, northern Mexico, then included Arizona as far as, and some miles beyond, the present city of Tucson. Over this immense region of mountains, arid deserts and river lands roamed the warlike Apaches, who scorned the drudgery of horticulture and trusted to their fleetness of foot and skill in hunting for subsistence. Settled along the fertile valleys of the Salt River, the Gila, the San Pedro, the Santa Cruz and the lower Colorado, and extending themselves inland to the fringes of the desert or the foothills of the mountains, dwelt various tribes, sub-tribes and tribal groups, dibble-men and men of the stone hoe.

Each of these practised a rude cultivation, possessed a

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character of its own, and, such as it was, an independent existence. Common to all was the idea of a Supreme Being, belief in good and evil spirits, in witchcraft, incantations and in the supernal or infernal powers of Shamans, or witch-doctors.

To the north, ranging from the San Francisco mountains of Arizona on the west to the neighborhood of the pueblo towns of New Mexico on the east, and from the San Juan mountains down southward to Mount San Mateo, roamed the Navajos, an offshoot of the warlike Apaches.

The Moquis, known to-day as the Cliff Dwellers, inhabited then the villages where they now are in northeastern Arizona. The existing village of Oraibi, on a bluff of one of the Moqui messas, is the identical pueblo discovered by an exploring party sent forward by Coronado in 1540. To the south and east of the Moqui lands, near the headwaters of the Puercos and Pecos rivers, tributaries to the Rio Grande, dwelt the Zuni, a sedentary people, to whose villages was given the name of pueblos by the Spaniards.

North and northeast of the hunting and arable lands of all these tribes stretched an unknown sea and country called by the Spaniards the "Northern Mystery," a land shrouded in impenetrable gloom, whose limitless distances, ferocious hordes and terrifying wilds awed exploration. Into these uncharted and unknown regions fearlessly strode the Spanish missionary Fathers, bearing a message of salvation and hope.

There is not in the history of exploration, perhaps not in the history of the human race, a tale more romantic and thrilling than that which records the adventurous plunge into the darkness of the great Arizonian mountains and desolations of sand of the Spanish priest, Fray Marcos de Nizza, in 1539. This adventurous and zealous priest was the companion of Francisco Pizarro, when the daring Spaniard swept, like a whirlwind, to the conquest of Peru, and subdued an empire. He returned from Peru by command of his superiors and was doing missionary duty on the frontier of

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Northern Mexico, subject to further orders, when, early in 1536, three gaunt and sun-tanned men entered the fortified town of San Miguel de Culiacan, Sinola, Northern Mexico, and told a tale of starvation and adventure which staggered belief. They claimed to be survivors from the ill-fated ships of Pamfilio de Narvaez, who on the 17th of June, 1527, sailed away from the port of San Lucar de Barrameda, Spain, and was never again heard of. After the ships went to pieces these three men, Andres Dorantes, Alonzo del Castillo Maldonado, Alvan Nunez Cabeza de Vaca and a negro slave, Estavan, were washed ashore and captured by Florida Indians. Escaping after some years of captivity, they tramped toward the setting sun, masquerading among the savages as medicine men from another world, and passing over immense regions and through so many tribes that "the memory fails to recall them."

The fabulous tales they told and the wonderful people they encountered fired the imagination and stimulated the zeal of the Franciscan friar, De Nizza, and he resolved to plunge into the uncharted land and open a way through these mysterious regions for the missionaries of his order. He applied for and obtained from the Provincial of the Franciscans in Mexico, Fray Antonio de Ciudad Rodrigo, permission to begin his adventurous journey.

Carrying in his pocket his permit and instructions from the viceroy, Mendosa, then dwelling at Toula, New Galicia, dated November 20 (1st of December, Reformed Calendar), 1538, Fray Marcos started, March 7, 1539, from the town of San Miguel, Sinoloa, and entered upon his daring expedition.

He was accompanied by an Italian Franciscan, Fray Honorato, the negro, Estavan, who, with the survivors of Narvaez's ill-fated expedition, crossed the continent, and by some friendly Sinoloa Indians. When the expedition struck the Sinoloa or Petaltan, Fray Honorato, his only white companion, contracted tertian fever and was left in the care of an Indian family. Fray Marcos pushed on "as the Holy

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Spirit did guide us." Taking along two sonora guides, the fearless priest continued his journey north by west and, paralleling the shore line of the North sea or, as it is now called, the Gulf of California, he entered the land of the Yaquis, crossing the Fuerte, Mayo and Yaqui rivers. Sweeping to the west, he came to the hunting grounds of the Eudeves, tramped a forbidding country, and on the evening of March 21, 1539, arrived at the Indian town of Vacapa, on the headwaters of the Rio Matape, central Sonora. Here the brave priest remained for some time instructing the Eudeves in the elements of the Christian religion.

On the second day after his arrival among the Eudeves, he sent the negro with Indian guides on a scout northward into the Arizona of to-day. The negro was instructed "to go to the north fifty or sixty leagues (one hundred and twenty miles) to see if in that region he might see something out of the ordinary, or a well-settled and rich country, and if so, to send an Indian or two with a message." It was understood between them that the messengers were to bring, from the negro to the priest, a cross, and that the size of the cross would make known to Fray Marcos the importance of Estavan's discovery. If the cross were large, the priest would understand the things seen by the negro were of great importance.

On the morning of the fourth day after the negro had left for the north, two strange Indians entered Vacapa carrying a cross large enough to crucify the priest.

"They told me," writes Fray Marcos in his Report, "by order of Estavan, that I should now set out at once, for he had met people who had given him information of the greatest thing on earth; that he was now with Indians who had been there, one of whom he sent to me." This Indian told me so many things of his country that I hesitated to believe until I would see the country myself or obtained further proof. This Indian said that from where Estavan now was, it would take thirty days to go to the first city of the country that was called Cibola. Moreover, he stated that in this

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province were seven very large cities all under one governor; that the houses were large, built of stone and lime, the smallest of these houses was of two stories, others of three or four stories, and all flat roofed; * * * that the people of these cities were well clothed, and many other particulars he told me, not alone of the Seven Cities, but of other lands further on, which were more important than the Seven Cities."

When Father Marcos heard these wonderful stories he raised his hands and "gave thanks to our Lord." Ever since the time of Nuna de Guzman, 1530, there was a dim tradition of the existence of these seven cities, and now with his own eyes he was to gaze upon them. Starting at once on a tramp through the Sonora Valley, he swung to the north, and after four days of fatiguing travel through a wild and uninhabited region, he stood on the banks of a river, now known as the San Pedro, on the confines of Arizona. He was now among the Sobaipuris, 200 miles from the Gulf of California, and heard again of the existence of a populous city further north which they also called Cibola. They told him that between them and Cibola was a great wilderness inhabited by fierce and crafty people, and that it would be dangerous for him to advance farther to the north.

After a friendly visit of three or four days with the Sobaipuris, the Friar, on May 19th, re-entered upon his perilous journey. Veering to the northeast, he tramped Arizona, its deserts and mountains, crossed the Gila and Salado rivers and, toward the end of May, 1539, sighted the Zuni village of Havico, in the territory now called New Mexico. Here his journey northward abruptly came to an end, by a verified account that the negro Estavan, who was sent forward to report the coming of the priest, had been murdered by the Zuni.

Fray Marcos, before retreating to the south, erected a wooden cross on a stone cairn, gave to the land the title of the "New Kingdom of St. Francis," took possession of it in the name of Jesus Christ, and began his homeward travel—

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"*Con harto mas temor que comida*—with a load of fear and an empty sack," as he facetiously writes in his diary.

The aim the great missionary had in mind when he entered on his romantic trip was to open a way for the Franciscan priests who were to follow, to explore the land and report on the disposition of the tribes.

This was one of the most extraordinary, if not the most extraordinary, journeys on foot ever voluntarily undertaken by a single man on the continent of North America. Alone, unarmed; this wonderful priest, animated with burning zeal for the salvation of souls, flung himself into an unbroken desolation of wilderness, fearlessly penetrated the camps and habitats of uncivilized man, and returned to his countrymen after covering 1,200 miles of desert, mountain and river lands in the six months of his disappearance.

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CHAPTER II.

THE EXPLORER AND THE MISSIONARY.

March of Coronado for the Cibola—His Companions—Death of the Priest Juan de la Cruz—Of Brother Luis Descalamo—Father Padilla and Pedro de Tobar Visit the Moquis—March of Coronado and Padilla Through Oklahoma and Indian Territory in 1541—Enter Kansas, Crossing the Arkansas—Return of Coronado—Padilla's Journey to the Teton-Sioux—Starts for Lands of the Pawnees—Is Murdered—Body Never Recovered—Mota-Padilla's Account.

The official report of Fray Marcos De Nizza, his wonderful exploit, the lands he had seen and the tribes with whom he tarried stimulated the ambition and aroused the enthusiasm of the Spaniards in Mexico, and initiated the famous expedition of Coronado in 1540.

When Coronado began his march for the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola there went with him three Franciscan priests and a lay brother to teach Christianity to the natives. Happily the names of these zealous missionaries have been preserved to us, and we owe it to our admiration for disinterested courage and zeal to see to it that these names will live for all time.

Best known of these was Father Marcos of Nizza. He accompanied the expedition to the Zuni towns—the Zuni-Cibola of New Mexico, which he had already seen and of which he had written. His health failing him, he returned to Mexico City, where he died March 25, 1558.

The priest Juan de la Cruz was of French descent, and was aging rapidly when he volunteered to accompany Coronado. He was a man of great piety, and was reverenced by Coronado's men for his sterling qualities of head and heart. When Coronado retired from New Mexico, April, 1542, the

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aged priest stayed with the Indians at Tigua, now Bernalillo, on the Rio Grande, which cuts New Mexico from north to south. As he was never again heard of, and no positive statement in regard to his fate is found in the early writers, we may only conclude that he was murdered by the Tiguans.

Fray Luis Descalamo, the lay brother, selected for his field of labor, after the Spaniards left the country, the village of Pecos, on the left bank of and high up on the Pecos river, northern New Mexico. When Coronado was leaving for Mexico he presented to Fray Luis five or six sheep. These the lonely man drove before him into the Zuni country, pausing many times in the day to let them browse, and at night lying down to rest with his sheep sleeping around him.

When he entered the Pecos with his little flock he was hospitably welcomed by the Indians of the great pueblo and told he might settle among them. He now built himself a rough cabin on the prairie outside the village and gathered the little children around him for instruction in the catechism. How long the venerable man lived here, or what became of his sheep, we do not know. He may have died in his little hut, or he may have been murdered by one of the sorcerers or medicine men, jealous of his popularity with the tribe. When Espejo passed by the Zuni villages, forty years after Coronado's expedition, he heard nothing of the fate of Fray Luis.

Father Juan de Padilla, who seems to have been a confidential friend of Coronado, was comparatively a young and vigorous man when he volunteered to join his Provincial Fray Marcos on Coronado's explorations.

When Coronado advanced some days ahead of his army toward Zune-Cibola, all the Franciscans accompanied him. While he camped for a time among the Zunis he dispatched Pedro de Tobar, his lieutenant, and twelve men to escort Father Padilla on his visit to Tuscayan and the Moqui pueblos. He was the first white man who ever saw or entered a Moqui village or spoke to a "snake man." Returning to Coronado's camp at Cibola, he joined an exploring expedi-

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tion of Hernanda de Alvarado to Pecos. It was on this journey the Spaniards saw for the first time the famous rock pueblo of Acoma and heard of Quivira. In the report remitted to Mexico and signed jointly by Padilla and Alvarado (Third Vol. Documentos de Indias), Quivira (Kansas) was represented as a very rich country.

On the return of Alvarado to Cibola, Coronado, taking with him Father Padilla and twenty-nine mounted men, started on his now famous journey to Quivira. The party crossed the Canadian river, entered the lands of the warlike Apaches and rode into the great buffalo herds of the plains. After sixty-seven days of tortuous travel they crossed the Arkansas, near old Fort Dodge, and entered the region called Quivira, in northeastern Kansas, not far from the boundary of Nebraska. They were now in the land of the Teton —Sioux—known afterwards to the Canadian trappers and hunters as the "Gens des Prairies." This was in 1541. The priest returned to the Rio Grande with Coronado, and when the adventurous Spaniard went back to Mexico with his disheartened men, Father Padilla and Father Juan de la Cruz remained to instruct the tribes in Christianity. With them stayed a Portuguese soldier, Andres Docampo, a Mestizo boy, two Spanish assistants, Lucas and Sebastian, known as "Donados," or missionary volunteers, and two Aztec Indians from Mexico.

From Bernalillo, where they now were, Father Padilla set out on a missionary expedition to the Teton-Sioux, Quivira, in the autumn of 1542, leaving Fray Luis with the Pecos. He brought with him Docampo, the two Donados and the half-blood boy. He also took along all that was necessary for offering up the Holy Sacrifice, one horse and some provisions for the trip.

No accident marred the romance of the journey and they safely arrived among the Teton-Sioux, by whom they were hospitably received. After instructing the Indians of Quivira in the rudiments of religion, Fray Padilla, in opposition to the advice of the chiefs of the tribe, resolved to visit and

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preach to the Guyas, who were no friends of the Tetons. His zeal overlapped his prudence or his knowledge of Indian customs; for in those days a missionary who dwelt with and was regarded as a friend of a tribe could not leave their encampment to take up his abode with an unfriendly people without exposing himself to suspicion and jealousy. The Tetons held the friar in awesome reverence as a powerful sorcerer, whose incantations, when friendly, meant prosperity to the tribe, and when malign, carried with them sickness and misfortune. The more popular the priest became, the more dangerous it was for him to leave the wigwams of his friends.

When the Spanish missionary, contrary to the pleadings of the Quiviras, entered upon the trail leading to the land of the Guyas—a Pawnee sub-tribe—he unconsciously shook hands with a messenger of death, for his friends believed he was going over to their enemy, and the Pawnees would look upon him as their foe, since he came from a tribe with whom they were at war.

The Mexican historian Mota-Padilla, who claimed to have examined early documents bearing upon the death of the faithful missionary, tells us in his "Historia de la Nueva Galicia," that "the friar left Quivira with a small escort, against the will of the Indians of that village, who loved him as their father. When he had traveled for nearly a day he saw coming toward him Indians in their war paint, and, divining their murderous intention, he advised the Portuguese, who was mounted, to gallop off and take with him the Donados, and the boy, who, being young, could run away and escape. As they were unarmed they all did as the Father advised, but he, kneeling down, offered up his life, which he surrendered for the salvation of others. Thus he obtained his most ardent wish, the blessing of martyrdom, by the arrows of these savages, who, after murdering him, threw his body into a deep pit. The day of his death is not known, although it is considered certain that it occurred in the year 1542. Don Pedro de Tobar, in the documents he wrote with his own hand and left in the City of Culiacan, says that the

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Indians went out to kill this holy father in order to get possession of his ornaments. He also states that there was a tradition of wonderful signs accompanying his death, such as great floods, balls of fire and darkening of the sun."

Such is the account given by Mota-Padilla of the end of the first martyr west of the Missouri. Eight or nine years after the murder of the priest, Andreas Docampo, the two Donados—Sebastian and Lucas—and the half-caste boy, companions of Father Padilla at Quivira, entered Tampico and announced the death of the priest.

After their flight from Quivira they were captured by the Comanches and held as slaves. When they broke away from their captors they wandered aimlessly from place to place and from tribe to tribe. The tramp of these unarmed and half-starved men from northeastern Kansas to Tampico, Mexico, would be incredible, if it were not proved and certified to beyond denial.

In all American history there is no parallel to this marvelous journey, if we except the extraordinary and continuous wanderings across the continent from eastern Texas to the Pacific coast of Cabeza de Vaca and his miserable companions, Maldonada and Dorantes, in 1528-36.

What became of these companions of Father Padilla? The Portuguese soldier, Andres Docampo, is not mentioned again in history. He is heard of for the last time in Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico; Sebastian, the Donado, who was a native of Mechuacan, Mexico, went to Culiacan, Sinaloa, and died there; Lucas, the other Donado, became a catechist with the Zacateca Indians, and lived to an advanced age.

The grave of Father Padilla, like that of Moses, the Jewish lawgiver, was never found. He was, with Pedro de Tobar, the first white man to enter the Zuni and Moqui villages and make known the existence of the Rock of Acoma and the Pecos towns. With Coronado he was the first of white men to see the Arkansas, which he crossed on June 29, 1541, and called it the River of SS. Peter and Paul—a name which it still bears on the old maps of Nueva Galicia, or north and northwestern Mexico.

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CHAPTER III.

EARLY EXPEDITIONS OF THE SPANIARDS.

The Ruis Expedition of 1581—Flight of the Soldiers—Murder of the Priest Santa Maria—Death of Father Lopez—Espejo to the Rescue—Arrives in the Villages of the Tequans—Return of the Party—Onate Organizes His Expedition—For Zuni by the Rio Grande—Building of First Church in New Mexico—Exploring the Colorado—Founding of Santa Fe, 1606—Opening of Missions Among the Zunis—Building of Churches.

The failure of Coronado's expedition and the disheartening tales told by his sun-scorched and half-famished companions on the streets of Culiacan and Mexico, discouraged, for a time, further explorations in northern regions. Where the spirit of adventure hesitated, that of zeal for the conversion of the northern tribes stimulated the priests of the Franciscan order in Chihuahua to ambitious hopes. Their zeal deepened into a decisive enthusiasm, and early in 1581 the Franciscans organized an expedition of exploration and conversion.

On the morning of September 9, 1581, immediately after the Benediction following the Mass of the Holy Ghost, two priests, Francisco Lopez and Fray de Santa Maria, a lay brother, Augustin Ruis by name, and twelve soldiers left the town of Santa Barbara, Southern Chihuahua, on foot, and entered upon their adventurous and perilous journey into practically unknown lands and among unfamiliar hordes of barbarous and savage men. For eight hundred miles, crossing bridgeless streams, scaling pathless mountains and through wastes of arid sand, the daring adventurers held the pace, and at last entered the pueblo lands of the Tiguas, in northeastern New Mexico. As the little party advanced towards Taos, the escort of twelve sodiers, terrified by a num-

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ber of approaching Zuni Indians, took fright, and, deserting the Fathers, made their way back to Chihuahua.

The priests were hospitably received, and were permitted to go from village to village instructing the people and teaching the children. Encouraged by the success of their mission, Fray de Santa Maria, heartened by his companions, left for Chihuahua to ask for additional priestly assistance on the Zuni mission. On the afternoon of the third day of his homeward journey he was murdered on the desert by roaming Tiguas, who, after stripping the body, left it to be devoured by coyotes, or, according to the Zarate Salmeron, burned the corpse and buried the ashes.

The two companions of the murdered priest, unconscious of their brother's fate, continued instructing the Zuni in decency and clean living. It is possible the morality which they preached did not harmonize with the Zuni sense of gratification, for when Father Lopez was one day praying under a friendly tree, he was clubbed to death. His sole companion, Brother Augustin, gave his body sepulture; but when Augustin, a few days after burying the priest was himself brained with a "macana"—a war club,—his body was flung into the river. Thus ended the hopes and the lives of these priestly men of exemplary courage.

When the scoundrely soldiers, who had abandoned the priests to their fate, found their way back to Santa Barbara, they pleaded the law of self-preservation and justified their desertion on the grounds of imminent danger to their own lives from the hostility and number of the natives. Indignant at the cowardice and conduct of the deserters, and fearing for the lives of the men of God, Don Antonio de Espejo, a wealthy Spaniard, at once sent out a call for men and organized his famous rescue party to the Zuni lands.

He left the town of San Bartolome, Chihuahua, on the 10th of November, 1582, with Father Bernardino Beltram, chaplain to the company of one hundred and fifteen men, and forged his way through the rancherias of the Conchos, the Passaquates, and entered the encampments of the Tobosos,

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who scattered to the mountains when they saw the Spaniards and their horses.

Following up the Rio Grande, the expedition at last reached the homes of the Tiguas, which, much to the surprise of Espejo and Baltram, were standing tenantless. The Tiguans, anticipating the revenge of the Spaniards for the slaughter of the priests, ran for cover to the mountains, leaving in their villages a few helpless old men and women. From these Espejo received confirmation of the death of the priests. After a tour of exploration the Spanish commander gave to the land the name of New Mexico, struck the trail for home, and arrived at San Bartolome, July, 1583.

In 1596 Juan de Onate, intending to colonize New Mexico, set out for the City of Mexico with four hundred soldiers, one hundred married men with their families and a contingent of friendly Mexican Indians. With him went eight Franciscan priests who had volunteered their services to open missions in the land and minister to the colonists. After a fatiguing and harassing march of many months, Onate and his followers finally arrived at the pueblo of Puaray of the Zuni on the Rio Grande. "Here," writes Marcelino Civezza, "a solemn Mass was celebrated, a sermon preached, the Cross of Christ planted, and with religious and royal rites New Mexico was claimed for the Spanish crown."

It is impossible to define the boundaries of the New Mexico of the early Spaniards. It probably included by the term, New Mexico, parts of Colorado, Kansas, Utah and all northern Arizona.

"On the 23d of August, 1598," writes Gilmary Shea, in his sketch of the Spanish missions in the United States, "the erection of the first church in New Mexico was begun, and on the 7th of September was opened for divine service. The next day, the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, this church was dedicated under the name of St. John the Baptist, the Father Commissary, Alonzo Martinez, blessing it and consecrating the altars and chalices. Father Christopher Salazar

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preached the sermon, and the day closed with a general rejoicing."

This humble church was the first temple consecrated to God within the present limits of the United States, and marks an epoch in the missionary life of our country. But the date of the beginning of missionary labor among the tribes opens with the visit of the two priests, Juan de la Asuncion and Pedro Nadal, to the Maricopas on the Gila, southern Arizona, in 1538.

The practical and permanent evangelization of the tribes was now begun by the allotment of the Fathers to the neighboring pueblos, and the systematic organization of the priests into an active missionary body, subject to the orders of the local superior, Father Alonzo Martinez.

On October 7, 1604, Juan de Onate, general in command, and Fathers San Buenaventura and Escobar, led an exploring and conciliatory expedition down the Colorado river. They paid a friendly visit on the way to the Zuni towns, near the headwaters of the Rio Grande, and, fording the Puerco, passed into the Moqui pueblos. Swinging to the west, they crossed the Colorado Chiquito at a place afterwards called the San Jose, and, continuing their march, veered to the north, passing near the site of the present city of Prescott, Ariz., through a region traversed by Don Antonio Espejo and Fray Bernardino Beltram nearly a quarter of a century before.

They now entered the lands of the Mohaves and the Yuman tribes near the Gila, swam the Gila and, facing to the south,' marched through the delta of the Colorado and stopped on the shore of the North Sea, now the Gulf of California. Here they raised a huge cross, hanging on it the coat of arms of Philip IV of Spain, and took possession of the country in the name of the Spanish sovereign. This was on January 25, 1605, and as it happened to be marked, in the Roman calendar, the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, they declared that the day should henceforth be commemorated as an annual and patronal festival for New Mexico.

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Returning from his explorations, Onate, in 1606, founded the city of Santa Fe—City of Our Holy Faith— and built the Church of San Miguel, afterwards destroyed in the Indian uprising of 1680.

In 1645 missions had already been opened, schools built and churches erected in forty-six Christianized pueblo towns of New Mexico. "Even in 1617," writes Charles F. Lummis, in "The Spanish Pioneers," "there were already eleven churches in use in New Mexico. Santa Fe was the only Spanish town; but there were also churches at the dangerous Indian pueblos of Galisteo and Pecos, two at Jemes, San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, Sandia, San Felipe and San Domingo. It was a wonderful achievement for each lonely missionary, for they had neither civil nor military assistance in their parishes, to have induced his barbarous flock to build a big stone church and to worship the new white God."

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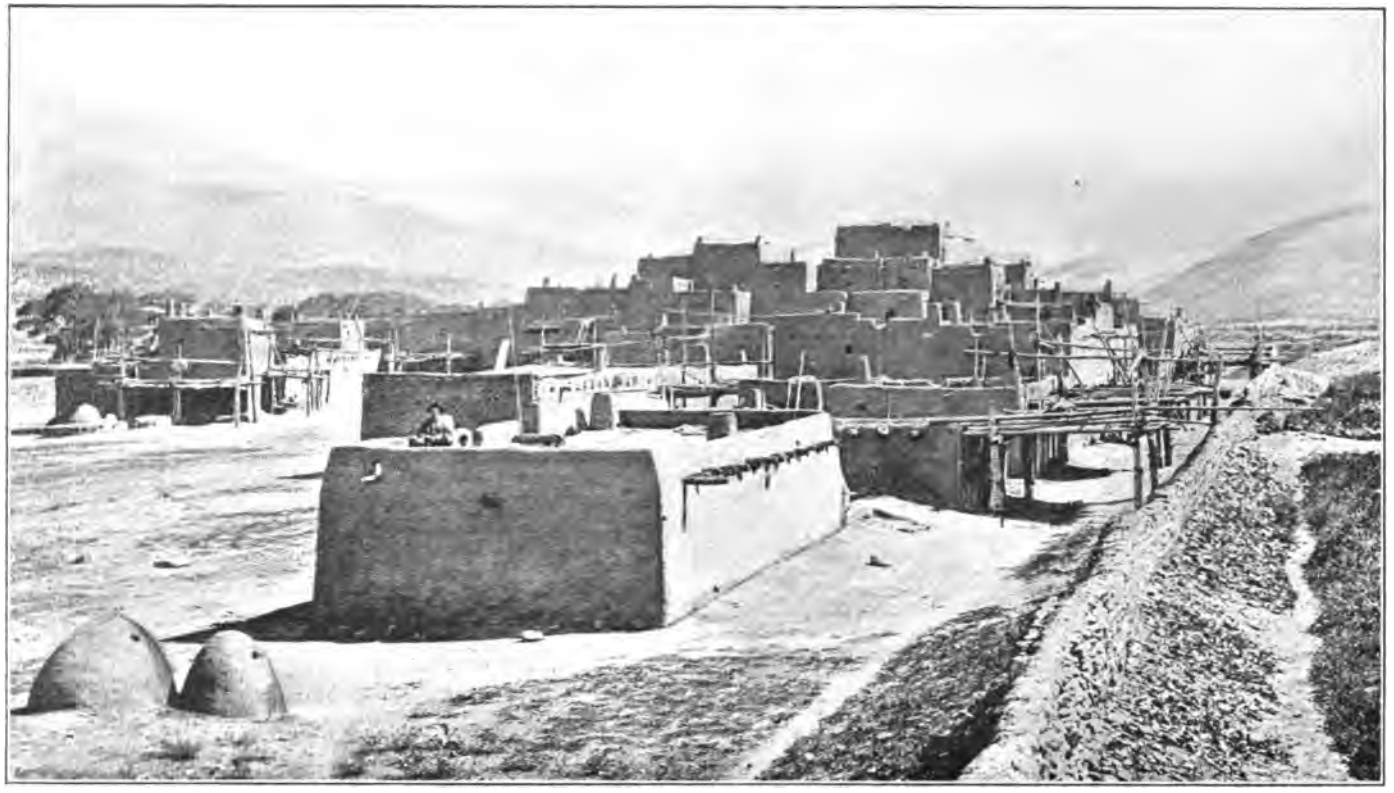

THE ZUNI TOWN OF TAOS, 1776.

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CHAPTER IV.

MASSACRE OF THE SPANIARDS AND SLAUGHTER OF THE PRIESTS.

Number of Churches in 1649—The Zuni Conspiracy—Revolt of the Tribes and Massacre of the Spaniards—Slaughter of the Priests—Capture of Santa Fe—The "Forlorn Hope"—Desperate Charge of the Spaniards—Stampede of the Indians—Into El Paso—Return of Onate to Santa Fe—Submission of the Tribes—Reconquest of New Mexico—Population—Human Sacrifice—Exploring Colorado.

The mission of Jemes, where dwelt a solitary priest, Alonzo de Lugo, was almost a hundred miles west of Santa Fe and was buried in a desolation of solitude and sand. Taos, where Father Zamora was stationed, was a miserable collection of adobe structures on the Taos river, sixty-five miles northeast of Santa Fe. At the time that Father Zamora settled with the Teguas, the tribe was at war with the Utes. Taos was the mission of San Geronimo; its handsome church was burned and its priest slaughtered in the Indian revolt of 1680.

Of the forty-six Christian pueblos, mentioned by Father Velez de Escalante in his report, published in *Documentes para la Historia de Mexico,* and existing in 1649, seven were destroyed by the Apaches who surrounded New Mexico, except on the northwest, which was held by the Utes.

Reading the glowing reports of Gilmary Shea and T. W. Marshall on the prosperous state of the New Mexican missions, one would be led to conclude that these Indians were as docile as children and as yielding as clay in the hands of the potter. But, from the very beginning, the Fathers had to deal with a stiff-necked, wayward and stubborn people. Among them were many in every pueblo on whom the preaching, the self-devotion and exemplary lives of the missionaries

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had no effect. The morality the Fathers taught was too exacting; it demanded a self-denial and a command of the senses, even of their thoughts, opposed to their inherited customs, to their traditional practices, their own inclinations and tribal usage.

Even among those who accepted the faith and received baptism there were some whose attachment to their old superstitions was wedded to their admiration for the ceremonies of the new faith. There were others who covertly contended that when they had all accepted the religion of the padres, the Spaniards would enslave them and brand them as they did their horses. Then sometimes the morals of the Spanish colonists and soldiers were not above reproach, their examples did not square with their belief, and their treatment of the Indian at times overbearing, contemptuous and harsh. Occasionally some bold and restless spirit, chafing under the discipline of the mission, or resenting the assumed superiority of the Spaniards, would break away and return to the old life. These perverts, became mockers of the Christian religion, flippant critics of the priests, and irreconcilable enemies of the Spaniard.

In 1679, according to the report of Father Velez Escalante, written in 1778, one of these renegades was under cover in the pueblo of Taos, the furthest north of the New Mexican villages. He was known by the peculiar name of Pope and was a native of the mission of San Juan, in whose church he was baptized when a child. The Spanish governor, Otermin, ordered his arrest for crimes done against colonial and pueblo laws, and especially for murders committed, when, with forty-six Teguans, he raided a section of the country during the administration of Governor Trevino.

He must have been a man of large ability and skilled in Indian cunning and strategy. With a number of reckless and crafty companions he plotted a conspiracy which had for its object the destruction of the Christian missions, the burning of Santa Fe, and the wiping out of the Spaniards. In his determination to tear up the Spanish tree, root and branch,

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he was supported by all the pueblos, the Piros alone holding aloof. The uprising was fixed for the morning of August 18th; but, learning that the Spaniards held the secret, Pope sprang the revolt eight days before the Spaniards were ready for him.

On the evening of the 10th of August, three hundred and eighteen men, women and children of Spanish blood were dead, butchered and mutilated by Taos, Queres, Picuries and tribes of the murderous confederacy.

And what became of the priests? Eighteen of them were slaughtered with their countrymen, but with more atrocious deviltry. Davis, in his "Conquest of New Mexico," tells us that at Acoma the bodies of three missionaries were thrown into a foul cave to the north of the pueblo; that at Zuni the corpses of three others were left to rot in a broiling sun, and that at the Moqui pueblos the two priests, Juan de Vallada and Jesus de Lombardi, were done to death with clubs."

"In this manner," he continues, "the priests stationed in different pueblos were killed, mostly by their own flocks, for whose spiritual and temporal good they had been laboring for years."

The Spaniards put up a brave defense at Santa Fe when Pope attacked the city with three thousand of his fighters. Against them the governor, Otermin, could only throw one hundred and fifty men. The Indians captured the town, driving the Spaniards into the governor's quarters and patio. The besieged running short of water and provisions, and foreseeing they must perish as rats in a trap, formed the heroic resolve of dying like men in an open fight. The governor and the three priests who were sharing their fate, approved of the "forlorn hope."

Early on the morning of the 20th of August the half-famished but desperate Spaniards received Communion, for they believed their last hour had struck. Then the gate of the governor's quarters was swung open, and Otermin, at the head of his hundred fighters, shouting the Castilian battle

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cry, "*Santiago, y a ellos*—St. James and at them!" rushed upon the foe.

The unexpected attack and the impetuous onslaught of the Spaniards stampeded the Indians. In their flight they lost more than three hundred of their warriors, and abandoned the horses and arms they had stolen from the Spaniards. The Spanish governor had five of his men killed, and carried to his grave the scars of two wounds he received in the scrimmage. Otermin retreated to El Paso, leaving for a time the Indians in possession of Santa Fe.

In this treacherous uprising of the natives, men, women, children and babes at the breast were ruthlessly slaughtered. They wrecked Santa Fe with the exception of the *Casas reales* and the plaza held by the Spaniards. Of the hundred and fifty men shut up in the Casa, but one hundred were fit to bear arms, and the victory of these fighters over three thousand Zuni warriors is one of the most brilliant feats of arms recorded in the annals of New Mexico.

From 1680 to 1795 the history of New Mexico is a record of thrilling events. After the retreat of the Spaniards the nine rebellious tribes, the Tanos, Teguas, Pecos, Queres and the rest, quarreled over the possession of Santa Fe and the right to rule the country. Meanwhile Otermin, who had established a fortified camp at San Lorenzo, nine miles from El Paso, had reinforced his command, and on the 18th of November, 1681, set out with one hundred and fifty mounted men and a detachment of friendly Indians for Santa Fe. He was accompanied by Father Ayeta and the other missionaries who had escaped the massacre. Through the influence of the priests, the governor hoped to prevail upon the rebels to return to their allegiance to the Spanish crown, and if conciliation failed, he was prepared to whip them into subjection. With the exception of a few tribes who fled to the mountains, the Indians were induced to submit, Santa Fe was taken possession of and reconstructed, and the pueblo missions again opened.

The next fifteen years in the life of the country are spat-

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tered with blood. The Spaniards were again driven out and again came back; individual priests here and there were slaughtered and others replaced them; missions were destroyed and rebuilt, tribes were subdued in the south while others revolted in the north.

"At last," say the "*Relaciones*" of Padre Zarate Salmeron, "seeing that their pueblos were coming to an end, the rebels resolved, on the advice of their medicine-men, to join together and to offer in common to the devil the sacrifice of a young girl to propitiate the demon."

But the bloody ceremony failed to produce the desired result; the Indians submitted to the inevitable and struck a truce with the Spaniards. Meanwhile the remains of the martyred priests were, so far as possible, collected and given Christian burial. From the open prairie, from caves, ash heaps and the ruins of old or burned buildings, the bones and ashes of the devoted friars were gathered together and decently interred.

An old manuscript records that in 1754 the governor of New Mexico, in the company of two missionaries, visited with his staff the abandoned pueblos of the Picuries and Queres to exhume the bones of two venerable priests and inter them in consecrated ground. Led by a grizzled old Indian, they found the remains of Padre Ascuncion Zarate in the débris of the decayed church of San Lorenzo of the Picuries, and those of Fray Geronimo de la Llana amid the ruins of the church at Quarac. The bones of Father Juan de Jesus, murdered by the Indians of Jemes, were found in an old cave and buried in Santa Fe; but, of the eighteen priests done to death by the tribes, the mutilated bodies of nearly all were reduced to ashes or devoured by wild beasts. But what matters it for the bodies of the just who are at peace. "Those who sow in tears will reap in joy, and their names will live from generation to generation."

The Spaniards were now (1760) masters of New Mexico, and outnumbered the Indians by many thousands. The sedentary population, one hundred and eighty years after

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Onate's first attempt at colonization, numbered 25,000; of these the Spaniards counted 16,000 and the Indians 9,000. With the exception of an occasional raid from the Comanches, who were not known in the region until brought in by the Utes, or an attack now and then by the Apaches of the southwest, New Mexico was at peace. The pueblo Indians were converted to the faith and cultivated their lands or raised herds of sheep and cattle for the Santa Fe market.

The Spaniards were now free to give some attention to the examination of the unexplored regions lying to the north of New Mexico. The reader will not fail to notice that all expeditions of discovery and exploration were either piloted or accompanied by Spanish priests, and that in many instances most important explorations were undertaken by individual priests such as Fathers Kino, Garces and Escalante. Under the administration of Governor Veles Cachupin, an exploring party was sent out in 1763 to examine the country north of New Mexico, which is now the state of Colorado. The expedition was accompanied by Father Alonzo Posadas, who for fourteen years held a position of ecclesiastical importance in New Mexico. Returning after an absence of some months, the party reported the discovery of silver ore near the junction of the Gunnison and Compaghre rivers, in Gunnison County. Father Posadas afterwards wrote the "Informe" or history of this expedition, and it is to this "Informe" Escalante refers in the Diario of his journey from Santa Fe to Utah Lake.

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CHAPTER V.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Failure to Account for American Indian—Distribution of the Tribes—Linguistic Stocks and Tribal Affinities—Indians of the St. Lawrence Regions, of the Canadian Northwest —Tribes East and West of the Missouri—Sedentary Tribes—The Hunters and Rovers—Prohibition of Intermarriage in the Clan—Religion of the Aborigines—Indian Population in 1612.

Before the Franciscans enter upon their explorations and before we discuss the moral condition and the domestic life of the tribes to whom the priests will introduce us, let us rapidly survey the divisions, subdivisions and general moral status of the fierce and crafty race of men who roamed over the American continent north of Mexico, and the remnants of whom are to-day withering away on governmental reservations.

Speculation, examination, theory, investigation have failed to account for the original habitat of the American Indians. We know nothing of their past, when or how their forbears came to this continent. What we know of them is what we have learned from the French and Spanish priests who began to mingle with and dwell among them immediately after the discovery of America. Contact with them in more recent times has taught us nothing. Their past is impenetrable to the eye of historic research, and the origin of the settlement of the Atlantic and Pacific tribes is veiled by the mists of unknown ages.

Of the eight great nations of savages and barbarians, divided into six hundred and thirty-three tribes and subtribes, some were in a state of barbarism near to civilization, others in a lower stage of barbarism, and many in a condition of savagery approaching that of offal animals. The

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lowest tribes were those roaming the deserts and horrent mountains of Lower California, the valley of the Columbia River, and possibly the tribes of Labrador and Hudson's Bay. These people were the Bedouins of the deserts and forests; knew nothing of domestic roots and vegetables, and, having no settled life, depended for subsistence on hunting and fishing. The immense region of the United States and Canada, which to-day is yielding to the Japhetic race plethoric wealth of timber and minerals, which is broken up largely into farms and cattle ranges was, at the close of the seventeenth century, an enormous forest flecked with deserts and mountains and carrying a prodigious variety of vegetable and animal life.

The adventurous traveler, entering in those early days the St. Lawrence River and continuing his voyage westward, would have on his right and left as he advanced sub-tribes and families of the great hunting nation, the Algonquin. On his left, after passing the Esquimaux, were the Bersiamites, the Papinkos, the Mistassinis, the Montagnais of the Sagueney and the St. John wilderness, the Porcupines, and, towards the height of land looking to the Hudson Bay, the Attikamegues, or the family of the White Fish.

Ascending the Ottawa, a tributary of the St. Lawrence, were the hunting grounds of the Cheveux-Rélevés or men of the standing hair, the Iroquets or island people; veering to the north on the eastern and northern coasts of Lakes Huron and Superior were the Petuns or Tobacco people, the Hurons, the Amikoues or Beavers, the Nippisings or Sorcerers, the Wyandottes, the Temaagami, the Temiscomings, the Abittibi, the Chippewas or Sauteurs. Northward still of Lake Superior, and rising towards the Great Slave Lake, were the Assiniboines and the Crees, the buffalo hunters.

On the southwestern bank of the St. Lawrence, the traveler, on entering the river, would have on his right the Gaspians, who claimed the ownership of splendid meadow lands and splendid virgin forests, then, the Etchmins, the Micmacs and the Abenaki. Advancing westward he skirted what are

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now the eastern states of the Union and, crossing into New York state, he enters the preserves of the dreaded Iroquois, the generic name for the confederated tribes, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Senecas, Cayugas and the Onondagas.

On the northern and southern shores of Lake Erie dwelt the Attiwandarons or Neutrals, and the Eries, or Nation of the Raccoon. West of the Eries were the Miami and to the south of Lake Michigan the Illini or Illinois; then in the immense forests and prairies south and west of the Great Lakes were the Mascoutins, or Nation of Fire, the Puants, the Folles-Avoines or Wild-Oats, the Renards or Foxes, the the Pattawatomies, the Sioux and the Menominis.

All these tribes, with their sub-tribes, sprang from an Algonquin or Huron-Iroquois trunk, and their languages with dialectic variations would indicate the racial stock from which they sprang.

As we advance towards and cross the Missouri river, we enter the lands of the Dacotahs and their offshoots, the Missouris, Poncas, Iowas, Kaws, Sioux, Omahas and Otoes, with their tribal divisions. On the upper Missouri were Catlin's Mandans and Minnetarees, having no tribal affinity with any known Indian race, and whose language bore no resemblance to that of any other people.

In grouping the North American Indians and separating them into affinities by similarity of language, John Fiske and Major Powell classify the Pawnees with the Arickarees of the Platte drainage and a few minor tribal families as a distinct people.

The Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Cherokees, now on the Oklahoma reservations, with the Muskhogees and Seminoles formed a group by themselves and spoke a radical language of their own, differing only in family patois. When we enter the Rocky Mountain region, we come in contact with the Cheyennes, Comanches and roving tribes of the Sioux and Apaches, who had strayed away from their own territories.

In Colorado, Utah and Idaho, the Bannocks, Shoshones

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and Utes roamed in the lowest state of barbarism, and are classified by some ethnologists as one great and separate family.

Advancing towards the Canadian boundary, we enter the hunting grounds of the Selish Nation, commonly called Flat-Heads. The land of the Flat-Heads was that part of Montana lying west of and near to the base of the main range of the Rocky Mountains. In northern Montana roamed the Black-Feet, and around them dwelt nine other tribes, including the Spokanes, the Coeur d'Alenes, the Kalispels, the Nez Percés, Pends d'Oreilles and the Crows.

Descending to the Pacific coast line, an altogether different class of people—saving the intrusive Apache and Apache Navajo—possessed the deserts, the river depressions and the Colorado delta. With these the reader is already partially familiar, and they will not now detain us.

The Indians of the United States and Canada, at the time of which we write, were separated by their mode of living into two national divisions. These were the sedentaries living in villages like the Hurons, or forming a confederacy like the Iroquois, who practised a rude horticulture and stored Indian corn and beans for the winter months, and the hunters and fishers, rovers of the forest and the plain, like the Algonquin and Dacotah. The sedentary races raised Indian corn, pumpkins and tobacco. Corn, supplemented by fish and the flesh of wild animals, was their only food. They knew nothing of alcoholic drinks, bread, salt, pepper or vegetables.

A remarkable fact, which seems to prove that the American savage was familiar with the disastrous effects of marriage between blood relations, or of inbreeding, was that no warrior ever took a wife from the members of his own clan. The men and women of the clan were nearly all, by consanguinity, related to one another. Immemorial tribal law barred their marriage. The man or woman selected a partner from another clan of his own tribe, and the children of the marriage belonged to the clan of the mother. The chil-

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dren did not inherit from the father; all his property, even his weapons, descending by right to his brothers or to the sons of his sisters. The children inherited from the mother. And the reason for this custom was that there could be no doubt who was the mother of the child; but, such was the looseness of morals among the Indians, the husband might not always be the father.

The religion of all the Indians was a stew of ridiculous fables, of absurd superstitions and, very often, of obscure and cruel rites. Every nation had its own divinities, which it evolved from animate or inanimate things in the water, in the air or on the earth.

The Algonquins worshiped the Great Hare, the sun and evil spirits, which they called Manitous. The Iroquois, the Attiwandarons and the Hurons peopled the universe with demons known as Okis. The Iroquois sacrificed human beings to their wargod; Ariskoni; the Pawnees slaughtered young girls as an offering to the sun, and the Tanos and southern tribes, when in dire straits, offered young girls in sacrifice to their tutelary demons.

The spirits of the air dwelt with thunder, lightning, the moon, eclipses, hurricanes, or in whatever was unusual and carried fear to their hearts.

Rattlesnakes and other venomous reptiles, certain animals and, with some, the bear, the coyote and the beaver, because of their superior intelligence, were held in reverence and offerings made them to retain their friendship and good will. Many tribes believed that the sky was inhabited by a great and powerful being, who arranged the seasons, controlled the winds and the waves and was able to help man when he was encompassed with danger. At times they offered to their divinities, particularly to the heavenly elements and the spirits dwelling in them, either to invoke their good will in some enterprise or to placate them, gifts of tobacco or weapons which they cast into water or fire.

Belief in the immortality of the soul was universal among the tribes, with the solitary exception of the Peorian Illi-

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nois, who believed that soul and body expired at the same time.

They pushed their belief in immortality to its limit, for they accorded life after death to all animals, and in some instances to inorganic things.

It is impossible to state, with any approach to accuracy, what was the population of North America, excluding Mexico, when Champlain entered the St. Lawrence in 1612. To judge from the number of tribes, we might quite naturally assume the population to be numerous if not dense. We must, however, remember that a people who depend for subsistence on the chase must, in order to live, have immense territory. Figures compiled with great care by the Canadian historian, Garneau, represented the probable population of Canada, at the time Jacques Cartier, in 1534, discovered the Dominion, to be anywhere from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand. Assuming the Indians of the territory of the United States to be, at that date, about the same, we would have a native population of about five hundred thousand.

Of the 120,000 Indians in the United States to-day, only 60,000 are full-blooded, and the same proportion of half or quarter-bloods in the Canadian population of 110,000 would not be very far away from that of the United States.

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CHAPTER VI.

DEBASEMENT OF THE TRIBES.

Moral Debasement of the Tribes—The Man of Nature—Inhuman Hard-Heartedness—Without Religion, Without Morality—No Word for Virtue, Religion, Charity—Degradation of Woman—Her Position in the Camp—Savages' Contempt for Sanctity of Life—Treatment of Prisoners—Human Flesh Eaters—Phantom Gods.

The moral debasement of the tribes was something appalling. A frightful heirloom of entailed and indefeasible accursedness in association with senseless ignorance and brutal customs, was the only inheritance to which they could look forward. All their lives the victims of unrestrained and brutal passions, that opened wide the door to every species of hard-heartedness and every degree of cruelty, their regeneration could never have come from themselves and could only be effected by civilized men dowered with tireless patience, with heroic and apostolic courage.

The insatiable and loathsome cruelty to their fellow-men in war, the ineradicable ignorance and hideous superstitions which overshadowed the land and its people, were calculated to awe the stoutest hearts that dared their redemption.

The human types of Indian innocence, of purity and general loveliness with which we have grown familiar in the sympathetic poems of Mrs. Sigourney and the romantic novels of James Fenimore Cooper were vagaries of the imagination and dreams of the enthusiast. The nearer we come to the man of nature the more likely are we to find the savage brute who eats raw meat and the flesh of his human foe, who loves dirt, wears no clothes, wallows in nastiness and indecency and tyrannizes over helpless woman because she is helpless. A savage is a savage, and the American Indian de-

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scended no lower in the scale of degradation than did the negroes of equatorial Africa or the Bushman of Australia.

If now, when we move amid the green mounds which mark their graves, or with curious eye inspect their rude trinkets and only treasures—the pottery, the arrow-head and the wampum—the soft sadness of pity steals over us, we must not forget that their inhuman hard-heartedness was unsurpassed in the history of our fallen humanity. The human tiger, the human fox, the human hyena, the human snake were species quite common among them, as among savages the world over, civilized or uncivilized.

God deliver us from the man of nature or of civilized society, unchecked by fear of punishment, unrepressed by the weight of law and order, unrestrained by social amenities, unawed by the gospel of the hereafter.

There is a subtle connection between cruelty and lust which no metaphysical inquiry has yet satisfactorily explained, hence we are not surprised to read that the American Indian had no conception of morality even in the abstract. A people without religion are a people without morality. In truth, until the coming among them of priests of the Catholic Church they had no word to give expression to the idea of virtue, morals, religion, charity, gratitude and the like.

"They live in common," writes John Megapolensis, in his "Short Account of the Mohawk Indians, 1664," "without marriage; but if any of them have wives, the marriage continues no longer than they think proper, and then they separate and each takes another partner."

This was written of a tribe in the middle state of barbarism and which had not yet descended to savagery.

The Jesuit Father, Paul Ragueneau, wrote to his Superior in France that "Morality is unknown among the tribes, and everywhere a shocking license of unrestrained intercourse obtains."

Among a people who had no regard for morality of any kind, it was not to be expected that any respect would ob-

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tain for the sanctity of a woman's nature. Woman was harshly dealt with, and among all was treated with a callous disregard for the weakness of her sex. Affrighted man recoils with horror from the perusal of woman's degradation as penned by the eloquent Le Jeune. The honor and heart of man may never be impeached with meaner or fouler crimes than are there recorded. All the menial drudgery of the camp, the heavy burdens of the chase, the slavery of the corn field—in a word, all that implied laborious work, was her allotted portion. Her infirmities excited no commiseration; with the crippled, maimed and weak she was more often a victim of contempt than an object of pity. Is it any wonder, then, that woman became so utterly shameless, hard-hearted and cruel that in vindictiveness and fierceness she surpassed the brutality of man?

The crowning infamy of all the abominations of the American Indian—and of savage man everywhere—was his utter contempt and disregard for human life. Savage as he was by inheritance, and brutal as his passions had made him, it was still to be assumed that the instinct which moves one animal to spare another of its own species would have lingered amid the wreck and ruin of his corrupted nature. Such, however, was not the case. The most trivial incident or a thirst for blood, at times, led to a war which often ended in the dispersion or annihilation of a tribe.

Frequently, and for no other end than acquiring renown or scalps, the Indian warrior gathered his braves around him and, after haranguing them on his own past and prospective exploits, raised the familiar war-whoop and moved out to a mission of bloodshed and pillage. With the cunning of the fox and the ferocity of the tiger, they fell upon their prey in the darkness of night or the dawning morning, and indiscriminately slaughtered men, women and children.

"They approached like foxes," says Father Vimont, "attacked like lions, and disappeared like birds."

"I crept around them like a wolf," said a Chippewa chief, telling of an attack he made on an isolated Sioux family, "I

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crawled up to them like a snake; I fell upon them like lightning; I cut them down and scalped them."

Their prisoners were treated with unparalleled fiendishness and brutality. Some were mutilated inch by inch till they expired from physical pain and extreme suffering. Others were reserved to be tortured by fire, and, by a refinement of cruelty surpassing belief, their agonies were prolonged from sunset to sunrise. Others of their captives they cut to pieces, boiled and devoured with unspeakable relish.

Father Bressani, who was captured by the Senecas, and shockingly mutilated before he was purchased by the Dutch of the Hudson, tells us in his "Relation Abrégée" of his captivity: "I saw the Iroquois tear out the heart from a Huron captive whom they had killed, and in the presence of the other prisoners, roast and devour it."

"They are not men," wrote an unfortunate woman whose child the Iroquois had torn from her breast, boiled and devoured in her presence, "they are wolves."

The American Indian in his savage state set no value on the attributes which distinguished him from the wild beasts of the forest. Ferocity in war, strength, agility and endurance alone excited his admiration, and, as a result, many of them approached as near as it was possible to the condition of the animals in which these qualities predominate.

To attempt to make a hero of the American Indian is to raise a monument to cruelty on a pedestal of lust. Their religious conceptions and practices were no higher than their moral actions. They believed all things to be animated with good or evil spirits; and, when on the war trail, they often sacrificed human beings to propitiate the spirits which influenced the future of the tribe.

"On the third day of my captivity," writes Father Jogues, "they sacrificed an Algonquin woman in honor of Areskoui, their war-god, inviting the grim demon, as if he were present, to come and feast with them on the murdered woman's flesh."

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They had no idea of God, as we understand the tremendous word. The sighing of the winds, the melancholy moan of the midnight forest, the crash of thunder, the gleam of lightning, the rush of the hurricane and the sound of the cataract were the voices of the shadowy phantoms or gloomy spirits which haunted the woods or hovered in the air around.

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CHAPTER VII.

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

Some Redeeming Features—Tribal Hospitality and Generosity—Ferocity to an Enemy—Appalling Cruelty—Frightful Torture of a Foe—Spartan Stoicism—Rousseau's "Ideal Man"—Chateaubriand's Declaration—Final Submission.

In the vile abominations of their lives there were, however, some redeeming features. The members of the same tribe were closely united by bonds of friendship; they had a tender consideration for and exhibited a generosity toward each other that was not excelled in ordinary civilized society. The solidarity between the members of the same clan, and particularly among those of the same family, was complete and admirable; they bore themselves toward each other with affection and gentleness. They were true to one another in their friendships, held eloquence in high repute, were generously hospitable, and, in times of famine, divided the morsel which chance or the fortunes of the hunt cast in their way.

This eulogium, let it be understood, applied only to members of the same tribe; for toward an unfriendly or hostile tribe of another nation they were ruthless. Treason, perfidies, vengeance, retaliations, pillage, unspeakable cruelties, mutilations and prolonged torture characterized their bearing toward their enemies. Apart from the admirable tribal and family affections just mentioned, the degradation of morals among them was appalling. The universal libertinism, the total absence of all ideas of morality and the hopeless entanglement of all in a web of superstitions and multitudinous puerilities, made their conversion to Christianity and civilization a herculean task.

All the tribes, with perhaps the solitary exception of the Hurons, encouraged and practised simultaneous polygamy.

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The ambitious among them, and those who aspired to leadership, had as many as six and seven wives, believing that the more sons born to them the greater would be their power and influence with the people.

Among many tribes adultery on the part of the wife was a very serious offense. The adulterous woman was cruelly punished by cutting away her nose and ears. Among the Illinois the unfaithful wife was put to death by the husband.

In battle, the savage, animated with the hope of victory or in the presence of inevitable death, was a brave man; with the hope of winning a victory for his people and of perpetuating his name and his prowess, a warrior at times deliberately invited death. Jim Bridger, the famous western scout, repeatedly stated that in battles with the whites, or with the Cheyennes and Comanches, a Ute warrior would deliberately sacrifice his life in order to secure a tactical advantage by which his fellow tribesmen might eventually win out.

The northern and western tribes encouraged their boys in all that made for strength, courage, endurance and agility. They were trained to the hunt, to the use of arms, to extreme caution when in an enemy's country, and to stoically bear fatigue, cold, hunger and thirst.

Father Bressani, a missionary with the tribes in 1642-1649, gives us, in his "Breve Relatione," some interesting details of the training and education of a warrior. "The young men," he tells us, "will at times abstain from food for ten or twelve days without a murmur of complaint. Little boys will lock arms and, placing redhot coals on their arms, will contest for the palm of endurance, which one of them can endure the pain the longest. With a bone needle, a sharp awl, or a burnt pine stick they will trace or have traced on their bodies (tattooed) the image of an eagle, a serpent, a turtle or any favorite animal. The young man who, while the tattooing lasted, gave expression, by the slightest sign, to the agony he was enduring, would be regarded as a coward and a poltroon. They never complained of cold, of heat, of fatigue or of disease."

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When the young man reached a warrior's age, he faced danger unflinchingly, and defied death itself, with the hope of achieving a warrior's reputation. If in defeat he fell into the hands of the enemy, he pushed his contempt for suffering to Spartan stoicism. While his body was roasting in the fire, he appealed to his enemies to test his courage by increasing their torture that they might see for themselves how bravely their foe could die. He taunted them with cowardice and stupidity, and challenged them to extract from him an expression of pain. Maddened by his taunts, his executioners would then close in upon him, tear the scalp from his bleeding head, cut off his fingers joint by joint, and pierce him with stone knives with the hope of extracting from the indomitable man a cry of complaint. As death in mercy was ending the awful torture of the helpless warrior, they opened his side, tore out the palpitating heart and began to devour it with unspeakable pleasure, with the hope of partaking of the invincible courage of their enemy, whose fortitude excited their admiration.

They were a courageous people, but their valor was disgraced by cruelty, and no form of vice, however loathsome or torture, to an enemy, however fiendish, met with condemnation, or, indeed, attracted attention.

Such, briefly, were the dominant traits in the character of the American Indian. This short review of some of the habits, the religious notions, the prevailing characteristics of the Indians of North America and the regions in which they dwelt is necessarily incomplete. It will be sufficient, however, to afford the reader an idea of the land and the people, and the field, in general, on which was enacted for many years the drama of Christian evangelization. In proportion as Christianity advanced in the forest or on the desert in that proportion did civilization penetrate among the tribes.

Day after day, for many a dreary age, before the Genoese discovered America, the sun looked down upon the enormous wickedness and cruelty of these aboriginal people till, wasted

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with vice and tribal wars, they were slowly fading from the face of the earth. In their melancholy ruin and in that of the nations of the past we behold historic facts supporting the prediction of Isaiah, who, as a prophet and student of the human race, proclaimed that "the people who will not serve God shall perish."

The American Indian approached as near as it was possible to Rousseau's "Ideal Man" in a state of nature. He was untainted by civilization, was governed by natural impulses, was not yet depraved by meditation: *"l'homme qui réfléchit est un animal depravé*—the man of reflection is an animal depraved"—and was a melancholy example of the French infidel's false philosophy.

Chateaubriand's assertion that "man without religion is the most dangerous animal that walks or crawls upon the earth," found its verification in almost every savage who roamed the North American continent.

The American Indian has seen his last days as a fighter, and we may truthfully repeat of him what De Bourrienne spoke by the grave of Bonaparte: "He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, no sound can awake him to glory again."

When, on March 4, 1906, the tribal organization of the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles was dissolved and their members diffused in the mass of the country's citizenship, and when, in 1889, Chief Ignacio and his thousand Utes ceded their rights to the government for $50,000, the final chapter in the Indian's annals as an independent race was written.

The Utes had ranked among the bravest of the Indian tribes, and in ferocity were exceeded only by the bloodthirsty Apaches. The submission of the Indians to the United States government is now complete. There will be no successors to Geronimo, Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, and the Ute failure undoubtedly ends the chapter.

We have now to ask ourselves, what manner of men were

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they who conceived, and, under accumulated hardship and sufferings, in a measure bore into effect, the magnificent resolve of Christianizing and civilizing these half-humanized hordes?

BEAVER.

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CHAPTER VIII.

HEROISM OF FRENCH AND SPANISH MISSIONARIES.

Missionary Map of North America—Jesuits East of Mississippi—Their Wonderful Success—The Canadian Tribes—With the Wandering Hordes—Jesuit Martyrs—The Franciscans—Martyrs of the Order—Plunge of the Franciscans into the Desert—Testimony of Historians—Glory of Confessors, Saints and Martyrs.

Before trailing the Franciscan Fathers from New Mexico to Utah Lake and explaining why no missions were opened by the Catholic Church in Utah and among regional tribes, let us unroll, at least partially, the missionary map of North America at the time Velez Escalante and his priestly companion traveled through Utah in 1776.

Early in 1629 the Fathers of the Society of Jesus entered upon the field of savagery in the vast territory east of the Mississippi. They came to Canada on the invitation of the Franciscan missionaries, who for fifteen years dwelt with the Hurons and Wyandottes of the northern regions. It was impossible for the few Franciscans of the north to follow the roving hordes of the Algonquin nation which bordered the Huron hunting grounds, or, indeed, to open missions among many of the sedentary tribes. Then, answering the call, the Jesuits plunged into the forests and entered upon a career of missionary zeal and activity that for heroic endurance and marvelous success challenges comparison with Apostolic times.

In 1763 these daring priests had opened missions and raised the standard of the Catholic Church—the Cross—among the savage Papinichois, Gaspasians, Acadians, Souriquois, Betsiamites, Misstassinis, Montagnais, Abenakis, Amikoues, Christinaux, Chippewas, Sauteurs and Ottawas of the great Algonquin nation that hunted and fished in a terri-

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tory stretching from eastern New Brunswick to Quebec City, and from the mouth of the Saguenay to Hudson Bay. As early as 1649 they had Christianized almost the entire Huron confederacy and entered the villages of the Pattawatomies, the Sacs and Mascoutins, or "Nation of Fire." Among every tribe of those war-hawks of the wilderness—the Iroquois—they had preached the Gospel, built bark chapels and established missions, and before 1764 were catechising the Miamis and the Illinois, and mingling with the Sioux.

From the mouth of the St. Lawrence River to the northern shores of Lake Superior; from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi; from the lands of the Abenakis, from the Acadian peninsula to Hudson Bay, there was not a savage people whom the priests had not visited and instructed in the doctrines of Christianity.

> From the City of Quebec these fearless soldiers of the Cross,
> * * * Defying every ill
> That thorns the path of martyrdom,

set out in those early days to bear the message of their crucified Saviour to the wandering hordes scattered from the lands watered by the Mississippi to the northern shores of the Hudson Bay. In thirteen years they tramped or canoed the regions of the Great Lakes.

Father Réné Meynard, at the age of fifty-five, already bent and attenuated from years of excessive zeal, hardships and starvation with the tribes, dies alone and unattended in the forests bordering Lake Superior. His body was devoured by wild beasts. Claude Allouez covers in his wanderings after lost souls 12,000 miles, visiting in their haunts and encampments the Hurons and Algonquins, the Sioux of the east, the "Wild Oats" of Lake Michigan, the Pattawatomies and the Sauteurs of Lake Superior. Druillette is called home from the Montagnais hunters of the Laurentian wilds, and at once starts on a mission of peace to the warlike Abenaki, while Dablon penetrates the northern wilderness, hoping to dis-

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cover a river flowing into the Sea of Japan. Dolbeau explored toward the Misstassini preaching to the tribes on his romantic but perilous route, and Raimbault starts on his wonderful journey with the hope of finding a passage to China, and tracing a circle of missionary achievement around the world. Those messengers of the Gospel, outstripping the most daring explorers and anticipating the future, discovered vast regions, made treaties with numberless tribes and, for the love of perishing souls, rose superior to the appeals of a suffering body and the demands of exhausted nature.

To compensate the "Great Order," as Macaulay addressed the Society of Jesus, for the heroism and sacrifice of its sons on the missionary fields of North America, God conferred upon many of its members the most distinguished honor that could fall to an apostle—He crowned them with the crown of martyrs.

The names of these victims of charity are familiar to us: John de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lallement, atrociously tortured and burned alive; Charles Garnier, Antoine Daniel, Pierre Buteux, Sebastian Rasle, shot to death; Pére A. De Noue, drowned; Réné Meynard, devoured by wild beasts; Claude Chabonel, clubbed to death; Isaac Jogues, tomahawked and beheaded—all of them priests of the Catholic Church and martyrs for the faith of Christ.

On the Pacific coast, in Lower and northern California, in Arizona and New Mexico, the Spanish Franciscan Fathers, animated with the same faith, courage and zeal which distinguished the French Jesuits of the Great Lakes and the northern regions, of Canada, were, at about the same time, buried amid the desolations of the desert and the solitudes of the Sierras, civilizing and Christianizing the tribes and lifting them unto a plane of decency and clean living.

From Cape San Lucas of Lower California to San Francisco, from the Bay of Guaymas to Tucson and the Hopi lands and unto the towns of the mysterious Zuni, these consecrated sons of St. Francis laid a chain of missions whose

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ruins to-day evoke the wonder alike of the man of faith and the skeptic.

The names of California, Pimeria and New Mexico will, for all time, be united indissolubly with those of the Franciscan Fathers who labored in these vast and lonely vineyards, and many of whose names are enclosed by the red circle of the martyr's blood. Of these were Francis Porras, poisoned by the Zuni, 1633; Andre Guitteras and Cristobal de la Concepcion, clubbed to death; Francisco Letrado and Martin de Arbide, murdered by Zuni; Louis Jayne, shot to death by Deguens at San Diego; Estavan de Arivide, murdered on the desert on his way to the Zipias, N. M.; John Diaz, Mathew Morena, John Barranche, Francis Garcés, all four knifed and clubbed to death by Yumas on the Colorado, July 19, 1781. The deserts of the southwest are soaked with the blood of thirty-four priests of St. Francis, martyred for the faith.

These men of God, with dauntless courage and unalterable faith, went on foot from tribe to tribe, bearing the message of redemption and of hope to men and women reeking in moral and bodily filth and abandoned to a monster of unclean and tyrannical superstitions. They made known the revelations of God to these human wrecks; they established missions among the "Digger" Indians of Lower California, among the coast tribes, among the Mojaves, the Yumas, Papagoes, Pimas, Maricopas, Zuni and Moqui.

By the operation of a mysterious law of Justice, the great priests, whose heroism on the desert and disinterested sacrifices on behalf of the savages of the southwest are now a part of American history, are to-day receiving from impartial historians that admiration and praise which, in other times, intolerance and bigotry refused them. Such authors as Russel Bartlett, Charles F. Lummis, Elliot Coues, and other disinterested non-Catholic writers, have corrected erroneous statements and arranged some popular opinions formed of the missionaries and their methods. We owe it to these honest and fearless men that the reading public is at last beginning to understand why the missionaries of the Catholic Church

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were the only clergymen in America whose work among the tribes was productive of lasting good and to concede that, if the priests had been left in undisturbed possession of their missions, the Indians, to-day, would be a civilized and numerous people.

As early as 1685 the Jesuit priests, anticipating the coming of the Franciscans, had already covered Lower California and southern Arizona with monuments of their zeal, faith and charity. They had, according to the "Apostolicas Afanes" of Padre Jose Ortega, opened twenty-nine missions in Sonora and what is now southern Arizona, and converted to Christianity many of the tribes. They taught them agriculture, building, the raising of cattle and sheep, introduced the grape, the peach, the lemon and the orange. When they retired from the wilderness they left, in many places, a partially civilized race, churches, gardens and a people trained to work. They bequeathed to their successors the invaluable lesson that nothing was impossible to faith, energy and perseverance.

The Jesuit priests who sealed their faith with their blood in Arizona and Lower California were Francis Xavier Saeta, murdered by Pimas, April 2, 1695; Tomas Tello, stabbed and clubbed to death at Caborca, Nov. 21, 1751; Henri Ruen, head split open and stoned to death by Pimas, 1751; Manuel Gonzalez, died on the desert; Juan Maria Carranzo, clubbed to death (1730) by Digger Indians, Lower California, and Nicolas Tamarah, throat cut by Cochimis (1730), Lower California.

St. Paul, writing to his Hebrew converts of Palestine, reminds them that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things that appear not," and he adds: "Without faith it is impossible to please God." He then continues to enumerate the wonderful triumphs achieved through faith by the elect of God: "Who through faith converted kingdoms." This wonderful man, "called to be an Apostle out of due time," now tells them of the trials and sufferings of those who perished for the faith: "Wandering in deserts,

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in mountains, in glens, and in caves of the earth. They had trials of mockeries and stripes; they were stoned; being in want, distressed, afflicted; they were put to death—a just God will reward them."

These early missionaries, whether toiling for God and their fellow man in northern forests or on the deserts of the southwest, are to us glorious examples of the possibilities of individual man when possessed of strong faith and ardent charity. "A just God" has already rewarded these faithful servants of Christ whose lives were a triumphant Odyssey, and whose death was the coronation of charity. They left behind them the bright light of superhuman glory—the glory of confessors, saints and martyrs.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE FRANCISCANS.

The Religious Orders—Pronouncement of Pius IX.—Origin of Name Franciscan—Distinguished Men of the Order—As Missionaries—Francis of Assisi—His Conversion—Journey to Rome—Interview with the Pope—Selecting the Twelve—Renouncing the World—Their Mission to the Poor—Love for Poverty—Brothers of the Lepers—Apparitions on the Streets of Naples.

In that most admirable encyclical letter addressed June 17, 1847, to the bishops at large, Pope Pius IX honors the religious Orders of the Catholic Church by pronouncing them to be the "Chosen phalanges of the army of Christ, which have always been the bulwark and ornament of the Christian republic, as well as of civil society." Conspicuous among, and in the very front rank of, the great teaching and missionary bodies of the Church stands the Order founded by St. Francis of Assisi early in the morning of the thirteenth century. The humble origin in the year 1215 of the Fratres Minores or Franciscans, as we insist, from affection and admiration for St. Francis, upon calling them, marks an epoch in the civilization of the world. The heroism of the Franciscan missionaries in all parts of our habitable earth and their sacrifices on behalf of Christ and humanity challenge the admiration of brave men and stagger belief itself.

"There are some services and triumphs," writes De Montalembert in his great work, "The Monks of the West," "of a deep and silent kind which acquire their due honor only from posterity and under the survey of history."

Before dispassion itself could begin to admire the services and benefits the Franciscan conferred for seven centuries upon the human race, the light had to penetrate the dark places of the earth where the bones of the martyrs lay un-

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buried. Tardily, but at last and sincerely, unprejudiced man is paying the tribute of his applause and admiration to the heroic fortitude of the saintly men of the Franciscan Order who in China, Corea, South and North America bore the Banner of the Cross to the barbarian and the savage.

It is late in the day, but not too late, to ask ourselves what manner of men were they who, under accumulated sufferings, and with unparalleled success, succeeded in winning to Christ and to decency the degraded and unknown tribes of Africa, America and the Islands of the Sea? Well, many of them were members of aristocratic and noble families who had graduated from the best schools of Europe, and some among them have their names carved in the Pantheon of Fame and in the imperishable diptychs of the immortal Church of God. However, this is not the place to enter upon a disquisition of the great Order or upon the debt of gratitude due to it from the members of the human race and even from the Church itself.

The history of the Catholic Church, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, was largely the history of the rise and expansion of the Franciscan Order in every part of Europe. St. Anthony of Padua, St. Bonaventure, Blessed John of Parma, St. Bernardine of Sienna, Duns Scotus, St. Leonard of Port Maurice belonged to the imperial guard of St. Francis, who, from one end of Europe to the other, stormed the strongholds of Satan. They contributed largely to the learning and science of the world. When our thoughts carry us to the halls of the Sarbonne of Paris or to the class rooms of Oxford or Cambridge, we recall the assertion of Mr. Gladstone that their golden age was when the Friars Minor—the Franciscans—sat in the chairs of learning—the Cathedra —when Duns Scotus, Adam de Marisco, Alexander of Hales, Ockham and Peckham taught the civilized world.

But it is as a missionary order we love to contemplate the Franciscans, and, as the patriarch of missionaries, we venerate St. Francis, who has begotten through the Gospel the

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largest family of missionaries born from the prolific womb of the "Bride of Christ," the Catholic Church.

Who, then, was Francis of Assisi?

Centuries before Northwestern Europe broke apart from the unity of Christendom, a young man, the son of wealthy parents, lay at death's door. This was John Bernardon, who was born in 1182, and was familiarly called Francis by his companions, because of his knowledge of the French language—a rare accomplishment in those days. Hope was almost abandoned, when gradually a change for the better set in, and the haughty young Francis of the little Italian town of Assisi rose from his sick bed an altered man. Reflections came to him during the weary weeks of his recovery—reflections which wrought an extraordinary, a supernatural change in the young man. Before his illness he was merry-hearted and vivacious, was given to fine clothes and the fashionable amusements of his day.

But now he held all these in strange contempt; his love of pleasure and worldly display went out from him, and there came in to take their place in his soul, love of poverty, commiseration for the poor, and sympathy for all forms of human suffering. Ringing in his ears, as if with metallic clearness, were the words of Christ, Lord and Master: "Do not possess gold or silver or money in your purses." They came to him as winged messengers from another world, and his heart answered with a pledge of obedience.

Casting from him his purse, his jewels and golden chain, the young man removed his shoes, threw aside his fashionable raiment, clothed himself in a rough tunic girded with a rope, and entered upon a career of self-denial and penitential preaching which has won for him a conspicuous place in the Catholic Church and in the annals of history.

Gnawing at his heart, not merely buzzing in his brain, the words kept smiting him: "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, neither scrip for your journey, neither two coats, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat." Once before beggars had changed the face of

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the world, with no other equipment than faith and God's grace. And why not again?

Francis of Assisi went out into the world with no doubt of his mission, with no fear for the morrow, with no money in his purse, for did not God provide for the young ravens whom Francis loved and spoke to in ecstasy of joy? Emparadised in beatific vision, he beheld the angels of God encouraging him, and, embowered in ecstasy, he saw the Five Wounds of Christ bleeding afresh for the sins of the world.

Barely taking time to snatch a mouthful of bread and a few hours' sleep, Francis started, bare-footed, on the road to Rome and, entering the Imperial City, knelt at the feet of that great Pope, Innocent III, asking his blessing and recognition for the Order he was soon to establish.

The Pontiff was walking in his garden of the Lateran when Francis entered. Startled by the sudden apparition of the young man, thinned to emaciation, shoeless, bare-headed, half-clad, withal a beggar of gentleness and refinement, Innocent asked him his mission. The Pontiff's eye penetrated through the rags of the beggar and saw the saint. The Pope approved of his project, and Francis returned to Assisi carrying with him a draught of his afterward famous "Rule."

Gathering to himself twelve others, all young, all aglow with the same divine flame, he began his extraordinary career. Nearly all of knightly rank and gentle blood, they surrendered their claims to inheritance, and, following the example of their ascetic leader, stripped themselves of all worldly possessions and for Christ's sake took poverty for their bride.

Bare-footed beggars they were, and as money was the root of evil, they would not touch, even with the tips of their fingers, the accursed thing: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," spoke Francis, even in Christ's own words.

These apostles of poverty, of pity, of devouring love for their fellow creatures, went forth, two by two, to preach hope and Christ crucified to the poor. Called to live among the people, to subsist upon alms, to bear the hardest toil, their

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mission was to revive the faith of Jesus Christ among the masses, to give daily and living examples of Christian patience, devoted sacrifice and self-denial. If ever men preached Christ and Him crucified, these men did.

They had no system, no views; they combated no opinions, they took no side. Discussion, controversy, theological dispute, these they left to the rhetoricians and the schoolmen. That Christ had died, had risen again and was alive for evermore was an indisputable but awful fact. They preached Death, the Judgment after death, reward for good deeds and an endless hell.

Francis and his companions called themselves "Brothers of the Poor," but future generations, out of love and admiration for this lovable man and wonderful saint, insist upon giving his name to all who, by vow, walk in his footsteps.

Their mission was to the poor, to the neglected, to those sweltering masses in foul hovels with never a quilt to cover them, huddling close, alive with vermin, disfigured with ghastly wens; lepers accursed of God and man, too horribly shocking for women to look upon, and driven outside the walls to rot and die in the lazar houses.

To these came Francis with bread, with consolation, with hope, with a message from Jesus Christ, the son of God. To these outcasts, wherever found, came those other twelve into whom Francis had poured much of his own spirit of heroic abnegation and sublime love for God's creatures, "brothers to Jesus Christ, brothers to you and me."

"We are come," they said to the unhappy wretches, "we are come as your friends, nay, even as your brothers, to live, if needs be, among you; to wash your sores and to carry with you your burdens of poverty and disease. Our Lord sends us to you. We, too, are beggars, and, like Him, we know not where to lay our heads for sleep. Christ died for all of us and—hope is ours and there is happiness beyond the grave."

As they spoke, so they lived, and when, wan, hollow-eyed, ghastly pale, emaciated to the bone, they glided for the first time through the streets of sinful Naples, it was as if "the

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graves were opened, and the bodies of the saints that had slept arose, came into the city and appeared to many."

In the presence of such stupendous examples of brotherly love, face to face with these hourly miracles of grace, of self-denial and heroic self-sacrifice, the cynic was dumb, the rich man opened his purse and the proud and sinful took pause.

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CHAPTER X.

SONS OF ST. FRANCIS.

Their First Official Meeting—Expansion of the Order—Its Influence in the Discovery of America—Francis of Calabria and the Queen—Founding of City of San Domingo, Haiti—Pioneers of the Faith in America—Friends of the Indian—Denouncing the Slave Trade—Conversion of Tribes—Marvelous Success of the Franciscans—Authorities Cited—Diego Landa—Missionaries and Explorers.

In 1215 the Franciscans held their first chapter or convention at the Church of the Portiuncula, Assisi. Their members began to increase, and from Italy they flowed over into France, Germany, Spain and England.

The whole face of Christendom was changed by the preaching and example of St. Francis and his companions. They proved to the men of their time that the teachings and commands of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, were not above the understanding and obedience of the men of the middle and of all succeeding ages. In the person of Francis, Jesus of Nazareth lived again, for the love, the instruction and edification of the human race, as He had never lived in any one individual since that hour when the great apostle to the pagan world reminded the Galatians: "I have been crucified with Christ, and I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

This is not the place to trace the ramifications of the distinguished Order of St. Francis which, like the branches of the Idumean vine, cover a great space and reach afar, but to hurriedly trace that arm of the prolific vine which was transplanted to America and sent out its branches to every part of the wonderful continent.

Waiving the divine interposition, and concerning ourselves only with human agencies, it is no language of exaggeration to assert that to the influence of a Franciscan priest

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humanity is largely indebted for the discovery of America. When the daring Genoese, Columbus, had appealed in vain to the courts of Europe for help to outfit him for his perilous enterprise, he turned to the Franciscan priest, Francis of Calabria, to advise him in his despair. Francis went in person to Isabella, queen of Spain, and, when he left her presence, he carried back to Columbus, his guest in the monastery of Calabria, the promise that the queen would furnish the means to start him on his ocean voyage.

When afterwards calumny hardened the hearts of royalty and the nobility of Spain against him, it was another Franciscan, Juan Perez de Marchena, who came to his assistance, "The protector of Columbus in Spain," we read in the history of Count Roselly de Lorgues, "was the generous Franciscan, Juan Perez de Marchena." This same Father Perez, astronomer and cartographist, accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, and, with the great navigator, founded the city of San Domingo, Haiti, West Indies.

Almost immediately after San Domingo, in 1511, was raised to a bishopric by Pope Julius II., and Juan de Zumarraga created, in 1548, first archbishop of Mexico, the Franciscans entered upon a career of missionary enterprise among the savages of North and South America that will for all time file the names of their martyrs and confessors as beads of gold on a Rosary of Fame. In one hundred years the Franciscan missionaries had converted and civilized sixteen millions of savages on the continent of America. Not one, but a whole library of books, would be required to record their achievements.

"The sons of St. Francis," writes Leopold de Chevance, "including Peter of Ghent, Martin of Valencia, Francis Solano, and Garcia of Padilla, were the first to evangelize Mexico, Peru, Paraguay, Brazil, Canada, and the whole of the West Indies. Pursuing to the last their work of deliverance and salvation, they were also the first, with Juan Suarez, Las Casas and Zumarraga to raise their voices in favor of the Indians, whom it was sought to reduce to slavery, as,

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along with Ximenes, they were the first to protest against that hideous traffic, the slave trade."

The Franciscans were not only the first missionaries in Mexico and in those regions of North America settled by the Spaniards, but they were the first to penetrate the northern forests of Canada and the regions of the Great Lakes. Years before the Congregational Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts, in 1620, the Franciscan Fathers Le Caron, Viel and de la Roche Daillon were evangelizing the tribes on the shores of Lake Huron and preaching to the Attiwandarons, whose hunting grounds stretched from the Falls of Genesee to the Detroit Narrows.

From the Franciscans the indigenous races of the South American continent derived their religion and their civilization, and, by the operation of a mysterious land of conservation, acting with clearness and precision, these southern tribes have been united into one family and one household—the family and household of the imperishable Church of God. The native tribes of the South American continent, notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions of their surroundings and the evil examples of many of the superior race, have preserved their solidarity and numbers by the influence of the Catholic Church and of her spiritual sons, the Franciscans. "More than a million and a half of the pure aboriginal races," writes Prichard in his "Natural History of Man," "live in South America in the profession of Christianity, while the history of the attempts to convert and save the Indians of North America under the influence of the sects is a history of melancholy failures. The preservation of the Indians of Mexico, South and Central America reflects honor on the Roman Catholic Church."—Prichard, Sec. XLIV., p. 427.

"Far from being diminished," writes C. Stuart Cochrane in "My Journal of a Residence in Columbia," "the Indians have considerably increased. A similar increase has taken place generally among the Indian population in that part of America which is within the tropics. . . . The Indian

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population in the missions is constantly augmenting, while within the United States, on the contrary, the Indians are fast diminishing in numbers. In the United States, as civilization advances, the Indians are constantly driven beyond its pale."

In Spanish America today, mainly through the zeal and devotion of the Franciscan Fathers, the Indians are in numbers practically what they were at the time of the conquest. They are civilized and Christianized, and are eligible for any office in the state, the Church or the army. "In two hundred years we of the north," writes Mr. C. F. Lummis, in his "Spanish Pioneers," "will be classifying and articulating and lecturing on the bones of the prehistoric Indian, while all through South and Central America the Indian will be cultivating the land and increasing in numbers."

The Franciscans have, in Spanish America, won a thousand tribes to the cross; have seen them increase and multiply on every side under the benign rule of the Church; and, in spite of many calamities, reverses and opposition, have preserved them for two hundred years in the unbroken unity of the faith. From Bogota to Buenos Ayres the Franciscans roamed the forests and plains, bringing Christianity and civilization to the sedentary, or wandering, savages.

"The voice of Christianity," writes Archibald Smith in his "Peru As It Is," "has penetrated into vast regions of heathen and savage tribes, and reached the unsettled wanderers among the thickest entanglements of the woods. From Ocopa issued forth those zealous, persevering, self-denying and enduring men, the great object of whose lives it has been, in the midst of danger, and in the name of the Saviour, to add to the faith of the Church, and to civilized society, beings whose spirits were as dark as the woods they occupied."

The Hon. F. Walpole, who had ample opportunity of intimately studying the results of the self-sacrifice and labors of the missionaries, tells us in his "Four Years in the Pacific": "All South America was explored under their (the Franciscans') direction. Overcoming every difficulty, surmounting

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toils, braving unheard of and unknown dangers, glorying in wounds, hardships—death itself—these zealous men spoke of Jesus and His love and mercy in the remotest nooks of this vast continent."

In Central America the Franciscans were the pioneers of civilization and religion. As early as 1551 Father Diego Landa was preaching to the tribes of Yucatan and deciphering the Maya hieroglyphs on the monuments of Mayapan, Chichen-Itza and Merida. He solved the mystery of the Ahau-Katan, or the cycle of the Quiches, and left us an invaluable treatise on Yucatan and its people. All through Guatemala, Nicaragua and Honduras these faithful missionaries carried the torch of Christianity, early in the seventeenth century, through the tribes, and established among them a civilization that exists in Central America to-day.

John L. Stephens, who, in 1839-1840, traveled through Central America and enjoyed every opportunity of witnessing the life of labor and responsibility of the lonely priests scattered among the inland village Indians, tells us in his "Incidents of Travel in Central America," that the priest "was looked up to by every Indian as a counselor, friend and father. . . . I could but think, what subsequently impressed itself upon me more and more in every step of my journey in that country, 'Blessed is the village that has a priest.'" Farther on in his fascinating book he writes: "The priests were all intelligent and good men, who would rather do benefits than an injury. In matters connected with religion they were most reverential, labored diligently in their vocations, and were without reproach among the people."

The heroic work of the Franciscans in the great Aztec empire of Mexico, their labors in Sonora, Sinoloa, in Upper and Lower California, their daring explorations and discoveries in the unexplored lands of the west and southwest of our country, are too well known to particularize in these pages.

To this great missionary order of St. Francis belonged

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the two daring priests, Francisco Atanasio Dominguez and Silvestre Velez de Escalante, who, from Santa Fe, New Mexico, crossed, one hundred and thirty-five years ago, Colorado, Utah and Arizona, and entered the Moqui towns beyond the Colorado Chiquito, the Rio Jaquesila of the Moquis.

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CHAPTER XI.

VELEZ ESCALANTE, PRIEST AND EXPLORER.

His Arrival in Mexico—Assignment to Zuni-Land—Visits the Moquis—Writes to Father Garces—Garces' Extraordinary Career—His Explorations in Arizona and California—First White Man to Cross Grand Canyon of the Colorado—Opens the Oldest of the "Spanish Trails"—Escalante Attempts Crossing of the Canyon—His Letter on the Moquis—Return to the Zunis—Called to Santa Fe—Codifies New Mexican Archives—Apache Cruelty—Escalante's Retirement and Death.

It is much to be deplored that research in the National Library, Mexico, and examination of the archives of the Episcopal Library, Santa Fe, have not rewarded us with more satisfactory information on the lives of Fathers Escalante and Dominguez. Of Dominguez very little is on record, and we have no data from which a short biography might be compiled.

We have searched through the "Cronica Serafica y Apostolica del Colegio de Propaganda Fide de la Santa Cruz de Querétaro en la Nueva Espana" but have not found any mention of their names. Let us hope that some future historian, who can bring to his work the time, the patience and the means, will succeed where we have failed. His brother priest and companion on the Moqui "Entrada," or Santa Fe expedition, fills a more conspicuous place in the annals of New Mexico.

Silvestre Velez de Escalante was a Spanish priest and a member of the teaching and missionary order founded by St. Francis of Assisi, Italy, in the twelfth century. He was one of the congregation of fourteen priests who, in 1768, sailed from the port of San Blas, Spain, and, after a tempestuous voyage, reached the Puerto de Guaymas, Gulf of Cali-

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fornia. From here he went to the town of Horcasitas, on the San Miguel, the headquarters of the Spanish governor and of the mission of Sonora and Sinoloa. In the distribution of the missionaries made by the governor and the local superior of the Franciscans, Padre Escalante was assigned to Terrenate, one of the five Sonorian presidios, and in time was appointed resident missionary at Laguna, Northeastern New Mexico. From here he visited and instructed many of the sedentary tribes in and around Cebilita and El Moro.

Early in January, 1775, he is with the Zunis at Ojo del Peseado preaching to the adults, teaching the little boys and girls how to pray, and, incidentally, imparting to the Indians a knowledge of improved tillage and of domestic cleanliness. His zeal and devotion to the children won the admiration of the Zunis. All the neighboring pueblos venerated him as a superior man, and his fame traveled to the Moqui towns north of the Colorado Chiquito, to whom he had sent greetings and a message of good will. The "Cliff Dwellers" sent a deputation of their elders to invite him to their villages, an invitation which he accepted. He passed eight days with the Moquis, holding councils with the head men and explaining to the mysterious people the principal articles of Christian belief. When he returned to his Zuni mission he wrote, August 18, 1775, to Father Francisco Garces, who was then exploring the Colorado and visiting the regional tribes.

Fray Garces was the first white man to make the journey from Yuma to the Mojave and on to the Los Angeles of today. He discovered the Mojave river, traveled on foot the unexplored region, and explored the Tulare Valley. According to Arricivita, he was the first white man who ever saw and crossed the Grand Canyon from east to west, and gave to this gorge—one of the natural wonders of the world—a specific name. In 1774 he piloted Captain Juan B. Ansa and his party from the Pima village of Tubac on the Rio Santa Cruz to Monterey, California, and opened the oldest of the Spanish trails.

In his letter to Father Garces, Escalante called the Colo-

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rado the Rio Grande de los Cosninos, after a sub-tribe of the Havasupa, then settled in a deep depression of Cataract river in northwestern Arizona. He mentioned, on representations made to him by the Indians, that the Colorado was impassable, and that no one knew if any people lived on the other side of the Great Gorge. In this letter he gives currency to a report that white men (probably shipwrecked Spaniards) were met by Indians in the Far West, before Monterey was founded, thus reviving the myth of the northern mystery.

The letter of Padre Escalante was nearly thirteen months hunting the wandering priest, and caught up with him, at last, at his mission of San Xavier del Bac, near the modern city of Tucson, Arizona.

In the report of his expeditions, Garces, writing October 17, 1776, says: "About a month after I returned from my journey I received a letter from the Rev. Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante, dated from New Mexico, August, of the above-mentioned year (1775), which, though they dispatched it to me to the Rio Colorado, they (the Indian runners) had to bring back, for I had already departed. I read with deep interest this letter. Now, as to the statement made by the Cosnino Indian to the Reverend Father, I assert that what he calls the Rio de los Misterios is the Colorado River. The protestation that the river was impassable, and that the Cosninos did not know if there were people on the other side, was an exaggeration of the Indian, for it is certain that there are people, and friends of theirs, on the other side of the river. It is true, the river may be difficult to cross, for, as I have already written, from the village of the Jamajabs upwards, the banks are very steep and the sides exceedingly rough."

During his visit to the Moquis Escalante attempted to cross the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and failed. In his "Informe y Diario que in Junio de 1775 hizo en la Provincia de Moqui"—his diary kept while among the Moquis—he recounts the obstacles he encountered when he essayed the

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crossing of the tremendous chasm. He describes the Moqui pueblos, adding there were seven of them, perched on three mesas, carrying a population of seven thousand five hundred souls; that Oraibe was the largest town, and held almost two-thirds of the people. His journal, dated October 28, 1775, is full of interesting details. He recounts incidents of his long and perilous trip from Zuni, what occurred during his eight days' stay among the Moquis, the difficulty of converting them to the faith, owing to the opposition of the Shamans, and the possible necessity of the Spaniards being compelled to use force to subdue them. He says the Moquis, or Moquinos, as they were then spoken of, were all disposed towards Christianity and the Spaniards, but the medicine men, or sorcerers, fearing their power and influence would be impaired, or lost altogether if the missionaries were permitted to dwell permanently in their villages, were bitterly hostile.

This Moqui diario gives us an insight into the tribal life of the occult race, and is full of curious and interesting information.

Accompanying the diario was a map of the routes he had taken and a delineation of the features of the land and the general lay of the country. This map he finished at Santa Fe, to which place he was summoned by the viceroy of New Mexico, Pedro Firmin de Mindinueta, to enter with Father Atanasio Dominguez upon a tour of exploration towards the Pacific ocean.

Returning from his famous expedition, Escalante completed from his voluminous notes his diario and itinerary, now translated for the first time and given to the public in this history. A map of the route followed by the explorers from Santa Fe, to the Colorado and the Moqui pueblos was attached to the original diario, but it is presumedly lost or destroyed, for the assistant librarian of the National Library, Mexico City, writes us that he had not succeeded in finding any trace of it. That this map existed, in 1777, we know from the letter written by the *Marques de Croix,* from Mexico City, to the viceroy of New Mexico, Mindinueta. The

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Marques dates his letter 30th July, 1777, and thanks Mindinueta for having forwarded to him the journals and map (Diarios y Mapa) of the two priests.

Scarcely giving himself time to recover from the exhaustion of his wanderings over mountains and deserts, the tireless missionary now sets out on foot for the pueblo of Santa Ana of the Beneme, high up near the head waters of the Rio Grande, where a mission had been opened some years before by Father Jose Oronso.

We next hear of him in the Zuni mission village of San Ildefonso, where he dwells four months catechizing and instructing the Indians.

From the Zuni country he is called by his provincial, or religious superior, Juan Morfi, to collect and examine the documents and archives found in Santa Fe, and codify them.

Unfortunately, the most important records and manuscripts were destroyed in the uprising and massacre of 1680. The issue of his researches, begun in April, 1778, and extending over a period of some years, resulted in the publication, in Spanish, of his "Carta," or epistle, and his "Archivio de Nuevo Mexico." These invaluable works are printed in the third series of the documentary history of Mexico, and the original manuscripts are to be found among the general archives of Mexico.

In the carta, or letter, to his ecclesiastical superior, Father Escalante says that the Navajo-Apaches came to Santa Fe in the month of July every year from their hunting grounds on the upper Chama to barter dried meat skins and captives taken in battle. If they failed to sell or exchange their prisoners for grain or provisions they led them aside and slaughtered them. When the king of Spain was told of this atrocious custom he gave orders that, at the expense of his majesty, all unsold or unredeemed prisoners were to be purchased. In the same letter he mentions that in the autumn of 1696, the French Huguenots, who lived on the distant frontier of the province, were reported to have exterminated four thousand Apaches, who attacked the friendly

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tribes which the Huguenots had taken under their protection.

After completing the annals of New Mexico the heroic priest retired to the Franciscan college at Queretaro, Mexico. Of him we may repeat what Elliott Coues writes of Father Garces in the introduction to his work, "On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer": "He was a true soldier of the cross, neither greater nor lesser than thousands of other children of Holy Church. Poor, like Jesus, he so loved his fellow man that he was ready to die for him. What more could man do?"

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CALIFORNIA

"Rock of Ages"—Provo Canyon.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE "GREAT BASIN."

Why the Franciscans Did Not Enter the Basin—Area of the Basin—Its Primordial State—Its Deserts and Mountains—Frightful Solitude Awed Exploration—The Wasatch Range—"Tierra de los Padres"—Animal Life of Great Basin—Junipero Serra Enters at the South—Tribes Within the Basin—Franciscans Begin to Civilize Them—Seeking a Trans-Territorial Route.

We have occasionally been asked by students of American history, and have now and then in magazines and periodicals, met the question why the Catholic Church in America had not at any time organized missions among the Cheyennes, the Shoshones, the Bannocks and other inland tribes. And we have always answered in the words of our divine Lord: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." When that wonderful priest, Junipero Serra, the apostle of California, lay dying in his little monastery at Santa Barbara, he turned to the mournful companions at his bedside and said: "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His vineyard."

Extending about 880 miles from north to south and 600 miles from east to west, spreading over an area of 210,000 square miles, is a vast region of mountain and desert to which Fremont, on his exploring expedition of 1844, gave the name of the "Great Basin." This colossal inland depression takes in the western half of Utah, including San-Pete, Sevier Summit, and Utah counties, and includes almost the entire state of Nevada. In southeastern Oregon the Basin absorbs a large territory and steals a portion of land from southeastern Idaho and southwestern Wyoming. It passes into California, extending along its eastern border, and, leaping to the southern end of the state, collects Im-

perial Valley, San Diego county, and portions of Lower California into its tremendous maw. Towards the east it touches the drainage basin of the Colorado river, and on the west it is bounded by the basins of the San Joaquin, the Sacramento and many lesser streams. The crest of the huge Sierra Nevada forms the great divide for the falling and flowing waters, and further south towering mountains hold its drainage within its territory. Within the basin are pleasant valleys, whose alluvial slopes and floors were raised by the detritus accumulating for uncounted ages from the surrounding mountains. Here, too, deserts of repellant aspect were formed, and among them are the Great Salt Lake and Carson desolations of sand and alkali, the Colorado and the burning Moyave of the southwest. The Sevier, the Ralston, the Amargosa and the Escalante wastes of sand occupy their own places in this marvelous formation, but are of subordinate importance. Enclosed within the Basin are the dreaded Death Valley, the Salton Sink and Coahuila Desert, all of them lying below the face of the Pacific.

Across this desolation of wilderness, for almost a thousand miles from north to south in a series of rugged ranges, huge mountains battled with the clouds. Their gloomy forests of pine and fir, their gorges of horrent depths and sustained silence, their fierce and forbidding mien, terrified exploration and enveloped their weird solitudes in fearsome mystery.

Of all the great and wondrous regions within the continents of North and South America this vast, untrodden territory was the most desolate, the most inaccessible, the wildest. Here were lonely and repellant deserts, waterless, windswept and snake-infested, and ranges of impassable mountains, through whose gloomy openings the wind rushed with terrific roar, and in whose dark and sullen gorges the snow was piled in deep and billowy drifts. To the west the Nevadas, pine-clad and snow-crowned, barred the pass, and sweeping plateaux stretched for distances in uninviting repose. Here, too, the yet unnamed Wasatch and Uintah

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FATHER J. SERRA,
Franciscan Who Planted the Cross in California July 16, 1769.

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mountains raised to a sky of frosted blue hoary heads splitting the racing clouds, which drove tempestuously against them. Then the almost boundless wastes of desolations of sand within this terrifying region, sweeping for hundreds of miles in dreary solitude and sterility, where no grass grew or water flowed, raised a barrier to exploration and awed the stoutest heart that dared to enter.

Breaking away towards the south and southwest and outside this cyclopean triangle was the "Tierra de los Padres—the Land of the Fathers," so called by the early Spaniards after the Franciscan priests, Tomas Garces, Pedro Font, Velez Escalante, Atanasio Dominguez and others who explored, mapped and described the region. Beyond the explored land there lay, late even in the eighteenth century, an unknown wilderness. From the genesis of the French-Canadian trapper and the establishment of the far-reaching fur companies, these parched deserts of sage brush and alkali, and these tremendous mountains, extending from western Colorado to southeastern California and from the British possessions to the boundary of Mexico, were known as the "Great American Desert."

Over this unexplored territory of, let us say, ten degrees of latitude and fifteen of longitude, roamed wild horses and enormous herds of buffalo; here the coyote, the mountain lion, the panther and the dreaded grizzly bear prowled, and the wild sheep of the Rockies sought its food.

Within this tremendous desolation of solitude tribes and bands of a sun-scorched and wind-tanned race hunted the wild beast and warred upon each other. Raw-meat eaters and human-flesh devourers they were, who had descended to the lowest barbarism, and many of them to savagery. Their habitations were wind-breaks, hovels or tents of skin, within which grizzled warriors, hideous and shriveled old women, young boys aspiring to become braves, and girls ripening into maturity, noisy children and dogs, mingled indiscriminately together. There was no modesty to be shocked, no decency to be insulted, no refinement of feeling to be

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wounded; for modesty, decency and refinement were dead centuries before the Spanish priest lifted the cross in the New World. They were naked and not ashamed, animalized in their instincts and beastly in their lusts.

They had never seen a man of whiter color than their own; they knew nothing of a world beyond their own hunting grounds; they had their own languages, their own customs, manners and superstitious rites to which they were fanatically attached, and which they were prepared to defend, even unto death. They had never heard of a chaste wife, of a pure maiden; their language could not give expression to modesty, and carried no word for chastity. Into their villages a stranger entered at his peril, for among them, as among the Nasamonian tribes mentioned by Heroditus, a stranger meant an enemy, an alien was a foe.

To the men and women of the same race, dwelling on the fringes of the Great Basin the greatest civilizing power the world has ever known, or ever will know—the Catholic Church—had, early in the seventeenth century, carried the light of civilization. This wonderful Church was now, 1774, preparing to march to the redemption of the wandering hordes within the Basin. Already (1770) its southern rim had been crossed by Fray Junipero Serra, that extraordinary priest, who opened a mission to the Deguens at San Diego and established the missions of San Gabriel and Monterey, Southern California. Monterey now became a port of entry for goods shipped from Spain and southern Mexico, and if a road could be found from Monterey to Santa Fe, New Mexico, it would be of incalculable advantage in transporting troops and supplies to the New Mexican capital.

The Franciscan missionaries laboring with the tribes of the Rio Grande were at once seized of the benefit such a highway would be to them in the conversion to Christianity of the roaming hordes and sedentary clans to the north and east of New Mexico. To provide clothing for themselves, to furnish their churches becomingly, and house a liberal supply of gifts for the Indians, who were ravenous for presents,

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CLIFF DWELLERS' TOWER, Nine Mile Canyon, Utah.

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and between whom and the priests there could be no friendly parley till the chiefs, sub-chiefs and fighters were placated with gifts, taxed the ingenuity of the Fathers and exhausted their slender resources.

The expense of shipping supplies from Spain to Vera Cruz, on the Caribbean Sea, and thence by burro train to Mexico City, and from there through El Paso to Santa Fe, was disheartening; but now that Monterey was founded it would be of incalculable benefit to the Franciscans to open a road to the coast.

When Father Junipero Serra, head of the California missions, was in Mexico City in 1773 he advised the viceroy to send out two surveys, one to search for a route from Sonora to Monterey, and the other to explore the territory and open a trail between Santa Fe and the sea.

The suggestion of Serra was acted upon, and, in 1774, an exploring party under Captain Anza started from Sonora for the coast. In the same year Father Francis Garces, the resident missionary among the Papagoes at San Xavier del Bac, Arizona, was written to for his opinion on the prospects of opening a commercial highway from Santa Fe to the Bay of Monterey.

At about the same time Father Velez Escalante, who had returned from a visit to the Moqui towns and was now with the Zunis, was also consulted. Escalante replied that he was almost certain a way to Monterey could be discovered by passing west by northwest through the lands of the Yutas. This report of Escalante was sent by an Indian runner to Fray Garces, who had already, in 1774-1775, made four "entradas," or expeditions, had explored the regions of Colorado and the Gila, and reported extensively on the regional lands and tribes. His explorations were afterwards most interestingly described in his journal under the title, *Diario y derrotero que sequio el M. R. P. Fr. Francisco' Garces en su viaje hecho desde Octobre de 1775 hasta 17 de Setiembre de 1776 el Rio Colorado, para reconnocer las naciones que habitan sus Margenes, y a los pueblos del*

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Moqui del Nuevo-Mexico.'' This diario is printed in the same volume of the Documentos para el Historia de Mexico, preceding the diario of Escalante and Dominguez, beginning on page 225.

Advising on the route outlined by Escalante, Garces heads his letter as follows:

''Caminos que puedor servir a la communicacion de estas provincias y el Nuevo Mexico, con Monterey''—Routes which may serve for communication between these regions and between Mexico and Monterey.—Punto, VI.

Under Punto VII.: ''Concerning some suggestions sent to Mexico by the Rev. Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante, missionary with the Zunis in the year 1775,'' he writes: ''The contention of the reverend Father that a road should be sought through the lands of the Yutas appears to me to be all right, provided that the transit passes through the country of the Yutas who, I am told, are friends of the Spaniards (Nuevo-Mexico), and who live to the north of the Moqui. Then, passing along the banks of the Colorado River, the route would take a course a little to the southwest, descending to a small canyon where there is a village of the Chemequets (bajar a la Chemequeto Cajuela), then by the San Filipe. If from the country of the Yutas the road is taken west-northwest, as the reverend Father mentions, it is certain one may arrive at the port of San Francisco and go on to Monterey, if not stopped by the extensive *tulares* (marsh lands) before mentioned.''

We have already seen Father Escalante's report in favor of this route.

On June 29, 1776, by request of the governor of New Mexico, Escalante left the Zuni mission and came to Santa Fe, where, with Father Dominguez and His Excellency, Don Pedro Firmin de Mendinueta, the subject was threshed out and an expedition of discovery determined upon.

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WAR CHIEF OF THE UTES,
Said to be 113 Years Old.

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YOUNG UTES AT UINTAH AGENCY, Utah.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE UTE INDIANS.

Habits, Mode of Life and Manners of Tribe—First Mention of Utes—Raids of the Utes—Attack Viceregal Quarters —Territory Claimed by Utes—The "Bendito"—Salutation Among Pueblo Indians—Ute Cabins, Their Food and Dress — Status of the Woman in the Tribe — Her Degradation—Methods of Cooking Food—The Ute Warrior—Before the Fight and After—Habits of the Tribe —Village Life—Absence of All Morality.

Before tracing the route and following the footsteps of Fathers Escalante and Dominguez we ought to know something of the habits, mode of living and customs of the tribe from which Utah and Utah Lake take their names, so that, when the priests introduce us to the people of the region, they may not be entire strangers to us, nor their manner of life altogether unfamiliar. Before the middle of the eighteenth century very little was known of the Ute Indians.

They were not at any known time a sedentary or agricultural tribe, but were intermittently rovers, marauders or raiders. In the southwest they intermarried with the Apaches, from which unions sprang the Jicarilla-Apaches, and from whom the Puaguampes of Salt Lake—the sorcerers—referred to in Escalante's journal, were descended.

In 1676, during the administration of Governor Otermin, the Utes are mentioned for the first time in the annals of New Mexico. A tribal group of the nation then occupied the northern plains of Mexico. They are referred to again in 1761, when they were raiding the lands of the Taos and Spanish settlers, stealing horses and cattle, killing here, and there, but dodging an open fight and fleeing when attacked. From a state manuscript we learn that in 1844 the Utes raided through the valley of the Rio Arriba, N. M., doing

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much damage to the property of the residents, and particularly the inhabitants of the town and neighborhood of Abiquiu. The governor, Manuel Armijo, when informed by Colonel Juan Archuleta of the depredations of the Utes, began preparations for organizing a punitive expedition against the tribe, when he himself was attacked in his own quarters by Ute warriors. The Indians were repulsed, losing eight of their fighters.

The Utes, according to Major Powell and other ethnologists, are a linguistic branch of a Shoshonean trunk, of which the Comanches, the Gosiutes, the Paiutes, the Paviotsos, the Bannocks, the Tobikhars and Tusayans were branches.

The divisionary state lines of to-day make it difficult to determine with any approach to accuracy the regions roamed over by the Utes in the days of the Franciscan explorers. Tribes and sub-tribes of the nation occupied the central and western parts of Colorado, northern New Mexico and southeastern Utah, including the eastern portions of Salt Lake and Utah valleys. It is only from fragmentary passages found here and there in the letters of the Franciscan missionaries and reports of Spanish explorers that we are able to determine, even approximately, the lands claimed by the separate tribes. When, in 1776, Father Garces was exploring the territory and preaching to the tribes between the Gila and the Chiquito Colorado, one of his guides, a Moquino Indian, when he saw the Colorado River, chanted the entire "Bendito y Alabado" with little difference in intonation from that in which it is sung in our missions. "I asked him who taught it to him, and he gave me to understand that the Yutas, his neighbors, knew it, for they had heard it many times among the Tiquas of the Taos Mission." From this extract from the priest's "diario" it would seem that the Utes and the Zuñis of Taos were on friendly terms, that their lands touched, and that there was then a priest residing with the Tiquas near the Colorado state line.

The "Bendito" was a salutation taught by the priests to their converts. The little children's evening prayers always

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UTE WOMAN CARRYING CHILD

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ended with the words, "*Bendito y alabado sea el Santisimo Sacramento del Altar*—Blessed and hallowed be the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar!" When a Christianized Indian met, in the desert or on the mountain, another Indian he used this salutation; and if the other answered, "Ave Maria Purissima—Hail Mary, most Chaste," they embraced and were friends. The ordinary morning or evening greeting among Pueblo neighbors carried with it a benediction; it was: "*Buenas dias le de Dios*—May God bestow good days upon thee!" to which the other answered: "*Que Dios se los de buenos a ud*—May God grant you also good days!" After the Spanish missionaries retired from the field and the Americans took possession, an altogether different form of salutation was taught the Indian. Mr. F. F. Beale writes that in his time, 1857, the Mojaves had learned enough English to salute a stranger with: "God damn my soul, hell! How d' do."

At the time the Franciscans stood on the shores of Utah Lake and—first of white men—looked out upon its pleasant waters, the Ute Indians of the valley beheld for the first time men differing from themselves in complexion and almost everything except in the specific sum of character by which a man is a man all the world over.

The habits, traits of character, customs and manners of the Utes of the valley with whom the priests came into immediate contact represented fairly well those of the whole Ute group or nation in its almost primitive state and before the tribe became contaminated by association with adventurers and degenerate whites.

The Indians of the valley then dwelt in cabins of rude construction, and were grouped together in scattered villages, or more often in straggling bourgs. These wretched squattings were but temporary abodes; for when conditions were unfavorable, or a contagious or malignant disease visited their encampment, they burned their cabins and chose another site.

Their miserable shelters were more often wind-breaksthan

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huts, but where cabins were thrown up they were formed from branches of the artemisia, cane and brush, or limbs of the cotton wood. In winter these cabins were heated by a ground fire the smoke of which escaped through an opening in the roof and the interstices of the sides. At times, when the winds rushed into the valley from the canyons, the smoke became so dense that the women and children were forced to lie low with their faces to the earth breathing as best they could. Within these wretched shacks there were no separate rooms or divisions, no beds, no seats, no convenience of any kind save the earth or the skins of wild animals captured in the chase. They supported life on fish, the flesh of wild animals and reptiles, on grubs and roots and, in season, on seeds, berries and wild fruits.

They knew nothing of bread, salt, pepper, sugar or vegetables.

In summer the men roamed entirely naked or wore only the breech-cloth; the women dressed more decently, but the boys and girls under ten or eleven years went nude.

The care of the hut, the cutting and gathering of fire wood, the dressing of skins, in fact the drudgery of the camp among the Utes, as among all savages, was the woman's portion. She and her children gathered the wild berries and seeds, grubbed for worms and field mice, cut and carried the wild sage and cooked the food. Knowing nothing of pot or oven, she either dug a hole in the ground which she plastered and fired, or found a hollow block of wood, which served her for stove and fire place.

With stones heated in a fire she boiled the water in the hole or hollow block, and threw in scraps of rabbit flesh, fragments of snakes and reptiles, handfuls of seed and pieces of deer meat, and on this stew fed her husband and children.

The husband posed as a hunter and warrior, and his warrior's dignity would not permit him to stoop to menial work; his time was given to slothful ease, to gambling, gossiping with his neighbors, to fighting, hunting or attending feasts where he danced all night and devoured everything set

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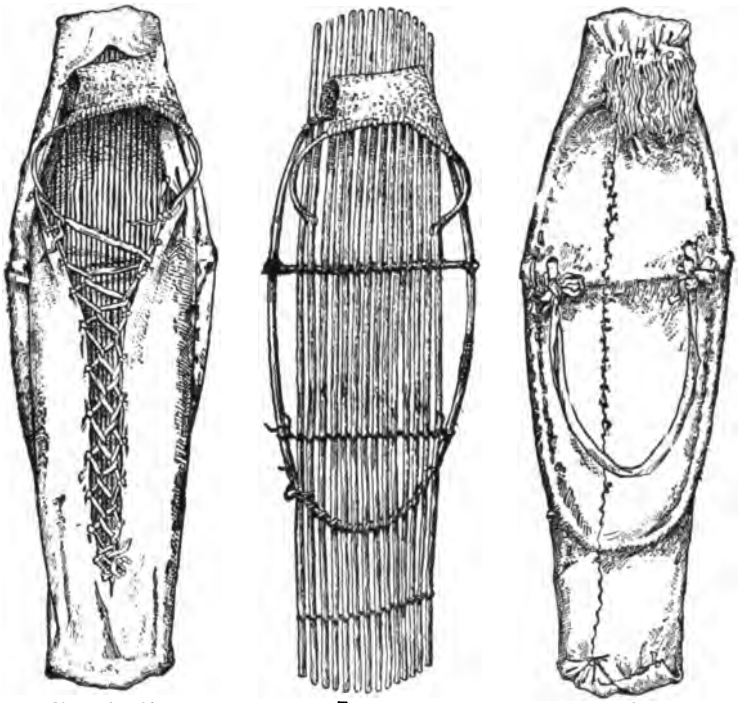

U. S. Nat. Mu. Frame Back

UTE CRADLE, FRAME OF RODS COVERED WITH BUCKSKIN

Carried on the back.

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before him. When the weather was very cold and storms were in the valley he sat on a bear skin by the fire fashioning bows and arrows, rat and rabbit sticks and making traps and nets. He made his own weapons, offensive and defensive, his shield of the buffalo hide, his spear and war club, his scalping knife of flint, his scalp shirt, war bonnet and flesher.

The Ute warrior had all the fighting qualities and characteristics of the American Indian. When he entered on the war path in summer he wore the breech-cloth and moccasins and in winter the skin tunic; but winter or summer, when about to close with his enemy, he stripped to the nude and frequently entered the fight with his body greased. Suspended from his neck or hidden in his hair was his medicine bag, within which was a feather, a claw of an animal, a head of a bird or some sacred powder. If killed in the fray and his party defeated, his scalp was torn from his head, and his body devoured by his enemy or left upon the field to be eaten by wolves.

Over the weaker tribes whom they had conquered or defeated in battle the Utes manifested a haughty and domineering attitude, and when they secured and learned how to manage horses—stolen probably from the Hopis of Northeastern Arizona or from the Pueblo Indians of the upper Rio Grande—they became insulting and defiant. But when they were whipped by the Spaniards or by the Comanches and driven to the mountains, they became a mob of cowards and poltroons.

Of their organization and numbers in early Spanish times we have no positive information. The Ute nation may have organized into a confederacy of tribes for mutual protection, like the five tribes of the Iroquois or those of the Apache, but we have no proof of it. As they boasted to be able to throw three thousand warriors into action and claimed hunting rights over a very wide territory, they must have formed a formidable and numerically strong nation.

The chiefs or head men were chosen for their offices, in most instances, for their strength, swiftness of foot, their

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bravery and endurance of fatigue or pain, their strategy in war or cunning in the hunt.

When the tribe was at peace with those beyond their hunting ground, the warrior who was most popular, the man of good standing in the community, was the man who did no harm to others, who lived peaceably with his neighbors, who attended and took a prominent part in the orgies and feasts. These feasts were often shameful carousals, where men and women, young men and maidens, abandoned themselves to nude dances and shameful impudicities. If a natural instinct of shame prevailed upon a maiden to absent herself from these orgies she became a target for the gibes and mockeries of her companions and was forced by mocking laughter and ridicule to conform to the tribal custom.

A singular fact, to which ancient and modern history bears witness, is that the further a people stray aside from the path of morality and clean living, the greater is the tendency to drift into weird and shameful superstitions.

These superstitions in many instances were associated with their dreams. In fact, the credulity or belief of the Ute, like that of the Indians of the Canadian Northwest, had its origin in dreams. In the Archæological Report of 1907, compiled for the Canadian government by Dr. David Boyle, a stenographic report of the trial for murder of Pe-Se-Quan, a Cree Indian, is given in full. Pe-Se-Quan, believing his wife had a Whetigo—or was a bewitched person—strangled her according to the custom of his tribe. Paupanakiss, a full-blooded Indian, being sworn, was examined by D. W. McKerchar, acting for the Attorney-General of Canada.

"Question: What other beliefs did Chief Jack express to you? Answer: He stated that he believed their dreams.

Q.: What else did he say to you? A.: That that was their religion; their dreams are their religion, he said that anything they dreamed was right for them, and that by means of their dreams and singing and conjuring in the tent that they would see meat, moose and deer."

When the Spanish Fathers entered Utah Valley, the main

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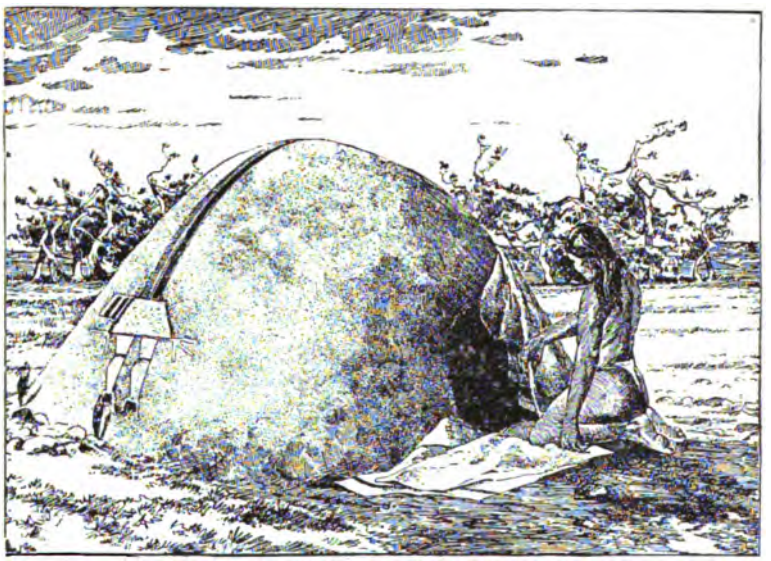

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UTE SWEAT HOUSE.

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body of the Ute Indians were camping in the valleys of Grand and Green rivers, not far from the southern boundary of the Navajos' hunting grounds. They were never a sedentary people, roaming at one time along the northern slope of the Uintah mountains and at another hunting through the hills and canyons of the Wasatch range. Having no permanent villages, they depended on the chase and fishing for subsistence.

They were a predatory people and their many thefts, robberies and pursuit of the buffalo into the lands of neighboring tribes involved them in many fierce skirmishes with the Arapahoes, Cheyennes and their kinsmen, the Bannocks. Trails led from their country to Santa Fe, and Spanish influence was felt among them, even before Escalante's coming. When the priest, at Utah Lake, asked the young Indian how many wives he had, he hesitated to admit he had two, knowing already that his violation of the unity of marriage was opposed to the law and religion of the Spaniards.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE UTES AND THE "SORCERERS."

Frightful Contempt for Moral Law--Religion of Utes—A Tissue of Absurd Superstitions—Belief in Immortality of Animals—In Bows, Arrows and War Clubs—The Wahkon—The Autmoin, or Priest-Doctor—His Exorcisms—Treatment of the Sick—The Feast of the Dead—The "Sorcerers" of Salt Lake—Their Origin—The Jacarilla—Apache—Simpson's Experience with the Group—Their Filthy Habits—Their Food—Human Flesh Eaters—Mourning Customs of the Women—End of the Fighting Tribes.

The Utes had no thought, no idea of a moral law. For a woman to manifest shame was to expose herself to ridicule. Modesty in a wife or daughter was a contradiction and an absurdity, a thing to laugh at, and such was the fixity of tribal opinion that a woman or maiden who aspired to purity or chastity was looked upon by the members of her tribe as an eccentric or as an unnatural being.

The religion of the Utes, if we may use the word to express a tissue of childish fancies, was a conglomerate of senseless fables.

They worshiped and made supplication to the sun, the moon and the four cardinal winds, accompanied with speeches, appeals and addresses. They believed the soul lived after it left the body, that a spirit body would be given it, which, with the soul, would enjoy all the pleasures of eating, sleeping and companionship with its friends. When a warrior died all his hunting, fishing and war gear was buried with him; for, like the Apache, the Ute believed all material things to be possessed of souls. When, in the summer of 1775, Father Garces assisted at the burial of an Apache brave, he asked a grizzled old warrior why they buried with the dead man all the things which were his when he was alive. "Why,"

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STORM CLOUDS ON THE WASATCH RANGE.

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answered the old man, "that the dead may have them to use in the other world, of course. The bodies of pots, skins, knives and other things remain in the grave with the dead, but the souls of these things go with the soul of the dead man, and, wherever he is in the other world, he makes use of them."

In the happy hunting grounds beyond the grave were wild animals, spirit animals, which the departed Ute, if he were a brave and a neighborly man here on earth, hunted with his spirit-bow, arrows and spear. When the soul of a man or a woman, but not of a child, went out of its body it came back for a time from the spirit world, lingering around the encampment, and ready to act as a guide for the souls of the dying. For this reason a Ute never voluntarily passed by a grave at night, or went around alone after dark, if any one in the village was seriously sick, for he feared the spirits of the dead waiting for the soul of the dying man or woman.

Many of the warriors claimed to have seen and spoken with the spirits of the dead, whom they unwillingly encountered when compelled to be abroad on dark nights. Nothing, not even the hope of good luck in battle or the chase, could tempt a Ute to enter a graveyard after dark. The Ute heaven lay far beyond the southern horizon, where the climate was mild, the winds refreshing and game abundant. The cowardly, the selfish and the evil man dwelt after death in a land of perpetual snow, ice and fierce winds, where he shivered eternally and was always half-starved.

Every brave carried about his person his *wah-kon* in a small bag. This *wah-kon* was adopted by the young boy ripening into warrior manhood after a prolonged fast in some lonely retreat in the mountains. It might be, according to his dreams, a little dried up or stuffed bird, a weasel's skin, a feather, a small bone, the tooth or claw of an animal, or sometimes a small piece of meteoric stone. Within it dwelt his protecting spirit. This *wah-kon* once put on, never left his person. He guarded it as carefully as a miser his gold, addressed it in familiar terms, and appealed to it for help in every emergency.

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A very singular belief of the Ute was his faith in the occult power of the tribal sorcerer or shaman, called *autmoin* by the early French trappers. With the diseases of his body, for which he could account, he resorted to restoratives and natural remedies, such as fasting, dietary, medicinal plants and copious sweating. But if he believed he was the victim of some exceptional malady, the origin of which he was unable to explain, he sent for the *autmoin* to learn the cause of his sickness and to avert its evil effects. This shaman was generally half quack and half fanatic, who pretended to supernal knowledge and power. Among the Utes, as among all the North American Indians, the shaman was held in fear and reverence, and enjoyed great authority and influence with the tribe. When the shaman examined the sick man he pronounced the disease to be caused by a vindictive imp then dwelling in the body of the suffering man. He began at once a series of exorcisms and incantations. If, by suction and pounding, he failed to dispossess the evil spirit, he predicted the day on which the sick man would die. If, on the day foretold, the man showed no signs of dying his friends poured pots of cold water over him to help him leave this world and to hasten his death. They rattled the schis-chi-kue in his ears, shook their medicine or amulets, among which was the bear's paw that hung beside him, shouted to him it was time to go, to go now, that his father, mother, and friends waited for him in the spirit land.

If the condemned man was a person of some importance, a chief or the head of a large family, he summoned to his side his wives and children and delivered his final message. After he had finished his discourse, his friends were invited in and all present, at once, began the *Tabigie;* that is, the funeral feast, when all the edibles in the hut were devoured. Animals, such as rabbits, coyotes and dogs, were then strangled to death so that their souls would announce to those in the other world the immediate coming of the dying warrior. The bodies of the animals were then chopped up, boiled and eaten. When the feast was over the neighbors retired and the wives

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began to weep and howl, tearing out their hair, and, with obsidian knives, cutting gashes in their limbs and bodies.

To dwell longer on the superstitious manners and customs of the Utes is beyond the paginal limit and scope of this history, so we pass from the tribe of Utah Valley to the "Sorcerers" of Great Salt Lake. Who then were the Puaguampes, who, at the time of the visit of the priests, were on no friendly terms with the tribe of Utah Valley?

Would it surprise the reader to be told that all France, Italy, Spain and a few minor European commonwealths taken as a whole, would barely represent the area of the region held, till historically very recently, by an Indian people whose name is probably unknown to any student in our high schools, colleges and universities?

Fifty years ago there was no race of people in the world less known than the Northern Denés, from whom descended the fighting Apaches and the Navajos. For a time this Athabascan nation was thought to be Algonquin, till Horatio Hale, Major Powell and that distinguished Oblate Missionary and ethnologist, Father Morice, proved them to be a great and separate nation.

West of the Rocky Mountains the Denés roamed through five and one-half degrees of latitude, to the borders of the Eskimo hunting grounds.

Some time in the remote past, why or when we do not know, a tribal family or group of Denés separated from their parent stock and wandered into south and southwestern lands. Two facts alone seem to be established, namely, the drifting apart of the southern members of the Athabascan nation, resulting in a disruption of national unity and the formation of three distinct bodies—the Athabascan, the Apache and the Navajos. For hundreds, it may be thousands, of years, two vigorous branches of the great Dené tree lived and thrived apace, knowing nothing of their parent trunk. These offshoots took root and flourished in Arizona, Northeastern California, Oklahoma and Colorado. "These," (the Denés) writes the ethnologist Brinton, "extended interruptedly

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from the Arctic Sea to the borders of Durango, Mexico, and from Hudson Bay to the Pacific Ocean."

Early in the sixteenth century a wandering family of Apaches (Dinés) intermarried with a Ute family, from which union sprang the Jacarilla-Apache, better known as Apaches-Vaqueros, and as the Yuta-Jenne. (Geografia de las Lenguas, by Orozco y Berra). The Puaguampes of Salt Lake were an outlawed band of Jacarillas rejected by Ute and Apache. When, in 1859, Lieutenant Simpson was on his official survey of the Great Salt Lake region, he encountered the Puaguampes on the northwestern shore of Salt Lake. They were then the Pi-eeds, the "snake-eaters," though Simpson, unfortunately, omits their name in his "Report."

Simpson got enough of them, and gives expression to his loathing in vigorous terms; he writes: "They are more filthy than beasts, and live in habitations which, summer and winter, are nothing more than circular inclosures about three feet high, made of sage brush and cedar branches, and which serve only to break off the wind. Their vocabulary shows them to be a distinct tribe. Children at the breast were perfectly naked and this at a time when overcoats were required by us. I visited one of their dens or wikiups; the offal around and within a few feet of it was so offensive as to cause my stomach to reach and force me to retreat."

These animalized people fed on roasted grass-hoppers and large crickets, gophers, rats and snakes, chopped up and mixed with grease. They sacrificed human beings to propitiate the demon whom they invoked, and fed on the flesh of the victim to complete the sacrifice. With the hope of propitiating and gaining the good will of the demon, they cut and pierced their flesh, endangering at times their lives in the excess of their fanaticism. For this they were called "sorcerers" and disowned by Ute and Apache. Their women observed seasons of mourning with most bitter and woeful lamentations, and for months after the death of the husband the widows saluted the rising sun with loud and pitiful cries. Such were the Puaguampes of Salt Lake, mournful examples

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PAI UTE WICKIUPS, In Simpson's Time.

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of what human beings may become when separated from the knowledge of God.

The Ute and the American Indian have seen their last days as fighters and independent men. When, on March 4, 1906, the tribal organization of the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles was dissolved and their members diffused in the mass of the country's citizenship, the final chapter in the Indians' annals as a distinct race was written. The pathetic ending of the Ute uprising of a few years ago settled for all time the independent aspirations of the race. The pacification of the Utes quells the last of the great warlike tribes. They held out longest against the government, and it was not till 1889 that they consented to the opening of their reservation in the choicest part of Colorado's hunting grounds. In that year Chief Ignacio and more than a thousand of his followers ceded their rights to the government for $50,000 and rations. They withdrew to a small farming reservation set aside for them in La Plata and Archulets counties, Colorado.

The Utes for a time had ranked among the bravest of the Indian fighters and were exceeded in ferocity by the Apaches only. Until the Union Pacific Railroad crossed the plains in 1875, the Utes remained in Colorado, but in the early seventies they quarreled among themselves and a division of them came to Utah and settled in the southwestern part of the state. American Horse is driving a stage between Rushville, Neb., and Pine Ridge; Geronimo, the grim old Apache, with the cruel features, thin lips, eyes like the blade of a sword, is a prisoner of war at Fort Still, Oklahoma; Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse and the great Pawnee, Sioux and Comanche chiefs of half a century ago are in their graves, and no call can provoke them to battle again.

There can be no resurrection for these mysterious people, whose origin is known only to God. They are corralled on the reservations, where they must remain till absorption or disease annihilates them.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE SPANISH TRAIL.

Before we begin the examination of the Diario, and wanderings over deserts and mountains of the Franciscan priests, we ought to know something of the road from Taos, northern New Mexico, to Monterey, which the fathers failed to find, and which was finally located fifty-odd years after their extraordinary expedition.

We have already seen that, as early as 1774, a trail was opened from Tubac, Arizona, to Los Angeles, and on to Monterey. On January 8, 1774, two priests, Francisco Garces and Juan Diaz, accompanied by an Indian guide, called Sebastian, joined the expedition of Captain Juan Bautista-Anza organized to open a road, if possible, from Sonora, Mexico, to the Pacific coast.

The party forded the Colorado near the mouth of the Gila, and, pushing on, entered the presidio and Mission of San Gabriel, practically the Los Angeles of our own day. From here Anza and his companions passed on to Monterey.

Garces did not go with him, but returned to his Mission San Xavier del Bac, which he entered July 10, 1774. The next year, October 23, he again joined Anza, now a lieutenant-colonel, and with Father Font as cartographer to the expedition, Father Eisarc and Indian guides, left Tubac once again for the Gila region.

At Yuma, Garces, "who," writes Elliott Coues, "had been especially charged by high authority to investigate the feasibility of opening communication between Monterey and New Mexico," took leave of Anza and started alone for the mouth of the Colorado. Anza entered California and continued his explorations.

The Gila route was pronounced impracticable and became simply a messenger trail, "though," writes Charles F. Lum-

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mis in a letter to the author of this history, "this trail of Garces was probably used, but not, of course, at any time as frequently as was the old Spanish trail by way of Taos."

Fathers Escalante and Dominguez failed to open the way, but their expedition proved the importance the Spanish authorities attached to the discovery of a commercial highway from Santa Fe to the presidios on the Pacific coast. It was the reading of Escalante's Journal and the examination of Dominguez' map which possibly led Von Humboldt to express surprise, in his "Essai Politique," that, "considering the daring explorations of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru and along the Amazon, no road had been opened from Northern New Mexico to Monterey by way of Taos." Not till 1830, according to Bancroft, was a commercial road opened from Santa Fe to Monterey. He writes: "Communication with California began in 1830, when José Antonio Naca visited that country with a small party of his countrymen. In 1831-32 three trapping and trading parties made the journey under Wolfskill, Jackson and Young, the first named opening the long followed trail from Taos, north of the Colorado river."

The old Spanish Trail from Santa Fe to Los Angeles and Monterey—of which we have heard so much and know so little—was really an extension of the trail from Missouri westward to the Pacific ocean.

It moved out from Santa Fe going in a northwesterly direction till it passed through the old Spanish village of Santa Clara. From here it followed down the upper Chama river or Rio Chama to Abiquiú and, swinging abruptly to the north, crossed the Colorado State line. Now bending to the west, it continued along the southern line of the state boundary paralleling the route of what is to-day the Denver and Rio Grande railroad.

It now swung some minutes to the north, moving into Colorado and crossing in succession the Rio Pedro, Rio de los Pinos, Rio Florida, Rio Las Animas and Rio Plata, till it passed the head waters of the Rio Mancos and plunged into

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the drainage basin of the Rio Dolores. It continued along the Dolores to where the Dolores entered the Grand River some ten miles to the west of the line between Colorado and Utah.

Along the Rio Dolores, in about latitude 38° 10′ north lies Saucer Valley, and from Santa Fé to this point—a distance of more than three hundred miles, this old Spanish Trail practically followed the route taken fifty-four years earlier by Fathers Escalante and Dominguez when they made their brave attempt to open a road to Monterey. It is singular that nowhere in Bancroft's works, or in the writings of subsequent or previous writers on the trans-Rocky Mountain regions, do we find any mention of this fact.

At a point, a little to the north of Saucer Valley, Escalante turned abruptly eastward and, for about fifty miles, pursued an easterly course before he again turned to the north, and traveled so far on this northern route that it was impossible for him and his companions to reach Monterey that winter.

Had the Spanish priests not veered to the eastward when they left their camp at Saucer Valley, but continued on, down the Rio Dolores, they would have found an easier crossing of the mountains, passed far to the south of Utah Lake and, perhaps, have entered Monterey before the severity of the weather forced them to return to Santa Fe. We can suspect no motive or reason for the change unless they were deceived by their guides or wished to visit and instruct the Lagunas or Timpango Indians whose presence in Utah Valley was known to the priests. While the expedition failed of its object, it perhaps influenced partially the location of the Spanish Trail which traveled over three hundred miles of the same route.

We return to the course of the Spanish Trail. Crossing the Grand River below the mouth of the Dolores, the trail bore northwesterly till it finally crossed the Green River just below the mouth of the Price near where the Denver and Rio Grande railroad now bridges that stream. The Trail here paralleled the Price for some twenty miles on a westerly course, when it veered for a short distance to the southwest, fording the San Rafael River, and sharply turning due south,

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went on keeping to the west of the San Rafael Swell and crossed Muddy Creek. Here it bent again to the west and, traveling up the Fremont River, crossed the headwaters of the Sevier river north of the Sevier Plateau, climbed the great Wasatch Range and, descending, entered the Great Basin. Sweeping now southwestward, the trail skirted the easterly and southerly rims of the present Escalante Desert, entering again upon, and following for a short distance substantially the route traveled over by Escalante's party in 1776, it turned south and moved into "Mountain Meadow." Here for a portion of the way it broke the road afterward known as the "old Mormon Trail," or the route taken by the Mormons when traveling between Utah and California, and the identical trail entered upon by the emigrant party from Missouri which was slaughtered in Mountain Meadow on the morning of September 7, 1857.

Passing out of Mountain Meadow, the trail now followed down the Santa Clara Fork of the Virgin River, cut through the northwest corner of Arizona and crossed into Nevada. Again pursuing a southwesterly course, it swept by Moapa, climbed the Muddy Mountains, skirted Dry Lake and went on to Las Vegas, now a division station on the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad.

From Las Vegas, still southwestward, it went over the sandy region of Southern Nevada, passed through the Ivanpah Valley and, entering California, followed the desert to where the Mojave river disappears in the sands.

Unlike other and larger bodies of flowing water which find their repose in the salt lakes and salt beds of this weird and repellant region, the Mojave river, born in the Sierra Madres, grows in depth and importance as it advances down the eastward slope of the Sierras till it reaches the arid lands. Flowing placidly on through these sandy wastes of a thirsty region, the river grows smaller and smaller, and at last sinks out of sight and disappears in the desert.

Following the Mojave to its source in the Sierra Madres, the trail passed out of the Great Basin and, descending the

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western side of the Sierras, entered an undulating country which it traveled over and finally reached Los Angeles.

Speaking of the Spanish Trail it may be of interest to record that, from the Mojave River, near where it is crossed by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, and from this point eastward, for a distance of nearly three hundred and fifty miles, to where the Trail turns from the easterly edge of the Escalante desert and goes, through a pass in the Wasatch Mountains, the old Spanish Trail was followed by Fremont when he was returning eastward from his exploration of the Great Basin in 1843-44.

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BOOK II

Journal kept by the Spanish Priests, Silvestre Velez de Escalante and Franciso Atanasio Dominguez, the Explorers of Utah and Discoverers of Utah Lake

This Journal or Diario was opened July 29, 1776, and closed when the Priests crossing the Grand Canyon and visiting the Moqui and Zuni people, re-entered Santa Fe, January 2, 1777

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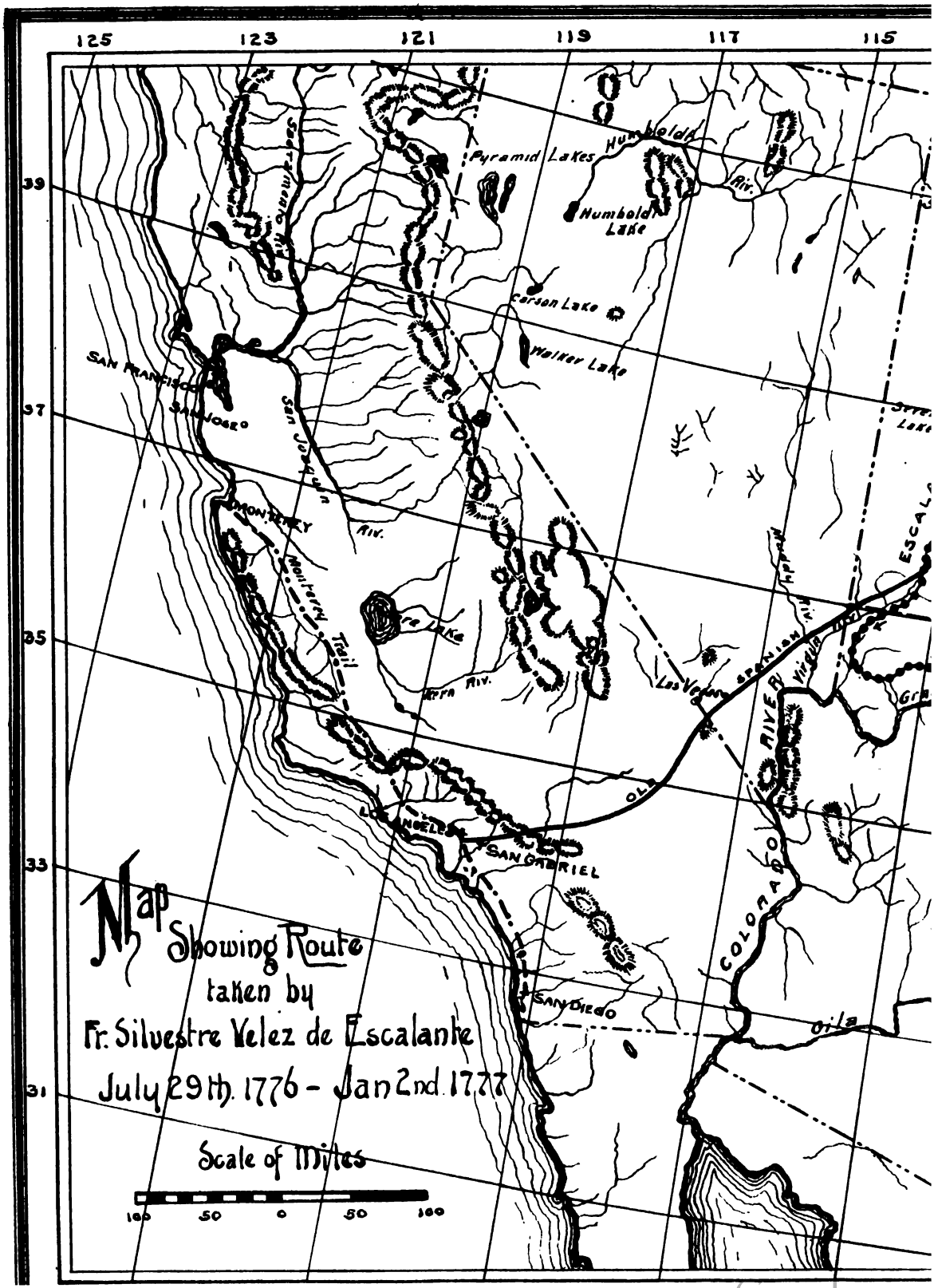

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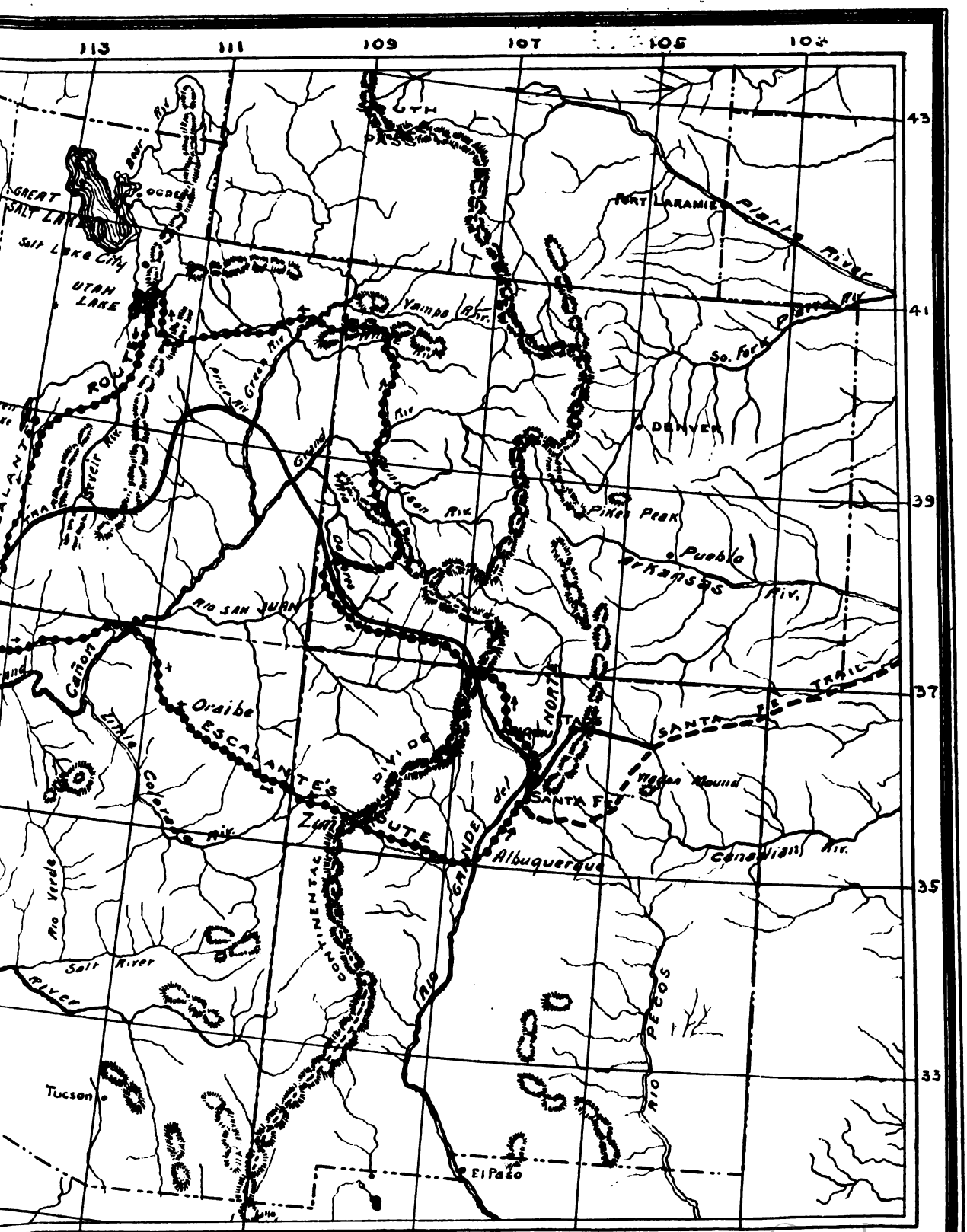

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UNIV. OF
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DIARY AND TRAVELS

OF FRAY FRANCISCO ATANASIO DOMINGUEZ AND FRAY SILVESTRE VELEZ DE ESCALANTE,

TO DISCOVER A ROUTE FROM THE PRESIDIO OF SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, TO MONTEREY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

On the 29th day of July, in the year 1776, under the protection of Our Lady the Virgin Mary, conceived without original sin, and under that of the most holy Patriarch Joseph, her honored spouse, Fray Francisco Atanasio Dominguez, the present visiting delegate of this district of the Conversion of St. Paul of New Mexico, and Fray Francisco Silvestre Velez de Escalante, teacher of Christian doctrine in the mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe of Zuñi; accompanied by Don Juan Pedro Cisneros, the mayor of the town of Zuñi; Don Bernardo Miera y Pacheco, a retired captain, and citizen of the town of Santa Fe; Don Joaquin Lain, citizen of the same town; Lorenzo Olivares, of the town of Paso; Lucrecio Muñiz, Andrés Muñiz, Juan de Aguilar and Simon Lucero, having invoked the protection of our most holy saints, and having received the Holy Eucharist, we departed from the town of Santa Fe, capital of New Mexico, and after nine leagues of travel we arrived at the town of Santa Clara, where we passed the night.

Today, nine leagues.

30th of July. We journeyed another nine leagues, more or less, and arrived at the town of Santa Rosa of Abiquiú, where, for various reasons, we remained over the 31st, and celebrating solemn Mass, we again implored the aid of our most holy saints.

1st day of August. After having celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, we left the town of Santa Rosa de Abiquiú, going west, following the bed of the river Chama. Farther on, a little less than two leagues, we turned to the

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northwest. After three and a half leagues of a bad, stony road we halted in the northern part of the Valley of Alum, mesas (table-lands) to the east and northeast of this valley by the side of the Arroyo Seco (Dry Run). On some of the are said to be found alum and transparent gypsum. In the afternoon we left the Arroyo Seco, going in a northward direction, and after a short distance we turned to the northeast, passing through a woody cañon a little more than two leagues, over very bad roads, when we stopped near the same Arroyo. Today it has rained very hard, and we have traveled seven leagues.

2d day of August. We proceeded northeast through the same cañon a little more than four leagues, when we turned north, and entered a woody ravine, in which for a quarter of a league the forest of small oak trees is so dense that in passing along we lost four of our animals, making it necessary for us to stop and go after them, finding them after a short time. We again entered the cañon, and although we lost the trail in this forest, as it is not much traveled, we found it again on the eastern side of a little stream that runs through it, the same that, farther down, they call the Arroyo de Canjilon. Leaving the forest, there is a small plain, covered with grass, very beautiful to look upon because of the roses growing there—a color between violet and white, very much like common pinks. There grows here also a small red fruit about the size of a blackberry, and in freshness and taste very similar to a lemon, so that in this country it is used as a substitute for lemons in the making of sweets and fresh drinks. Besides this, there are cherries smaller than the Mexican and another small fruit they call the little apple, the tree of which is like the lime tree, but whose leaf rather resembles the celery. The size of this fruit is the same as the ordinary Spanish-pea, the chick-pea, the color of some being white, of others black. The taste is pungent, between sweet and sour, but pleasant.

Where the roses begin to grow, the cañon is divided in two by a lofty table-land, on both sides of which there are roads, one to the west and the other to the north. At the opening

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of the road to the west and below the southern point of the table-land is a small spring of good water, but in order that the animals might be enabled to quench their thirst it was found to be necessary to make troughs. The strayed animals having turned up, we pursued our way through the cañon to the westward, and journeyed a league and a quarter towards the north.

Going a little less than half a league to the west, we turned to the northeast, having traveled a little more than three leagues by a good road. Turning a little aside from the road we stopped to rest by a stream that is called the Rio de la Cebolla (Onion River). In its bed we found a sufficient quantity of water in pools, although it appears seldom to have a current. We started out from this place in the afternoon, going a quarter of a league to the north, in order to strike the road we had left. We bore off a little to the northeast, over some three leagues of good road, and stopped on a level piece of ground by the bank of a stream called Rio de las Nutrias (Otter River), because, although the water is constant and flowing, it seems to have stagnant pools all or most of the year, in which otters breed.

Today, eight leagues.

3d day of August. Leaving the Rio de las Nutrias to the northeast, we entered a small forest of pines, and going a little less than three leagues we came to the Rio de Chama, and through this beautiful country we proceeded north about a mile, crossing the river and stopping to rest on the opposite side. The ford of the river is very beautiful, but near its banks are great gullies full of small stones, into one of which the saddle horse of Don Juan Cisneros fell and was completely submerged. For about a league to the north and south of the river, there is open country of good land for sowing, with proper irrigation. It produces flax and has abundant pasturage. There is here everything necessary for the settlement of a town and for its maintenance; a grove of white poplar trees is also here.

We proceeded on our journey in the afternoon, and ascend-

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ing the western slope of the river, entered a small valley, which we named Santo Domingo. This valley is enclosed by three large and well wooded table-lands, forming a semi-circle from north to south, until they reach the river. To the west of these table-lands are said to be two lakes, the first and most southern, to the west of the opening that one sees between the first and second table-land, and the second to the west of the pass between the second and third table-land. These lakes with the valley spoken of are very well adapted to the raising of large and small herds. We proceeded along the valley to the northeast and entered a small mountain forest of pine trees in which we lost one of our pack mules, not finding it until near sunset, compelling us to halt in a place full of briers and brambles near the three little hills that we named La Santísima Trinidad (Holy Trinity), having traveled from the river only two leagues to the northeast. In this stopping place there was no running water, although we found a little in a streamlet near-by, to the southeast. The river Chama runs north and south from where we crossed it today, and, before it gets opposite the flint mountain, turns to the west, until it passes the town of Abiquiú.

Today, five leagues.

4th of August. Leaving the Santísima Trinidad to the north, we traveled two leagues by the same mountain, where are pines and small oaks. There is also abundant grass and flax, and, enclosing the mountain, are two large mesas (table-lands), each one forming a semi-circle, the northern point of one being joined to the southern point of the other, and separated by a narrow opening or gate. Going a quarter of a league to the northeast, we passed the opening in which is another lake, which we called Olivares, being a quarter of a league long, and two hundred yards (more or less) in width. Its water is drinkable, though not very pleasant to the taste. From the lake and the opening we continued half a league to the north, and descending to the northeast, we left the road that passes the "halting-stone," as it was called by those of our party who had been here before; the guides directing us

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through a dry woodland, without foot-path or road of any kind, telling us that in the road we had just left there were three very difficult hills to climb, and that it was not so direct as the road we were now taking. Going a little more than a league through the same woodland, we turned west-northwest, returning near to the mountain, and after half a league we took to the northeast. Passing three leagues and a half through a fertile glen we came to a large open plain called Belduque (Plain of the Knife). In this plain we inclined to the west, and, descending to the arroya, went two leagues and entered a cañon, where we halted to rest. From a certain accident that happened here we named the cañon El Cañon del Engaño (the Cañon of Deceit). Here we found sufficient standing water and pasture.

Today, nine and a quarter leagues.

5th day of August. Leaving the Cañon del Engaño to the southeast, after half a league we came to the Rio de Navajó, that rises in the mountains of Grulla, flows from the northeast to the southwest, going north for a little more than three leagues until it joins with another river called the San Juan. In this place the River Navajó has less water than the Chama. Leaving the river we proceeded with some difficulty through the cañon for nearly a league to the south, when we dropped to the southeast a quarter of a league and three-quarters of a league to the west, passing through a cañon and over hills and mountains. The guides lost their way, seeming to possess but small knowledge of this country. In order not to descend farther, we took to the northeast, traveling some three leagues with no path, climbing a high mountain and beholding the bed of the river we had just left. We descended to it by a rough and jagged slope, and, going a little more three leagues to the west-northwest, we crossed it by a good ford and halted on the northern bank. Here it had already joined the San Juan. The guides inform us that a little farther up the two rivers unite, and so we determined to observe the latitude of this place, which detained us here until the afternoon of the following day. We made the ob-

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servation by the meridian of the sun, and found ourselves in 37 degrees 51 minutes of latitude, and called the place Nuestra Señora de las Nieves (Our Lady of the Snows).

Fray Silvestre proceeded to record the point where the two rivers—the Navajó and the San Juan—join, and found it to be about three leagues in an air line to the east of the Nieves (Snows), and to be well adapted to settlements on the banks of each river. The San Juan river carries more water than the Navajó, and it is said that farther north are large and fertile tracts, where the river flows over open country. Thus joined the two form a river as large as the northern one in the month of July; and it is called the Rio Grande de Navajó, because it separates the province of this name from the Yuta nation. Below the plain of Nuestra Señora de las Nieves there are good lands, if sufficiently irrigated, and all that is necessary for three or four towns, even though they be large ones. On either bank of the river we found dense leafy forests of white poplar, small oak, cherry, small apples, limes, and other trees. There is also some sarsaparilla and a tree that seemed to us to be walnut.

Today, eight leagues.

6th day of August. In the afternoon we left Nuestra Señora de las Nieves, the river below, and our course to the west, and journeying two and a half leagues over a bad road, we stopped on the bank of the river. Don Bernardo Miera had been suffering with pains in the stomach, and the afternoon found him much worse; but it pleased God that before daylight on the following morning he was so much relieved that we were able to proceed on our journey.

Today, two and one-half leagues.

7th day of August. We proceeded by the bank of the river, and along the side of the near table-lands, a little more than a quarter of a league to the west, ascending a somewhat difficult hill, and descending to the northwest, and a league farther on we arrived at another river called the Piedra Parada, at a point near its junction with the Navajó. Here there is a large plain that we called San Antonio, with fine

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land for cultivating, if irrigated, and all that a settlement would need of stone, wood, timber and pasture. This river rises in the mountain range of Grulla, to the north of the San Juan river, flows from north to south, and is somewhat smaller than the Chama, which passes the town of Abiquiú.

Crossing this river we traveled two leagues to the west and a little more than two to the west-northwest, and arrived at the eastern bank of the river that is called Rio de los Pinos (Pine river), because of the pine trees growing on its banks. It is smaller than the northern river, but has good water. At this point it flows north and south, and empties into the Navajó. It rises in the western part of the Grulla range at a point that is called Sierra la Plata (Silver range). There is a large plain here with abundant pasturage, especially good for wheat, grass and corn, but needs irrigation. A good location for a settlement. We rested here, naming the place Vega de San Cayetano (Plain of San Cajetan).

Today, a little more than six leagues.

8th day of August. We left the River Pinos and Plain of San Cajetan to the west-northwest, and going four leagues arrived at the River Florida, which is much smaller than the River Pinos. It rises in the same mountain range, but more to the west, flows from north to south, and in the place where we crossed it there is a large tract with good soil, if well irrigated. The pasturage on the plain is good, but near the river not so good, though in the rainy season it may be better. Passing the River Florida, we traveled west two leagues, and two more to the west-northwest. Descending a stony hill, we came to the River del las Animas, near the western slope of the Plata range, where the river rises. Crossing, we halted on the opposite bank. It is as large as the northern river, and at this season contains more water and has a swifter current, having more of a decline at this point. Like the other rivers, it empties into the Navajó. The banks are steep, and here the pasturage is not good, though farther on and lower down it is better.

Today, a little more than eight leagues.

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9th day of August. We left the River Animas (River of Souls) and climbed the western slope. Although it is not very high, it is difficult, being rocky and in parts very steep. We crossed the summit of a little mountain, which would make the distance traveled about a quarter of a league, and entered a fertile glen, through which we went a league to the west, then turning to the northwest, skirted the foot of a green mountain with good pasturage, and came to the San Joaquin river. As it passes through the town of San Gerónimo it is small. It rises in the western part of the Sierra de la Plata, and flows through the same cañon, in which are said to be open veins of metal; although when some years previous parties came to examine these mines, by order of the governor, Don Tomàs Velas Cachupin, they could not say for certain what metal they contained. According to the opinion of some who lived in this section, and from reports gathered from the Indians, they concluded it was silver, thus giving the name to the mountain range.

From the slope of the River Animas to that of San Joaquin the land is not very moist, while in the immediate vicinity of the Sierras the rains are very frequent, so that on the mountains which are covered with tall pine trees, small oak and a variety of wild fruit trees, the pasturage is of the best. The temperature here is very cold, even in the months of July and August. Among the fruits growing here there is a small one, black in color, with an agreeable flavor, very much like the fruit of the medlar tree, though not so sweet. We went no farther that day, because the animals had not sufficient food the night before, and seemed tired, and also because of a heavy rain storm that compelled us to remain.

Today, four and a quarter leagues, almost due west.

10th day of August. Father Fray Francisco Atanasio awoke with a severe attack of rheumatism, which he had begun to feel the day before in his face and head, and it was necessary to remain here until he was relieved. The continued rain and the dampness of the place, however, obliged us to leave. Going north a little more than half a league we

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turned northeast. A league farther on we turned to the west, through beautiful mountain glens, full of verdure, roses and other flowers. Two leagues farther on it began to rain copiously, which caused Father Atanasio to become much worse, and also made the road impassable. We passed on two leagues farther west, but were obliged to stop by the first of the two small streams which make up the San Lázaro, otherwise called Las Mancos. The pasturage continues to be abundant.

Today, four and a half leagues.

11th day of August. Notwithstanding the cold and dampness from which we suffered, we were obliged to remain, because Father Atanasio was very much weakened from his suffering, and had some fever. We were not able to visit the mines of the Sierras, although one of our companions, who had visited them on a former occasion, assured us they were but a short distance away.

12th day of August. Father Atanasio awoke somewhat better, and, for a change of place and temperature more than for the purpose of continuing our journey, we left this location and the river of San Lorenzo to the northeast, and after going a little more than a league we turned to the west-northwest, and traveled five leagues over green mountains with good pasturage. To the west for two and a half leagues we passed through a piece of burnt-over woodland with scant pasturage, and turned to the north, crossing the Rio de Nuestra Señora de los Dolores (River of Our Lady of Sorrows), and halted on the southern side of the Sierra de la Plata. This river flows south, and during this season is much smaller than the northern river.

Today, a little more than eight leagues.

13th day of August. We made a stopping place here, so that the Father might the sooner recover, and also that we might ascertain the latitude of this location and the plain of the River Dolores, in which we find ourselves. We have taken observations and find we are in latitude 38 degrees 13½ minutes. There is everything here requisite for the estab-

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lishment of a good town, the land only needing irrigation, with pasturage, wood and timber. On the southern bank of the river, on a rise of ground, there appears to have been, anciently, a small town, similar to those of the Indians of New Mexico, judging from the ruins found here, which we carefully examined. Father Fray Francisco Atanasio being very much better today, we decided to continue our travels on the morrow.

14th day of August. We left the valley and river of Dolores to the north, and, after going a quarter of a league, we turned one league to the northwest; a quarter to the north, then five leagues to the west, through a difficult piece of very dry woodland when he entered into a rough and very uneven cañon. Going two leagues farther to the north, we came to the River Dolores for the second time, which here flows to the northwest. We crossed it twice within a short distance, and halted on the western bank, and named the place, a small plain with good pasturage, La Asuncion de Nuestra Señora (the Assumption of Our Lady). This afternoon we were overtaken by a Coyote Indian and a half-breed from Abiquiú, called Felipe, and Juan Domingo. By loitering about among our people, and pretending that they wished to accompany us, they escaped from the officers of their town. We had no need of them, but in order to free them from the sins which, through ignorance or malice, they might commit if they remained longer among the Yutas, we took them with us, rather than insist on their returning.

Today, eight and a quarter leagues.

15th day of August. Leaving the stopping place of the Asunción, on the River de los Dolores, through a cañon somewhat stony, we traveled a quarter of a league to the west-northwest. We turned to the northwest, and went a league to the north-northwest, and traveler a little more than three leagues through a level woodland of good soil. Turning one league to the northwest, we went directly west by the trail. We halted by a stream that the guides told us had water, but which we found perfectly dry. Not knowing if there might

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be another stream in this vicinity with sufficient water, and near enough to be able to reach it during the afternoon, we sent the guides to find out how far we would have to go to reach a flow. A stream was found, but with water enough for the men only, and none for the animals. It was filled up with wood and stone, and, as it seemed, purposely. The water is constant, but not palatable. The Yutas probably closed up the stream for some contingency which they foresaw might happen; for, according to some of our company who had lived among them, they were accustomed to protect themselves in this way. In the afternoon we proceeded on our way, and traveled two leagues to the northwest and one-half league to the north, reaching the stream mentioned, which we named La Agua Tapado (covered water).

Today, three and three-quarter leagues.

16th day of August. We missed more than half the animals that had strayed away looking for water, which they discovered half the way back on the road we traveled yesterday, and there we found them. Returning late, we left Agua Tapada at half-past ten in the morning. We took a much-traveled road that we thought would continue until we arrived at the Rio de Dolores, which we intended to follow, but after going two leagues to the northwest and a league and a half to the west, we left it, the ground being very soft, and the rains having destroyed the trail. From here we turned to the northwest. A quarter of a league farther we entered a cañon, wide at the mouth, in which we found a good and much-traveled road. We followed it, and, going another league north, came to a running stream with sufficient water for both man and beast. Being hidden in a dense forest of pine and juniper trees, we named the stream Agua Escondida (hidden water). Here we lost the stream, for the road went at right angles to it. We made two troughs from which the horses could drink, but they were not satisfied after all. While we were examining the land on every side, in order that we might proceed on our way, Don Bernardo Miera went on through the cañon alone, and without our having known

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it, and because of the impossibility of our continuing our journey, we stopped, and sent one of our party to bring him back before he should lose his way. He went ahead so rapidly that it was after midnight before they returned. We were all very anxious because of their absence. They said they had gone up the Dolores river, and that on the way they had found only one short piece of road difficult of passage, but which could be repaired, so that we decided to go on the next day.

Today, four leagues.

17th day of August. We left the Agua Escondida, and about half-past three in the afternoon we came to the Rio de los Dolores for the third time. We traveled through the entire cañon and its many turns, seven leagues to the north, but really four or five more. We named the cañon El Laberinto de Miera (Miera's Labyrinth), because of the varied and beautiful views on every side, and being so elevated and rocky at every turn that the way seemed much longer and difficult, and also because Don Bernardo Miera was the first to go through the cañon. The way is passable and not difficult for the animals, except in one place, where it was quickly repaired. Arriving at the river we found recent tracks of the Yutas, from which we concluded there was a settlement of them near by. Considering that if they had seen us and we had not asked favors of them, they might imagine we intended them some harm, and that this fear would somewhat disturb them, we determined to find them, thinking some of them could guide us into a road by which we might proceed on our journey with less difficulty than now appeared to us, as none of our company knew the country nor the streams ahead of us.

As soon as we had halted near a wide part of the river, that we named San Bernardo, Father Fray Francisco Atanasio, accompanied by Andrés Muñiz as interpreter, and Don Juan Pedro Cisneros, went up the river some three leagues, and there they recognized them as being Yutas; but they could not find the tribe, after having gone to where the small

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Rio de las Paraliticas (River of the Paralytics) divides the Yutas into two tribes, the Tabehuachis and the Muhuachis, the one living north and the other south of the river. The river was so named because one of our party who saw it first found in a wigwam on the bank of the river three Yuta women suffering from paralysis.

Today, seven leagues; in a bee line, four to the north.

18th day of August. Two of our companions left very early to find where we could best leave the river, for here the banks are very high and stony, and we did not care to wander where there was neither water nor pasturage. In the bed of the river there are quantities of rocks, and we feared to injure the horses, having to cross it several times. They returned about eight o'clock in the evening, saying that only by following the river bed could we leave this place, and so we were obliged to follow the river.

Today, one league to the north.

19th day of August. We proceeded along the river one league to the northeast with some difficulty, and then turned one league to the northwest. We stopped at another open part of the river to water the horses, so that we could leave the river and follow a road that went northeast, if the roughness of the country would allow it. Wishing to cross the ridge of high and rocky table-lands, for the river bed now became impassable, one of the men went on ahead to see if the road was passable. He found that we could not travel the northwest road, but discovered another path to the southeast. Although he examined it for a long way, and found no great obstacles, we did not venture to follow it, because farther on it was divided by high table-lands and cañons, in which we would again be shut in, and so have to turn back as before. More than this, the arid condition of the country in the immediate vicinity led us to believe that the pools of rain water and the channels of running water which are usually found here, were now perfectly dry.

We consulted with the men who had traveled over this country before as to what direction we should take to over-

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come these difficulties, and every one was of a different opinion. Finding ourselves in this uncertainty, not knowing if we should follow the road mentioned, or if we ought to turn back a little and take the trail that passed the Yuta settlement, we put our trust in God, and, having implored the intercession of our most holy patron saints that God would direct us where it would be most conducive to His holy service, we cast lots for the two roads, and it fell to the Yuta trail, which at once decided us to follow it until we arrived at their settlement. We took observations at this point, which we called the Cañon del Yeso (Chalk Cañon), having discovered some chalk nearby, and found we were in 39 degrees 6 minutes latitude.

Today, two leagues.

20th day of August. We left the Cañon del Yeso, going back a league to the southeast, and recrossed the river, from which, about a quarter of a league away, towards the northeast, we saw a number of small hills, on which we discovered beds of a very transparent gypsum. The river being passed, we entered a wide valley, and following along a well-beaten trail that leads towards a high table-land, we traveled three leagues to the northwest. It was then that, at the earnest suggestion of Don Bernardo Miera, who was not in favor of this road, the interpreter, Andrés, took us along a lofty mountain crest, precipitous and rocky, to such an extent, that we believed we should be compelled to retrace our steps after having gone half the distance; because our animals suffered so much that many of them marked the stony road with blood left by their hoofprints. We climbed the mountain with great difficulty, after several hours of toil, going in a northerly direction, having traveled in the ascent about a quarter of a league. Along the top of the mountain we traveled a mile to the northwest, and from this point we could see that the road went along the base of the table-land, and over good level ground.

In the descent, which is smooth and clear of rocks, we traveled for more than three-quarters of a league in a north-

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erly direction. We pursued our way more than a league to the northeast, passing through a country that abounded in small cacti; and in order to avoid the annoyance that this caused our animals, we betook ourselves to the bed of a river, and, having gone along its course for something like a league towards the east, we suddenly came upon an abundant supply of good water, which is furnished partly by what remains in pools after a rain, and partly by springs. We named it San Bernardo. It would seem, judging from the trails, and the ruins of wigwams, that this was a camping ground of the Yutas, and here we came again into the road that we left when we climbed the almost unscalable mountain. Here we camped, although the grass is not very abundant. We find that we have journeyed today six leagues without reckoning the piece over which we retraced our steps.

21st day of August. We left the springs of San Bernardo, and by way of the cañon, in the southern part of which the springs are situated, we took a northerly direction over a road that was difficult to travel, and which in some places was very rough. About half way up the cañon we found several pools of water, and, towards the end, the water flowed as abundantly as though coming from a living spring. Having passed through the cañon, we pursued our way in a northwesterly direction, over an open, level country. We then entered another cañon, where the road was as bad as the one we had left, and having made our way for about a league to the north, we came to the Rio de San Pedro, and established our camp in a piece of level country, naming it the camp of San Luis.

Today, six leagues.

22d day of August. Departing from the camp of San Luis, we crossed the river, climbed a steep, high mountain, though not a very rocky one, and entered upon an extended table-land, which is something like the spur of the range of the Tabechuachis. We journeyed along the summit in a northeasterly direction some two leagues, in an east-northeast direction half a league, and in a southeast another half

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league, and then descended to the table land by another precipitous, though short, trail; it is the same one that Don Juan María Revera in his journal considers to be so full of difficulties. Along the bank of the river San Pedro we made our way northeast for about a league. We stopped for our midday rest, and some went forward to view the land, to see what would be the nature of the traveling in the afternoon; whether we could leave the river and find water near by, or if not, to remain in camp till the morrow. Those who went out to ascertain the nature of the country returned late, and we determined to pass the night in this place, which we called San Felipe.

Today, four leagues.

23d day of August. We left the camp of San Felipe on the San Pedro river, climbed a hill, and, along the foot of a mountain known as Tabechuahis, so called by the Yutas who dwell in those parts, we covered a distance of four leagues, which, on account of the many turns we made, could not be more than two leagues to the east of San Felipe. We had left the San Pedro, which has its rise in the Grulla (Crane) in that spur of the mountain which they call la Plata, and which runs toward the north, turns to the northwest, and then to the west, until it unites with the Dolores, near the small range of mountains known as the Salt, because near it are a number of saline pools from which the Yutas, who dwell in these parts, supply their needs. It is a river of moderate size. We stopped for our midday rest near a perennial supply of water that descends from the mountain. In the level country, in the northern part, there is a valley affording good pasturage, and near it a piece of ground shaped like an eyebrow, upon which we found the ruins of an ancient town whose houses seem to have been built of stone; with this material the Tabehuachis Yutas have constructed a frail and crude intrenchment. Here we found good pasturage for the animals, which has been lacking ever since we were in camp at Asuncion, on the Dolores river, until today, as the

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soil was so burned and dry that it appeared to have received no rain all summer.

During the afternoon it began to rain, and continued for upwards of an hour and a half. We continued our journey, going up the mountain of the Tabehuachis by way of a lofty and precipitous road; and when we had gone a league to the northeast and another to the east, a Tabehuachi Yuta overtook us. He was the first one we had met since the day we left Abiquiú, where we had seen two others. In order to be able to converse leisurely with him, we pitched our camp near a spring of water, where we rested during the heat of the day, and which we called the Fountain of the Guide. We gave him something to eat and to smoke, and afterwards, by means of an interpreter, we questioned him concerning the country which lay before us, and about the rivers and their courses. We also asked him concerning the whereabouts of the Tabehuachis, Muhuachis and the Sabuaganas.

At first he pretended to be ignorant of everything, even concerning the country in which he lived. After he lost the fear and suspicions he had entertained toward us, he told us that all the Sabuaganas were in their own country, and that we would meet them very soon; that the Tabehuachis were scattered about among these mountains and vicinity. He said that the rivers from the San Pedro to the San Rafael, inclusive, flow into the Dolores, and then unite with the Navajó. We proposed that he guide us to the village of a Sabeguana chief, who, our interpreter said, was well disposed towards the Spaniards, and acquainted with a good deal of this territory. He agreed to do so if we could wait for him until the afternoon of the next day, to which we agreed, partly that he might guide us, and partly to remove any suspicions that we might be meditating something against him, that would awaken resentment in him and in others.

Today, six leagues.

24th day of August. Before twelve o'clock our Yuta arrived at our camp, where we were awaiting him, bringing

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with him his family, two women and five children, two of them at the breast, and three from eight to ten years old; all of them very decent in appearance and quite talkative. They thought we had come to engage in trade, and for that reason brought with them antelope skins and other things. Among these were small apple-raisins, black in color, of which we have spoken before, and which resemble small grapes, and are very agreeable to the taste. We explained to them that we had not come on the business they thought we had, nor did we bring any goods to trade. In order that they might not think we were explorers of the land, and with a view of keeping them well disposed toward us when they were absent from us, as well as that they might not seek to embarrass us in our progress, and judging that from the Cosninas they might have learned something of the trip made by the R. P. Fray Francisco Garcés to the Yutas Payuchis, and thence to other tribes, we told them that one of the Fathers, our brother, had gone to Cosnina and Moqui, and from this latter place had returned to Cosnina. On hearing this, their suspicions were allayed at once, and they appreciated our anxiety to put ourselves on good terms with them, and told us they had known nothing of the Father to whom we referred. We gave them all something to eat, and the guide's wife presented us with a piece of dried venison, and two plates of the raisins to which I have referred.

We returned the compliment by giving them some flour. In the afternoon we gave the Yuta the price he asked for guiding us, two belduques (knives), and sixteen strings of white glass beads, which he handed to his wife, who departed at once along with the rest of the family to their village, while he remained with us, and from this on he was known by the name of Atanasio. Leaving the Fountain of the Guide, we crossed along the side of the mountain to the east, half a league, and another half league to the east-southeast, and a quarter of a league to the southeast, we turned east; leaving a trail which leads off to the southeast, we took another, and having gone three-quarters of a league, one to the south-

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east and two to the east, we stopped in a valley whose sides are lofty but not difficult to climb, for which reason we called it the Deep Valley. In it there exists a copious spring of good water, plenty of fuel and an abundance of pasturage for the animals.

Today, two leagues.

25th day of August. We left camp in Deep Valley and pursued our way in an easterly direction through dense oak brush for a distance of half a league; we then descended to the southwest, over country that afforded fewer obstacles, and along this trail we journeyed three and a half leagues, and then turned to the east another half league. We now began to cross the mountain in a northeasterly direction, and at a distance of a league and a half over fairly good country, free from brush and without any difficult points to climb, we reached its summit, covered with good grass, and very beautiful in aspect, because of the thickets and poplar groves lying closely together. Here we found three trails, and we chose the one that leads to the northeast. Having gone a league and a half in this direction, we stopped while we were on the northern slope of the mountain and near an abundant spring of water, to which we gave the name of Lain Spring. The water comes out of the ground only about six steps from the eastern side of the trail. Before we were able to prepare our meal, of which we were greatly in need, a heavy rain fell upon us.

Today, seven leagues and a half.

26th day of August. We left Lain Spring and traveled in a northeasterly direction one league. At this point the trail that we had followed divides into two, one leading towards the east-northeast, and the other towards the northeast. We followed the latter, and after we had traveled two leagues and a half to the northeast we finished the descent of the mountain, and entered the pleasant valley of the river of San Francisco, called by the Yutas the Ancapagari, which the interpreter tells us means Colorado Lake, from the fact that near its source there is a spring of reddish water, hot

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and disagreeable to the taste. The plain through which this river runs is broad and level, and a well-traveled road passes through it. We journeyed down stream a league and a half to the northwest, and camped near an extended marsh, which abounds in pasturage and which we called the marsh of San Francisco.

Today, five leagues.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MOUNTAINS SEEN UP TO THIS TIME.

That of the Grulla (Crane) and that of La Plata (Silver) have their beginning near a place called El Cobre (Copper), and near to a town now deserted; from its beginning it ranges to the northwest, and about seventy leagues from Santa Fe it forms a point towards the west-southwest, and is called the Sierra de la Plata (Mountain of Silver). From this point it continues to the north-northeast, descending towards the north from a point a little before one reaches the mountain of the Tabehuachis as far as another small one, known as the Sierra Venado Alazan (Sorrel-colored Deer,) where it comes to an end on the north. On the east it forms a junction, so it is said, with the Red Ochre mountain and with the Sierra Blanca (White Range).

On the west-southwest, looking towards the west from the point of La Plata, about thirty leagues distant, one sees another small mountain called The Datil (Date). From the western slope of this range all the rivers that we have passed thus far flow, and also those that lie before us as far as the San Rafael, which also flows in that direction. The range of the Tabehuachis, which we have just crossed, extends in a northwest direction, some thirty leagues, and where we crossed it has a width of eight or ten leagues.

It abounds in good pasture land, is very moist, and possesses a soil well adapted for cultivating; it furnishes in great plenty pine timber, spruce, the Clustian pine, small oak, several kinds of wild fruit, and in some places flax; there is an abundance of antelope, deer and other animals, and there is a kind of chicken whose size and shape are very much like

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those of our domestic fowl, only that it has no crest; its flesh is exceedingly palatable. About twenty leagues to the west of this range is that known as the Salt range, which looks small from this distance. Towards the west-southwest, about four leagues away, one can catch a glimpse of a range that bears the name of the Sierra de Abajo (Lower Range).

The river that I have mentioned as that of San Francisco is of moderate size and a little larger than that of Dolores; it is composed of several streams which come down from the western slope of the Grullas, and flows to the northwest; so far as we can judge here, it has on its banks level lands that are quite suitable for cultivation, provided they could be irrigated; it has some three leagues of good land, and there is everything that is needed to make it a suitable spot in which to build a town. On the north of this plain land there is a range of low mountains, and hills of lead color crowned with yellow earth.

27th day of August. We left the San Francisco mountain and journeyed down the river in a northwesterly direction; and having traveled a short distance we met a Yuta by the name of Surdo, with his family. We spent some time with him, but, after a lengthy conversation, came to the conclusion that there was no information to be gained from him; and we had simply suffered from the heat of the sun, which was very intense, while we were talking with him. We continued our journey over the plain, and having traveled two leagues to the west, we crossed the river, and passing through a grove of shady poplars and other trees, which grow here along its bank, we climbed a small hill and entered upon a plain void of verdure, and covered with small stones. Having pursued our way down the river three leagues and a half to the north-northwest, we pitched our camp in another fertile spot near the same river, which we called San Augustine el Grande (Saint Augustine the Great), and on each bank of this river we found abundant pasture, and much black poplar timber.

"dos leguas ; media al noroeste" ... p. 129

Today, six leagues.

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Farther down the river, and about four leagues north of this plain of San Augustine, the river forms a junction with a larger one, called by the people of our party the River of San Javier (Saint Xavier), and by the Yutas the River Tomichi. There came to these two rivers in the year 1761 Don Juan María de Rivera, crossing this same range of the Tabehuachis, on whose summit is the spot he called Purgatory, according to the description he gives in his journal. The place where he camped before crossing the river, and where he said he cut the figure of the cross on a young poplar tree, with the initials of his name, and the year of his expedition, are still found at the junction of these rivers on the southern bank, as we were informed by our interpreter, Andres Muñiz, who came with the said Don Juan María the year referred to, as far as the Tabehuachi mountain, saying that although he had remained behind three days' journey before reaching the river, he came last year (1775) along its bank with Pedro Mora and Gregoria Sandoval, who had accompanied Don Juan María in the expedition I have referred to. They said that they had come as far as the river at that time, and from that point they had begun their return journey; only two persons sent by Don Juan María had crossed the river, to look for Yutas on the shore that was opposite the camp, and from which point they returned; and so it was this river that they judged at that time to be the great river Tizon.

28th day of August. We left the plain of San Augustine, leaving the river of San Francisco to the north, and traveled half a league, going three leagues and a half to the northeast, on good ground and without stones, and arrived at the before mentioned river of San Francisco Javier (commonly called San Xavier), another name for the Tomichi, that is made up of four small rivers that flow to the last point of the Sierra de la Grulla. It is as large as the river of the north, flows to the west, and in the western part of the Sierra del Venado Alazan, it joins, as we have said, with the San Francisco. Its banks here are very arid, and in a wide part of it, where we

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found some good pasturage for the animals, and named Santa Mónica, we gladly halted for awhile for rest; then proceeded up the river until we came to some villages of the Sabaguanas, that yesterday we thought were near here, and in them we met some Indians of the Timpangotzis, to whose settlement we had intended to go; but on considering that it would take us out of the way to continue up the river in this direction, that it would injure the animals, who were already lame, and that it would be necessary to carry considerable provisions in going to their settlement, we concluded to send an interpreter with the guide, Atanasio, to ask if some of them, or of the Lagunas (lake-men), would guide us as far as they knew if we paid them. They went, and the rest of us waited for them at Santa Mónica.

Today, four leagues. We observed the latitude of this place by the meridian of the sun, and found it to be 39 degrees 13 minutes 22 seconds.

29th day of August. About ten o'clock in the morning five Yutas-Sabuaguanas were seen on the opposite bank making a great hue and cry. We thought they were those that our men had gone to look for; but when they came to where we were we saw they were not. We gave them something to eat and to smoke, but after a long conversation about the difficulties they had had during the summer with the Comanches-Yamparicas, we could not get from them anything useful to our interests, because their design was to make us afraid, exaggerating the danger to which we were exposing ourselves, as the Comanches would kill us if we continued on this course. We destroyed the force of the pretexts with which they tried to stop our progress, by saying to them that our God, who is above all, would defend us in case of an encounter with our enemies.

30th day of August. In the morning, Andrés, the interpreter, and the guide, Atanasio, with five Sabuaganas and one Laguna, arrived. After we had given them food and tobacco we told them of our desire to go to the villages of the Lagunas (the Yutas had told us that the Lagunas lived

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in villages like those of New Mexico), saying to them that as they were our friends they should furnish us a good guide, who could conduct us to those people, and that we would pay them what they wished. They replied that to go where we wished there was no other road than the one which passed through the Comanches' country; that these would impede our passage, and even take our lives; and also that none of them knew the country between here and the Lagunas. They repeated this many times, insisting that we should turn back from here; we tried to convince them, first by reasoning and then by presents, so as not to offend them. We then presented the Laguna with a woolen cloak, a knife and some white glass beads, saying that we gave these to him so that he would accompany us and guide us to his country. He agreed to do so, and we gave them to him. Seeing this, the Sabaguanas suggested no further difficulties, and some of them even confessed to knowing the road.

After all this they urged us to go to their village, saying that the Laguna did not know the way; we knew very well that it was only an invitation to detain us and to enjoy longer our gifts. Many others came today, and we gave them something to eat and to smoke; so as not to give them occasion to be offended nor to lose so good a guide as we had found, we concluded to go to their village. This afternoon we left Santa Mónica, crossed the river of San Xavier, where we watered the animals, ascended the hill, and over broken ground, without stones, we went up the river to the northwest two leagues, and traveled two more over ground less broken, but covered with burnt grass and much cacti, and very stony, to the northeast, and halted on the bank of a small river that we called Santa Rosa; it rises in the Venada Alazan, on whose southern slope we are, and enters into the San Xavier. Here there is a small plain of good pasturage and a forest of white poplar and small oak. The Sabaguanas and the Laguna kept with our company.

Today, four leagues.

31st day of August. Leaving the river of Santa Rosa de

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Lima, we traveled to the northeast a league and a half, over a good road, and arrived at another river that descends from the same mountains as the former one, and with it enters into the San Xavier, naming it the river of Santa Mónica, in valleys and plains of which are all that is necessary for the establishment of two towns. We traveled up the river by the level ground and through the groves which line its banks, four leagues and a half to the northeast, crossing it once. Dropping to the north, and again crossing the river, we entered a mountain covered with trees, and began a very rough journey that lasted for about three miles; we then proceeded up the Sierra del Venado Alazan through a glen with very steep sides, over a thick growth of small oak, and going four leagues to the north, we halted at a living spring that we named San Ramon Nonnato. One of the Yuta Sabaguanas that came with us from Santa Mónica today ate in so beastly and hoggish manner that we thought he would die of apoplexy. Finding himself so sick, he said the Spaniards had done him harm. This foolish idea made us very careful, because we knew that these savages, if they became ill after having eaten what others ate, even though one of themselves gave the food to them, believe that the person who gave them to eat made them sick, and would try to revenge the wrong which they thought had been done them; but God saved him by causing him to vomit much of the food which he could not digest.

Today, nine leagues.

1st day of September. Leaving San Ramon, going north, and traveling three leagues through small glens of good pasturage and thick growths of small oak, we came across eight Yutas, all on good horses, many of them, of the village to which we were going. They told us they were going to hunt; but we judged that they traveled in such numbers to show their strength, and to see if we were alone, or if other Spaniards came after us; knowing from the night before that we were going to their village, it would not be customary for all of the men to leave at the same time, unless for the rea-

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son we have given. We proceeded with only the Laguna, descending a very rough mountain and entering a beautiful valley in which there was a small river, on the banks of which was a forest of very high, straight pine trees, and among them some poplars that seemed to rival the height and straightness of the pines. Through this valley we traveled one league to the east, and arrived at a village composed of thirty wigwams. We stopped a mile below it on the banks of the river, and named our stopping place from San Antonio Màrtir.

Today, four leagues (in all 199 leagues).

As soon as we had stopped, Father Fray Francisco Atanasio went to the village with the interpreter, Andrés Muñiz, to see the chief and the others who had remained with him; having saluted him and his sons affectionately, he asked that all the people might be summoned. The chief consented, and when all of both sexes had joined him, Father Atanasio announced to them the Gospel by the interpreter, who pointed out to them our guide and the Laguna. As soon as the Father began to talk to them, our guide interrupted the interpreter in order to advise the Sabuaganas, as his countrymen, that they ought to believe all that the Father said, because it was all true. The other Laguna showed his pleasure by the attention which he gave to the speech of the Father.

Among the hearers was a deaf man, who, not knowing what was going on, asked what it was the Father said; then the Laguna replied, "The Father says, that this which he shows to us (it was a picture of the crucified Christ) is the only Lord of all, who lives in the highest heaven; and, in order to please Him and to see Him, it is necessary to be baptized and to ask pardon of Him." He showed how to ask pardon by crossing himself on the breast. It was a wonderful action for him, as he had probably never seen it done before, neither by the priest nor by the interpreter.

The Father, seeing the pleasure with which they heard him, then proposed to the chief who at the time ruled the tribe that if, after talking the matter over with his people, he

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should be willing to receive baptism, we would come to instruct them and teach them how to live aright, in order to baptize them. He replied that he would submit it to his people; but all that afternoon he failed to give any evidence which would encourage us to believe that they accepted our proposition. The Father, rejoicing at the the last one, (the guide whom we had called Silvestre,) and understanding that he was known as Oso Colorado (Red Bear), he preached to all of them, explaining the difference that there is between men and the brutes, the end for which each was created, and the evil there was in calling themselves after wild beasts, making themselves in this way equal to, and even inferior, to them. He continued by saying to the Laguna that in the future he would be called Francisco.

The others hearing this began to repeat the name, although with a great deal of effort, the Laguna himself being well pleased with his new name. It happened also that when the Father called to the chief that this one replied that he was not the holder of that office; that it belonged to a fine-looking young man who was present. Being asked if the young man was married, he replied that he was; that he had two wives. The young Indian was ashamed of this (the older one seemed to honor the young fellow as being a brother of a famous captain among the Sabaguanas, whom they called Yamputzi), and he tried to make out that he had only one wife.

From this it may be inferred that these savages had some idea or knowledge of the disgust that is caused among civilized men by one man having several wives at the same time. The Father took this as his text, and used the occasion for imparting instruction upon this point, and of exhorting them that each should have only one wife. After all this had taken place we bought from them a little dried buffalo meat, giving in exchange strings of beads; and we also said to them that we would be glad if they would permit us to exchange some of our horses that were foot-sore for others of theirs. They assented to this, and said that the exchange should take place

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in the afternoon. When this was arranged the Father returned to the camp.

Before the sun had set the chief came with some of the old men, and many others, to the place where we were. They began by trying to persuade us to return from this point, dwelling anew and with greater energy upon the difficulties and dangers that lay before us in case we continued our journey forward, assuring us that the Comanches would not consent to it, adding that they said this not to stop our going ahead in whatever direction we pleased, but that they did it because they liked us and esteemed us very greatly. We replied that the God whom we adored would open the way before us, and would defend us, not only from the Comanches, but also from all others who might wish to do us harm, and that we were very certain that the Divine Majesty was on our side, and nothing that they had described to us did we fear. Seeing that their pretexts were unavailing, they said that if we preferred to go forward without paying attention to what they had said that we should write to the great captain of the Spaniards (thus they styled the governor), telling him that we had passed through their territory, in order that if any evil should befall us and we should not return, that the Spaniards might not think that they had deprived us of our lives.

This was the judgment of several of our party, who wished either to return or to remain with them. We replied that we would write the letter, and that we would leave it with them, in order that when any of them should go to New Mexico they might take it with them. They said that none of their people could take it; that we should send it by one of our own party. We explained to them that none of ours could go, nor could they stay with them. At last, since they could find no other way to prevent our going forward, they said that if we did not return from this point that they could not exchange the horses that we had and that were foot-sore. We insisted that although they might not exchange the horses, we were bent upon going forward, because by no

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means could we return without knowing which way our brother priest had gone who had been with the Moquis and Cosninas, and who might be lost.

To this they replied, inspired by those of our party who understood their language and secretly warred against our plans, that the priests could not lose themselves, because they had all the country and the roads delineated on their maps. They returned to their arguments, going over all they had argued, and begging us to return from this point, and on beholding that our determination was an inflexible one, they repeated what they had said before, that they had warned us only because they had loved us; but that if after all we were bent on going ahead that they would not interrupt our progress, and would exchange the horses. They separated from us after nightfall, entertaining the hope of changing our determination on the following day; for we had noticed that they told it to Felipe of Abiquiú; the interpreter, Andrés, and his brother, Lucrecio, who were the ones that, either from fear or from a disinclination to go forward, secretly inspired the Sabaguanas from the moment they were aware of their opposition to our movements; and this had caused us not a little sorrow, which was increased by the following: From the time we were ready to start from Santa Fe we had told our companions that all those who cared to accompany us on this trip should not take along anything with which to trade, and that those who did not wish to accept this condition might remain behind. They all promised not to take anything, nor to have any other purpose than the one we had, which was the glory of God and the good of souls. For this reason there was given to them whatever was necessary for their preparation and for the maintenance of their families. But some of them failed to abide by the agreement, and secretly carried along with them a number of articles that we did not know of until we were near to the Sabaguanas.

We urged upon all of them that none of them should engage in any commercial transaction, in order that the un-

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believers might understand that a higher motive had brought us to these provinces. We said to the Sabuaguans that we were not in need of weapons, nor of people, because all our security and defense were in the omnipotent arm of God; and Andrés Muñiz, with his brother Lucrecio, feigning to be such obedient, faithful and good Christians, traded what they had secretly brought, and earnestly solicited weapons of the unbelievers, telling them that they were in great need of them, because they were about to pass through the territory of the Comanches; in which matter, to our great grief, they showed they had little or no faith, and proved their little fitness for enterprises of this kind.

2d day of September. Early in the morning the same people came, and in larger numbers than on yesterday afternoon. They reiterated the arguments they had used before, adding to them another and greater difficulty; because they dissuaded the Laguna from his intention of guiding us, and they compelled him to return to us that which we had paid him for guiding us to his country. After having argued more than an hour and a half, without persuading the guide to take that which he had once received, and fulfil his promise to us, and without their ceasing to oppose us, we told them, with an earnestness that seemed fitting at such a juncture, that since the Laguna had voluntarily agreed to accompany us to his country, and since they had placed so many difficulties in our way, we knew clearly and for a certainty why they took away our guide, and why they impeded our progress, but that we would not turn back for anything they might do; that we would pursue our journey without any guide, even though the Laguna would not accompany us; and that they should understand that we no longer considered them to be our friends. On hearing this they were somewhat mollified, and the young man who has already been mentioned, brother of the captain, Yamputzi, addressed the others and said that since the way had been opened before us, and the Laguna had agreed to be our guide, it was not just that we should be

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embarrassed in any way; and when he had ceased speaking of the matter another one, whom they called a chief, followed with the same exhortation. Then all said to the Laguna that he could no longer refuse to accompany us; but he no longer cared to do so, influenced by what they had already said. After much urging and flattery he received his pay, although with some hesitation, and agreed to go with us.

The village had already changed its location, and was moving towards the spot occupied by the chief, Yamputzi, at the time that we went out from the stony place of San Antonio Martir. We did not know what direction to take, because the guide who had repented of his bargain did not wish to go ahead, nor to tell us the way. He remained near the village with the horse we had given him, on the pretext of looking for a saddle, we following where the Sabaguanas had gone, although not wishing to, because we desired to leave them. We charged the interpreter to get him away as soon as possible, and tried to encourage him. He did so, and all the Yutas having gone, the guide now showed us the road, and sent the interpreter to tell us to return where he was stopping. Here we found him bidding good-bye to his countrymen, who remained with the Sabaguanas, and they told him how to arrange the journey.

Along with the guide, Silvestre, we found here another Laguna, who wished to accompany us. As we had not known of his desire before, we had not provided a horse for him, and so as not to be longer detained, Don Juan Lain took him behind on his crupper. With great pleasure we left the road that led to the village, and with the two Lagunas, Silvestre and the boy that we named Joaquin, we proceeded on our journey, and having gone back a league to the west of San Antonio we took another road and traveled less than a league and three-quarters to the northeast, and more than a quarter to the west-northwest, and stopped in a small valley with fine pasturage near a little river of good water, which we called San Atanasio; we journeyed over good ground, and through

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forests of poplar and thickets of small oak. Today, three leagues, but really only two leagues. Tonight it rained hard.

3d day of September. It began to rain again very early in the morning, and we were obliged to stop until it ceased, and at eleven o'clock we left San Atanasio in a northerly direction, and after a quarter of a league we took to the northeast, through a valley of groves of poplars and pines with abundant water and pasturage. We went two leagues and a quarter. We dropped to the north-northwest a league, and then to the north something more than three-quarters, over good ground, somewhat hilly, but not stony, passing through a forest of royal pines, poplars and thickets of small oak, very troublesome. We returned to the north northwest, a quarter of a league, through a deep glen, through which flows as much water as a medium deep furrow would hold; and although it does not flow through the entire glen, for in parts it is hidden entirely, while in parts it flows again, and in parts in troughs like rain pools, it appears permanent. In many parts of the cañon there are little huts that show the Yutas have camped here. Following the bed of the ravine in which the stream is hidden (it can be seen from the northern bank) we traveled a league and a half to the northeast, and halted almost at the foot of a mountain which the Yutas called Nabuncari, naming the stopping place San Silvestre.

Today, seven leagues.

4th day of September. We left San Silvestre in a northwest direction, following the same stream; after a short distance we turned to the west-northwest, and went two leagues, turning to the northwest; we climbed a hill not very high, leaving the bed of the stream to the south, and among hillocks of a kind of broom corn we went more than half a league. We went by another small river that enters into the same stream we have spoken of; passing it, we climbed the summit of another hill, somewhat rocky, and going almost a quarter of a league to the southwest, we returned again near the stream.

Then by the southern bank and over a plain of wild-cane,

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we went some three-quarters of a league to the west, passing a bit of a mountain of piñon, and entered into another canebrake, where were three Yuta women and a child, preparing the small fruits that they had gathered along the streams and small rivers near by. We spoke to them, and they gave us some of their fruits, which were cherries, limes and pine nuts of this year's growth. The cherries that are grown in these parts are very sour, but dried, as these Yutas prepare them, are of a sweet-sour, and very pleasant taste. We continued our journey, and having gone three and a half leagues to the west-northwest, from the said river, passing near cabins of the Yutas, in the opening of whose settlement is a large stone standing like a washing stone, we entered a glen or small valley of good pasturage.

Here there comes in another road, that from Santa Mónica, and the River San Xavier crosses at right angles the Sierra of the Venado Alazan, that we had descended to-day, and is by one half shorter than the one we have taken. We descended by the cañon a little more than half a league to the northwest, and turned to the west-northwest another half a league, ascending and descending a mountain somewhat steep but without stones, crossed a small river of cool water, and halted on its bank, naming it and the little valley of good pasturage that is here, Santa Rosalía. Tonight and the night before we felt very cold.

Today, six leagues (two hundred and one from Santa Fe).

5th day of September. We left Santa Rosalía in a northwest direction and ascended a hill free from troublesome stones, but very steep, and near the summit very dangerous, because there are turns in the road that are not more than a third of a yard wide; the top is covered with soft, loose earth, so that it is very easy for the animals to slip, and if once they lost their footing it would not be possible to regain it until they reached the plain below. The ascent is more than a quarter of a league, of which we walked the half. We descended to a long glen that in parts produces only small

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oak and cherries, and in other parts spruce and white poplar, and, going a little more than four leagues to the northwest, we came to a little mountain covered with juniper trees, crossed it, and came to a plain of good pasture in a small grove on the northern bank of the river. On this bank there is a range of high mountains, and half-way up to the summit they are of yellow, white and red earths mixed, and from there to the extreme summit the earth is white. This river is larger than that of the north, and, as they told us, it rises in a large lake that is in a range near (towards the northeast) to the Grulla range. Its course from here is to the west-southwest, and it empties into the Dolores river. In its wide part it divides into two branches, and here the water came up to the breasts of the animals. Some that crossed higher up had to swim in places. The river was, as far as we could see, very stony, so that in the event of a large company having to cross it, it would be better to ford it first on good horses.

Today, five leagues.

Tonight we observed the latitude, and found ourselves in 41 degrees 4 minutes, and judging that we had not ascended so high since leaving Santa Mónica, and fearing we had made some mistake in the observation, we determined to make it by the sun on the following day, stopping at a convenient hour, where the Sabuaganas would not annoy us.

6th day of September. We left the plain and the river of San Rafael (where there is nothing suitable for a settlement), going west; we went down the river half a league, another half by some cañons to the west-northwest, leaving the river to the south; to the northwest a quarter of a league, and over broken ground without stone for a league and a quarter to the west, and a quarter to the west-northwest, where we traveled nearly a mile, and nearly two leagues farther to the west, over broken, stony ground, with much small walnut, we descended to a little valley where flowed a small river of good water. We halted on its bank near the only

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poplar tree that there was, while some of our companions went on with the loaded and unloaded animals. We took observations, and found we were in 41 degrees 6 minutes 53 seconds latitude, and in the observation of the night before there was no mistake. We overtook the rest, who were detained and were quarreling with the guide, and traveled two leagues to the northwest; by leaving the road that led up the river to the west, and as it seemed straighter, he took us by another road that, entering a cañon, went directly north, telling us that although that road went through the cañon to the north, we would soon turn to the west. Our companions acquainted with the Yuta language tried to convince us that the guide, Silvestre, had taken us by that road, in order to confuse us by turns that would not take us forward, or to lead us into some ambuscade of Sabuaganas waiting for us.

In order to make us more suspicious of the guide, they assured us of their having heard many of the Sabuaganas in the village tell him to take us by the road that did not go by the lake, and that after going eight or ten days in useless turnings we would have to turn back. Although it was not altogether unlikely that some had said this, we did not believe that the guide would consent to it. Even though they had really succeeded in their design, none of our companions had ever told us anything like it, and they would have done so, because in the valley the people had not ceased to enlarge upon other obstacles which were less to be feared, and which, in any evil that might occur, they risked as much as we.

We well knew that going to the north it would be more roundabout; but Silvestre told us that he took us by that road because in the other there was a high, dangerous mountain, so we wished to follow his advice; but all the company, except Don Juan Lain, urged us to go the other road, some because they feared unnecessarily the Comanches, and others because in taking that direction their personal inclinations did not in the least correspond with ours. At this time there arrived a Yuta-Sabuaguana of the most northern tribe, and told us that the road to the north went very high up. So that

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we had to follow the west. Going two leagues to the west, and crossing another small river, we halted on its bank, naming the stopping place La Contraguia.

Today, seven leagues.

There were three villages of Sabuaganas here, from which there came six men, and among them one who had just come from the Comanches-Yamparicas, where he had gone with four others to steal horses. He said that the Comanches had all gone away. These men left us and went by the River Napeste, or to the east, and we traveled on with our companions. These Sabuaganas were the last we saw.

7th day of September. We left the Contraguia by a mountain pass, in which we went a league to the west, and found a field of good pasture. We went down by the same pass to the northwest, and having journeyed three leagues, we stopped a while for the animals to drink, because we did not know if we would find more water tonight; afterwards we went in the same direction a little more than a quarter of a league to the north-northeast, ascending a very difficult hill, thinking we would never reach the top; for, besides being very rocky, in parts there was no path, and in some parts the ground was so loose that the animals could find no sure place for their feet. The ascent was for half a league, and at the top there were flat, thin stones, on which two loaded mules lost their footing and rolled down hill more than twenty yards.

It pleased God that none of them were wounded, and those that came after were unhurt. We climbed up afoot, and suffered much fatigue and much fright; so that we named the mountain La del Susto (The Fright). On the mountain the guide gave us an undoubted proof of his sincerity and innocence; from the summit we traveled half a league to the north-northwest, descending into a short pass, where we halted at a pool of good but scanty water, naming the place La Natividad de Nuestra Señora (the Nativity of Our Lady), in which we had fairly good pasture for the animals.

Today, a little more than five and a quarter leagues.

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8th day of September. We left the Natividad de Nuestra Señora going north, and proceeding half a league we came to a river of good, living water, and going up a rocky slope free from stones we took a road over better ground than yesterday, and went two leagues and a half to the northwest over an extended plain of rising ground, and through some forests of poplar, arriving at a high ridge, from which the guide, Silvestre, showed us the mountains, on the northern slope of which lived the Comanches-Yamparicas, that we saw to the north of the Sabuaganas, and on a point of the same mountain to the west, he showed us, were his people. We descended from the summit of the mountain by a very high and rocky path, but without stones, and with thickets of small oak and cherry, that served to check the animals, so that they did not slip or fall. We entered into a wide cañon and on a good road, and having gone in the descent of the mountain a league to the north-northwest, we descended by the same to the north a league and a half, and stopped for the animals to drink, because a large stream of water flows through the cañon from here down.

In the afternoon we continued through the cañon down stream, and going a league to the west-northwest, we stoppd in a field of good pasturage, but without water, because here there is no stream. We called it Santa Delfina.

Today, five leagues.

9th day of September. We left the place of Santa Delfina by the same cañon, and went half a league to the northwest, going down to the north-northwest. Passing through the cañon for nine leagues in this direction by a well-beaten path and with only one bad spot, we crossed the stream. Going through a forest of high reeds, or cane, that is called latilla, we came out of the cañon. In the middle of this cañon, toward the south, there is a very high rock on which we saw, rudely painted, three shields and a lance, or spear. Farther down on the north side we saw another painting which somewhat resembled two men fighting, and we called it the Cañon Pintado (Painted Cañon). It is the only way to go from the

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summit down to the river, the rest of the way being very broken and stony. On this same side of the cañon, near to the exit, we found a vein of metal, but we were ignorant of the kind and quality. One of the company selected a piece, uncovered from the vein, and showed it to us, and Don Bernardo Miera thought it to be what the miners call tepustete*, and that it was an indication of the presence of gold. We cannot say definitely, nor will we, as we have not had experience in mines, and as a more careful examination would be necessary, for which we cannot now spare the time. Passing the cañon we traveled half a league to the north-northwest, arriving at a river that we named San Clemente, crossing it and halting on its northern bank, where there was a small plain of good pasturage. This river is of medium size, flowing to the west, and the country adjoining it is not good for a settlement.

Today, ten leagues.

10th day of September. As, according to the interpreter, the guide was certain that the next watering place was very far, and even though we should leave early we could not reach it during the day, we decided to divide our journey, and so, after the middle of the day, we left the San Clemente river in a northwest direction, over rising ground, without stones, and across small plains without grass or trees, and over very soft ground, and continued one league, dropping to the west-northwest across land almost level, but full of dry streams and gullies for two leagues. As it was now night, and as in the dark the going would be uncertain and dangerous, we stopped in the bed of a stream which we called El Barranco. There was neither water nor grass in it, making it necessary to watch the animals, and keep them corraled all night. From the river here we went in a straight line without path,

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*Tepustete is derived from the Nahautl word tepustetl, meaning metal-stone, and is not found in Spanish dictionaries. It is an iron pyrite, or in some instances an arsenical pyrite, commonly known among miners by its Cornish name "mundic," and when showing on the surface of the ground is popularly supposed to form the capping of the vein which will lie beneath.

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because although there are several, they are paths made by the herds of buffalos that come down and winter in these parts.

Today, three leagues.

11th day of September. As soon as we could see well we left the Barranco, in a west-northwest direction, and traveled a league and a half through streams and gulches, but somewhat more elevated than those of yesterday, and in one of them we came to a small pool of water in which the animals could drink. We continued one league to the west-northwest and climbed an elevation not very high, from which we went three leagues over good land with fair pasturage. Perceiving at some distance a grove, we asked Silvestre if that was not the large stream to which he was taking us, and he said no; that it was a small stream and not a river, but that now we could get water. We went toward it and found sufficient water for ourselves and for the animals, that were now very tired, thirsty and hungry, and one of the mules was so tired that it was necessary to take off his load so that he could get to the water. We turned half a league to the north.

Today, six leagues.

At a short distance from the gully we saw recent tracks of buffalo, and in the plain they were fresher, and went the direction we were going. We had now but a small supply of provisions for the distance we had to travel, because of the quantity we had given to the Sabuaganas and the other Yutas; and so a little before we arrived at the stream two of our companions left, following the tracks we had seen, and a little after midday returned, saying they had seen a buffalo. We sent others on the swiftest horses, and after going about three leagues they killed it, and returned with a large portion of meat (much more than a common large bull has); it was half-past seven at night. We disposed of it, so that the heat would not spoil it; and at the same time, that the horses might rest, we did not travel on the 12th from this stopping

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place, which we named the Arroya del Cíbolo (Buffalo Creek). Tonight it rained for several hours.

13th day of September. About eleven o'clock in the morning we left the Arroyo del Cíbolo over a plain that is at the foot of a small range which the Yutas and the Lagunas call Sabuagari; it extends from east to west, and one sees its white rocks from the high, rising plain that is in front of the Cañon Pintado. Going three leagues and three-quarters to the west, we arrived at a flow of water known to the guide, which is at the foot of the mountain almost at its western point; we continued in the same direction a quarter of a league, by a well-beaten path near to which, towards the south, rise two full springs of fine water, within a gunshot of each other, that we named the Fuentes de Santa Clara (the Fountains of Saint Clara). On account of the moisture they communicate to the small plain which they water and which absorbs them this land produces good and abundant pasturage. From here we traveled a league to the northwest, by the same trail, and crossed a stream that comes from the plain of the Fuentes, and in which are large tanks of water. From here, and on down, there is in its valley, which is broad and level, good and abundant pasturage. We crossed it again; we climbed several hills covered with small stones, and having journeyed two leagues to the northwest, we arrived at a large river, which we called the San Buenaventura.

To-day, six leagues.

This river of San Buenaventura is the largest that we have crossed, and is the same one that Fray Alonso de Posada says, in his report, separates the Yuta nation from the Comanche, if we may judge by the description he gives of it, and the distance he says it is from Santa Fe. And it is certainly true that on the northeast and north it is the boundary line between these two peoples. Its course from this point is west-southwest; from the region above this point to where we now are its course is to the west. It forms a junction with the river of San Clemente; but we do not know if it does so

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with other rivers previously mentioned. There is here a fine plain abounding in pasturage and fertile, arable land, provided it were irrigated, which might be, perhaps, a little more than a league in width, and some four or five leagues in length, entering in between two mountains; the space taking the form of a corral, and the mountains coming so close together that one can hardly distinguish the opening through which the river flows. The river can be crossed only at the one fording place, which our guide assured us was in this neighborhood, to the west of the mountain that stood farthest to the north, close to a range of hills composed of loose earth of a leaden color, and, in places, of a yellowish tinge. The bottom is full of small stones, and the river so deep that the mules could not cross it except by swimming. We stopped on its southern bank about a mile from the ford. We called the stopping place the Vega de Santa Cruz (the Plain of the Holy Cross). We took observations by the polar star, and found ourselves in 41 degrees 19 minutes latitude.

14th day of September. We did not travel today, remaining here so that the animals, which seemed tired, could rest; before midday we used the quadrant to confirm our observation by the sun, and found ourselves in 40 degrees 59 minutes and 24 seconds. Judging that the discrepancy might be caused by some variation in the needle, in order to find out we secured the quadrant to observe the north star, which remains on the meridian of the compass at night. So soon as the north star was visible, the quadrant being on the meridian, we observed that the needle turned to the northeast. We again made the observation of the latitude by the north star, and found the same, 41 degrees 19 minutes, as on the preceding night.

In this place are six large black poplars, that have grown together in pairs, close to the river; not far from them one stands alone, and on this lone one and on the northwest side of its trunk Don Joaquin Lain engraved, with a chisel, this inscription: "Year 1776." And lower down, in a different

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letter, "Lain," with two crosses, the larger one above the inscription and the smaller one below.

Here we obtained another buffalo, smaller than the first, though we took but little meat, finding ourselves very far from camp, and it was getting late. It also happened this morning that the Laguna, Joaquin, from mischief, mounted a very vicious horse, which fell, throwing the fellow some distance. We were much frightened, thinking that the fall had injured the Laguna, who, recovering from his fright, began to shed tears and cry aloud; but God permitted that the horse received all the wounds, injuring his neck, and so being useless.

15th day of September. We made no progress to-day, because of the reason we have mentioned.

16th day of September. Leaving the plain of Santa Cruz, (on the river of Buenaventura), we went up the river about a mile to the north, reached the ford, and crossed the river; we turned to the west and went a league along the northern bank and plain of the river, crossing another smaller one that flowed down from the northwest, and entered into this one from the same plain. We turned to the south-southwest one league, and crossed another small river, but a little larger than the first one, that flowed down from the same northwest direction, and entered into the river.

From both of these rivers the land on the banks could be irrigated, making them very good for planting, but water could not be carried from the larger river. We proceeded to the southwest, leaving the river that ran to the south, over broken table-lands, and in places full of small stones; we descended to a dry stream, from a high, rocky hill, whose ascent on the other side is not so bad. As soon as we ascended we found tracks one or two days old as if made by twelve horses and men on foot. Examining the tracks closely they seemed to show that for some time the men had been hiding in the highest part of the mountain. We suspected that they were some Sabuaganas who had followed us, thinking to steal our animals in this stopping place, performing an act very similar to what we had attributed to the Co-

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manches, or rather, to the Yutas. More than that, the guide, Silvestre, gave us additional foundation for our suspicion, for the night before he separated himself a short distance from the camp to sleep, as if by accident. During our whole march he had not used the blanket that we had given him, and today he left the camp with it on, not removing it all day, and we suspected that he put it on so as to be recognized by the Sabuaganas in case he should leave us. Our suspicions were further aroused by his pausing for a time, as if thinking and acting confused, when we reached the hill where we had found the tracks, wishing to proceed by the river, and now by this road. He gave us no open reason whatever for our suspicions, entirely concealing his real intentions, and in the progress of our travels he gave us ample proofs of his innocence. We took the same direction as the tracks and descended again to the river of San Buenaventura, where we saw, in the leafy grove and on the plain, that those who made the tracks had been but a short time before us. We proceeded along the plain across low ground and halted on another plain with good pasturage, by the bank of the river, naming the halting place Las Llagas de San Francisco (the Wounds of Saint Francis); and, having crossed the hills, rough ground, mountains and the plains already spoken of, we had journeyed six leagues to the southwest; in all the distance eight leagues. As soon as we stopped, two of our companions went over the tracks to the southwest, to explore the immediate country, and they concluded that the tracks were made by the Comanches.

17th day of September. We left the plain of Las Llagas de N. P. San Francisco, going southwest, ascending some low hills, a league farther on, we left the road we were going, which followed the tracks of the men and horses. Silvestre told us they were Comanches that were pursuing the Yutas, who probably had been out hunting buffalos. He convinced us of this as much by the direction in which they went as by other signs that they left. We crossed a dry stream, ascended a low hill, and proceeded a league and a half to the west, over

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good ground, somewhat arid, and came to a high mountain summit, from which the guide showed us the junction of two rivers, the San Clemente and the San Buenaventura, that from here join on the south. We descended to a large plain bordering another river and went a league and a half to the west, reaching the junction of the two rivers that flow from the mountain which is near here, and to the north of the river of San Buenaventura and flow together to the east, until they join with the river of San Buenaventura. The more eastern river before its junction flows to the southeast, and we named it the San Damian; the other flows east, and we named it the San Cosme. We went west by this latter one, and traveled a league to the west, finding near the river the ruins of an ancient village, in which were remnants of straw mats, jugs and pitchers made of clay; the form of the village was round, as shown by the ruins, and almost entirely surrounded by an embankment. Going to the southwest by a plain that is between the two rivers, we ascended some small hills of loose stones, very bad for the animals which were already injured. We descended to another plain of the river San Cosme, and having gone half a league to the southwest and a league and a half by this plain, we halted in it and called it La Ribera de San Cosme (the Bank of St. Cosmas).

Today, eight leagues.

Shortly after having stopped, at the foot of the mountain, we saw smoke, and asking the guide whom he thought had caused it, he replied that probably some Comanches, or some of the Lagunas, who had camped here while hunting.

18th day of September.

We left the Ribera de San Cosme, and the guide, wishing to cross to the other side of the river, and go along it, led us through a forest or bramble of cistus almost impenetrable, and into a large marshy place till at last we were compelled to return, and cross the river three times, causing us many useless turns; then over a nearby hill and its plain we went three leagues to the southwest; going down to the west-southwest a league, we crossed the river the fifth time and

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now proceeded over the plain, where we traveled three leagues and a quarter, ascending a high table-land, at the top very stony, and traveled three-quarters of a league, including the going up and coming down; crossing another small river that flows by here and enters into the San Cosme, we named it the Santa Catarina de Sena, and camped on its bank. To-day, nine leagues. From the village of the Sabuaganas and the camp of San Antonia Màrtir to this point we counted eighty-eight leagues, and from Santa Fé two hundred and eighty-seven.

Along the three rivers which we have crossed to-day the ground, with intelligent cultivation and irrigation, having beautiful groves, good pasturage and timber and woodland not far away, could support three good settlements.

From the country of the Comanches there descends a range of mountains very long and high, extending northeast by southwest to the land of the Lagunas for perhaps seventy leagues, which towards the north of the river San Buenaventura, at this time of year, has the highest tops and peaks covered with snow; from which we named it Sierra Blanca de las Lagunas (the White Range of the Lakes), which we will begin to ascend and cross to-morrow where it seems the lowest.

19th day of September.

We left the River of Santa Catarina de Sena, going to the northwest without a trail; we ascended a hill whose top was level and low, but very stony, and went a quarter of a league, descending to the west. We went down to the bank of the river San Cosme, and traveled on it two leagues and a quarter, turning many times, the ground being almost impassable, sometimes on account of the stones, and sometimes for the precipices that are very steep; on one of them one of the horses was injured, so that we had to go back a mile, and go down to the other bank of the river; we passed it, breaking through a forest of cane and high reeds, and half a league to the west we descended to the northeast, taking the bed of the stream for the road, and now going up the range,

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and then descending to the river of San Cosme, we followed the ravine, which we did not know led us to a cañon shut up and very high in every part, impassable except by the bed of the stream. In the middle of the ravine there is another gulch that runs from north to south. We continued going to the northwest, and proceeding four leagues, which took us to the west-northwest by its many turns, we came out of the cañon, which we called de las Golondrinas (Cañon of the Swallows), from having found in it many nests of these birds, formed with so much regularity that they looked like a little village; we now went through a stretch of burnt woodland of good soil, and half a league to the west-northwest we descended to the west and ascended again a rising ground long and hilly, and descending once more we came to a plain crossed a well-beaten path from north to south. Leaving the plain, we descended into the rocky bed of a stream, which we called San Estaquio, having gone two leagues and a half to the west. This watering-place is perennial and full, and in it there is abundant grass. We arrived very tired, because the road was difficult, and all day a cold wind had been blowing from the west.

Today, ten leagues.

20th day of September.

We left San Eustaquio, and we also lost here one of our strongest horses that had died, being the one that at Santa Cruz on the river of San Buenaventura had his neck injured. We went in a southwest direction over rising ground, descending to the west a little less than three leagues and a quarter, over a difficult woodland covered with small walnut trees; we entered a short glen, wide in parts, and a quarter of a league to the south-southwest, we turned to the west, descending to a small river that flows to the east, probably the one that we named the San Cosme; we crossed the river to the south-southwest, and went up an extensive rising ground, and going a mile farther we dropped to the southwest about two leagues, through a mountain pass very pleasant and with good pasturage, in which we found a large pool

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of good water, which we called Ojo de Santa Lucia (the Spring of Saint Lucy.) Tonight it was so cold that the water that was near the fire all night became ice before morning.

Today, five leagues.

21st day of September.

Going from the spring of Saint Lucy to the southwest, through the same pass that we had just ascended and thence through a forest of poplars a quarter of a league farther, we turned to the west a league and three quarters, over rough timber lands, through mountain passes of soft earth with many charcoal pits, or small holes hidden among a rank growth of weeds, in which every moment the animals sank and fell; then we descended by a small river filled with fine trout, of which the Laguna Joaquin with an arrow killed and caught two, each one of which weighed more than two pounds. This river runs to the southeast, through a pleasant valley of good pasturage, many springs, and beautiful forests of white poplar, not high nor large. It is a good location for a village with all that is needed. We named it the Valle de la Purísima (the Valley of the Most Pure). The guide Silvestre told us that for some time a large settlement of Lagunas had lived here, who had subsisted mostly on the fish from the river, and that they had left through fear of the Comanches, who began coming into this part of the Sierras. We crossed the river and ascended the rising plain of the valley, and going a league to the south-southwest, we descended to the west through a mountain pass of bad traveling, and after three-quarters of a league, we crossed a small river of very cold water.

We continued to the west another quarter of a league, and entered a forest of white poplar, small oak and cherry, and royal pine, and from this forest we took the northern ascent of a mountainous pass, and went a league to the west and a quarter to the south, crossing over to the other side. The guide, wishing to travel faster than we were able, went so fast that at every step he was hidden from us in the forest;

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we could not follow him, because aside from the density of the forest, there was no path, and we could not find his trail. We continued through the forest, and the farther we went the more dense it became, until after going half a league to the west, we came out of it upon a small high hill, from which the guide showed us the side on which was the lake; and to the south-east of this another part of the Sierra in which he lived, he told us, and also a great many people speaking the same language and of the same great tribe as the Lagunas.

From this hill we went to the southwest a quarter of a league and went down it to the west, breaking through brushwood of cherry and small oak, almost impenetrable till we came to another forest, through which we thought the packs could not pass without unloading the animals. In this forest the guide continued to annoy us by his fast going, so that we were obliged to stop him and not permit him to go on alone. In this thicket Father Atanasio received a severe blow on the knee. Finally we descended to a deep and narrow opening between the mountains, with much trouble and difficulty, and finding there abundant pasturage, more than in any other part of the range, and water for ourselves and the animals, we stopped after having gone a league to the west, naming the place San Mateo (Saint Matthew).

Today, six leagues and a half.

This is the coldest night we have had.

22d day of September.

Going southeast we left San Mateo by the northern incline of the pass, in which there were many narrow defiles and many slippery and dangerous places, without any road except the one we were breaking, and over the rocks and crags of the Sierra. At every step here we were obliged to change our direction and make many turns, going only five leagues, they said, ascending hills and descending to the plains. From the mountain we descended to a short plain, where two small rivers join going to the southwest two leagues. The animals were very tired, and as there was much good pasturage we halted, and named the place San

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Lino. Today, we have gone six leagues, which, because of the many turns that we had to make in leaving San Mateo, brought us three leagues to the west-southwest.

From the top of the last peak we could see pillars of smoke rising, not very far away and in front of us. The guide said that they were some of his people who were there hunting. We attempted to get into communication with them, to let them know that we were not enemies, so that they might not try to get away from us or receive us with arrows; they continued to raise more smoke in the opening through which we would have to enter to get to the lake, and this made us believe that they had already seen us; for smoke is the first and most common sign which in case of surprise, all the people in this part of America use. We told Silvestre that during the night he must be very careful, for if any of them should know of our arrival, they might come near to see what kind of people we were; and about two o'clock in the morning, the hour in which, according to his idea, some of them might come near, he talked a long time in a loud voice, in his own language, giving them to understand that we were quiet people and good friends. We do not know if any one heard him or not.

23d day of September.

Now that we had arrived at the lake (Utah), in order that Silvester and Joaquin might enter their country feeling affection for us, we gave to each of them a yard of woolen cloth and another of red ribbon, and they immediately put them on. Silvester cast around his body the blanket we had formerly given him, and then arranged in a turban around his head the woolen cloth, leaving the two ends hanging down his shoulders. When he mounted his horse he reminded us of the redeemed captives which the Redemptorist Fathers carry in their procession on the feast day of Our Lady of Mercy; and this was a prophecy to us of the freeing of these people, whose liberty we desired and besought of the Redeemer of the world, through the intercession of His Holy Mother, who in order to encourage so praiseworthy an object,

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was willing to accept the devotion the Church gave her today. We left San Lino very early, going southwest. We went up a short hill, and at the top we came across an immense ant-hill, composed entirely of small pieces of alum, very pure and crystalline. We descended to the small river of San Lino, and journeying for a league along the level pastures on its banks, without leaving the river, but going down stream, we turned towards the west. Here another small stream forms a junction with it, and along the banks of both of them there are fertile spots that would make delightful pastures. Pursuing our way to the west three-quarters of a league down stream, we saw and passed by three large springs of hot water, of which we tasted, and found that it is of the same sulphurous character as that which is in the vicinity of San Diego de los Hemes, in New Mexico.

We continued our way in a westward direction some three-quarters of a league. We entered the narrowest portion of the cañon of the river, and turned towards the north about a mile. Here we found three other hot springs, very similar to those just mentioned, and all of them have their rise in an exceedingly lofty mountain, very close to the river on this northern side, and they flow into the river; for this reason we called it the River of Aguascalientes (Hot Water). In this narrow part of the cañon there are some places very difficult to pass, but they are easily repaired; we continued to the northwest half a league, crossing to the other side of the river; ascended a low hill and beheld the lake and extended valley of Nuestra Señora de la Merced de los Timpanogotzis, as we called it; we also saw smoke arising from all parts, the news of our entrance having gone before us.

We now descended to the level at the entrance of the valley, crossing to the other side of the river again, and going more than a league by its extended plains along the northern bank, we crossed to the opposite bank and halted on one of its southern plains, which we named Vega del Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesus (Plain of the Sweet Name of Jesus).

Today, five leagues and a half.

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We found the grass of the plains where we came recently burned over and others already burning, from which we inferred that these Indians had thought us to be Comanches, or other enemies; and as they had probably seen that we were bringing animals, it had been their intention to destroy the pasturage along our way, so that because of the lack of this we would be obliged to leave the valley sooner. But as it is so large and broad, we could not do it in so short a time, even though they had put fires everywhere. For this reason our small part remaining in this location, as soon as we had halted, Father Francisco Atanasio, with the guide Silvestre, his companion Joaquin and the interpreter Muñiz, left for the first of the settlements, and going as rapidly as possible, though the horses were so fatigued, in order to arrive this afternoon, they went six leagues and a half to the north-northwest. They arrived, and were received by some of the men with their weapons ready to defend their families and homes. But as soon as Silvestre had spoken to them, they changed their warlike appearance to the most courteous and simple expressions of peace and affection. They took them very cheerfully to their simple huts, and after they had embraced them in a singular manner, and signified to them that they desired peace, and that they loved us as much as our best friends, the Father gave them opportunity, so that they could talk at length with our guide Silvestre, who gave them an account of what he had observed and seen, and spoke so much in our favor, of our design and work, that we could not have wished for anything better.

He told them at length of how well we had treated him, and how much he loved us, and among other things he told them with great satisfaction that the Lagunas had said that the Comanches would kill us, and would take from us our animals; and that we had gone through the country that they frequented most; and even crossed their recent tracks; that we had not changed our course, nor had we seen them; verifying what the Father had said; that God would free us from all our enemies; so that even though we passed through their

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country they would not harm us, nor we disturb them. He concluded by saying that the Fathers spoke only the truth, that everybody could travel in their company without danger, and that only the Spaniards were good people. He confirmed them more in this belief by their seeing that the boy Joaquin was so careful of us that, unmindful of his own people, he would not leave the Father except to care for the animals that we brought. He hardly cared to talk to his people, nor even to mingle with them, but only to remain near the Father, sleeping in any vacant place near his side. That was a matter that caused much surprise not only to his own people, but also to us, that one who was a mere child, and an Indian who had never before seen either priest or Spaniard, should act in this way.

After talking a long time about this, and many gathering from the near villages, and our giving them something to smoke, the Father gave them to understand, by means of the interpreter and Silvestre, that our motive in coming to them was to bring them the light, the principal motive being to seek the salvation of their souls, and to show them the means by which they could obtain it. The first and most necessary being, to believe in the only true God, to love Him and to obey Him entirely, doing all that His holy and immaculate law demanded; and that they would teach them clearly and fully all this, and that they would give to them the holy water of baptism, if they wished to become Christians; and that priests should come to teach them and Spaniards to live among them. And that they would teach them to plant and sow, and to raise herds of cattle, so that then they would be able to eat and to dress like the Spaniards, to obey the law, and to live as God had commanded. The priests would teach them, and our Chief would send them everything necessary, for He is very great and rich and we call Him King; if they wished to be Christians He would take them for His sons and would care for them as His people.

He afterwards said to them, that it was necessary for us to continue our journey, to learn about the Father, our

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brother, and that we needed that another one of them should guide us to the other tribe that they were acquainted with, that the other guide might vouch for us. In all of this conversation Silvestre was a great help to us. They heard us with pleasure, and replied that to all we said they were attentive, thus manifesting their gentleness. They had among their number two chiefs, but not the principal one that commanded this people, so the Father begged that they would call him, and they replied that his house was very distant, but that he would come to-morrow. They then retired to their wigwams, but some remained in conversation with Silvestre all night.

24th day of September.

We sent word to the others of our company by Joaquin and the other Laguna, that they should come from Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesus to the village where we were, where the Indians of this and the other villages would gather; they arrived about midday. The big chief with the two others came very early, and many old men and the head men of the tribe. We conversed with them a long time about the things already referred to, and all unanimously replied that the Fathers should come and live with the Tatas (so the religious Yutas are called), to teach them. And they offered all their land so they could build their houses to suit themselves; adding that they could go over the land, and that there would always be spies where the Comanches entered the land, so that when they should come into the valley or into other parts of the Sierra, the Spaniards would be promptly notified, and they could go out all together to punish them.

Seeing such wonderful gentleness and willingness to receive our proposals, we told them that when our journey was finished we would return with more priests and more Spaniards to remember what they had said, so that afterwards they should not repent of it. They replied that they were firm in all they promised, begging us that we would not delay long in coming. We said to them that although we all be-

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lieved what they said, we desired some token from them that they wished to become Christians, to show to our great Chief and to the rest of the Spaniards, because with such a token the Spaniards would believe more in their good desires, and it would encourage us to return more promptly. We did this in order to better test their good intentions; and they replied that they would give us a token very willingly to-morrow morning.

We then presented the Chief a knife and some glass beads, and Don Bernardo Miera gave him a small hatchet; and for all the rest of the company we gave to each a few glass beads, for there were many of them, and they were all pleased and satisfied. We then reminded them of the promise of the guide, and that they promised that we could take Joaquin, who wished to go with us; they replied that they had talked about it, and had decided that not only Joaquin but also a new guide, would go with us, if we wished, even to our own country, and could return with us when we should return; adding that none of them were very well acquainted with the country in the direction that they knew we had to take, but that with the two, Joaquin and the new guide, we could go, asking our way from the tribes along the route.

This expression of great sincerity, so clear and to the purpose, filled us with great joy, and completely assured us that without the least deceit, and with perfect spontaneity and free will, moved by divine grace, they desired and would accept Christianity. We put before them the same that we had given to Silvestre, in order that they might decide who was to go with us as our guide, and at once one of those standing near took it, and now became our guide and companion, and we gave him the name of José María (Joseph Mary). We now determined to proceed on our journey the following day, for the settlement and port of Monterey.

They told us that there was a sick child whom they wished us to see and to baptize. We went, and found it to be a youth, and almost recovered from a long sickness, and en-

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tirely out of danger, so that we did not find it necessary to give it the water of baptism. The mother afterwards brought it to where we were, and begged us to baptize it, and to comfort her we told her that we would soon return, and then would baptize all, both large and small. Finally we informed them that we had very little food, and if it pleased them to sell us some dried fish. They brought it, and we bought a good amount. All day and part of the night they were coming and talking with us, and they all seemed very simple, gentle, kind and affectionate. Our Silvestre was now looked upon with great respect, and gained some authority among them for having brought us and being so appreciated by us.

25th day of September.

In the morning they returned to us bringing the token that we had asked of them and explained its meaning to us. The day before, when we had asked it of them, we told the interpreter that neither he nor the others should say anything to the Indians about this, so that we could see what they would do of themselves. Showing them the cross of the rosary, he gave them to understand that they should paint it as one of the figures. They took it away, and painted three figures on three crosses; then they brought the token to us, saying that the figure that had the most red color, or as they said, blood, represented the big chief, because in war with the Comanches he had received the most wounds; the other that had less blood, was inferior to the first one; and the one that had no blood was not a warrior, but was of authority among them. These three figures of men were rudely painted with earth and red-ochre, on a small piece of deer skin; we received them, saying that the big chief of the Spaniards would be pleased to see it, and that when we should return we would bring it with us so that they might see how much we valued it, and that it might remind them of their promises, and all that we had done. We told them that if,while we were gone, they had sickness or trouble with their enemies, they should cry out to God saying: True God, help us, protect us; and as they could not articulate these

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words very well, they could simply say Jesus, Mary! Jesus, Mary! They began to repeat this with facility, Silvestre fervently saying it first; and while we were preparing to depart, they did not cease to repeat these sacred names. They bade us all good-by with great affection, and Silvestre especially embraced us, almost crying. They again charged us not to be long in returning, saying that they would expect us within the year.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VALLEY AND LAKE OF OUR LADY OF MERCY OF THE TIMPAGTZIS, OR TIMPANOGOTZIS, OR "FISH EATERS." ALL THESE NAMES THEY GIVE TO THEM.

North of the river of San Buenaventura, as we have shown before, there is a range of mountains that, so far as we could learn, extends from the northeast to the southwest more than seventy leagues, and in width more than forty, and where we crossed it is more than thirty leagues. In the western part of these mountains, in latitude 40° 49′, and in a direction a quarter northwest of north of the town of Santa Fé, is the "Valley of Our Lady of Mercy of the Timpanogotzis," surrounded by the peaks of the Sierra; from which flow four rivers which flow through and water it, until they enter the lake in the middle of it. The plain of the valley extends from southeast to northwest, sixteen Spanish leagues* (such as are used in this diary), and from northeast to southwest ten or twelve leagues; it is all clean land, and with the exception of the marshy places along the shores of the lake, very good for planting. From the four rivers that water it the first flows from the south, and is the Aguas Calientes, in whose broad plains is sufficient cultivable land for two large villages. The second following the first, three leagues to the north, and with more water than the first, could maintain one large and two small villages. This river, before entering into the lake, is divided into two branches, on whose banks are poplars and large aldertrees. We named this river the San Nicholas. Three leagues and a half from this to the northwest is a river which runs through large plains of good land for plant-

* The old Spanish league is equal to 2.41 U. S. miles.

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ing. It has more water than the two preceding ones; it has larger groves and plenty of good land if irrigated, for two and even three large villages. We were near this river the 24th and the 25th, and we named it the Rio de San Antonio de Padua (Saint Anthony of Padua). To the fourth river we did not go, although we saw its groves. It is to the northwest of San Antonio, and as we saw it, has on each side of it much level ground. They told us that it had as much water as the others, and so I am satisfied we could establish there some ranches and towns. We named it the river of Santa Ana.

Aside from these rivers, there are in the plain many pools of goodwater,and several fountains which flow down from the mountains. From what we have just said about the settlements, let it be understood that we wish to give to each one more land than he really needs, but if each settlement took only one league for cultivation, there would be room in the valley for as many villages of Indians as there are in New Mexico; because, although in the northerly direction we gave to it the above dimensions (though it has more), on the south it also has large spaces of good ground. There is everywhere good and abundant pasturage, and in some parts flax and hemp grow in such abundance that it seems to have been planted.

The climate here is good, and having suffered so much from cold since leaving the river of San Buenaventura, we found this valley very comfortable both day and night. Aside from all these advantages, in the range that surrounds the valley there is plenty of wood and timber, plenty of shelter, water and grass, to raise herds of cattle and horses; that is, in the northern, northeast, east and southeastern parts. In the south and southwest it has two other extended valleys, also with abundant grass and sufficient water. To one of these extends the lake. It (the lake) is six leagues wide and fifteen leagues long; it extends to the northwest, and, as we are told, is connected by a river with a larger lake. This lake of the Timpanogotzis abounds in many kinds of good

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fish, and in geese and other water-fowl that we had not time to see.

The Indians of whom we have spoken, live in the neighborhood, and subsist upon the abundant fish of the lake, for which reason the Yutas and the Sabueganas called them the Fish-eaters. They also gather seeds and herbs, and from them make atole (a kind of gruel); they also hunt wild hares, rabbits and fowls, which are very abundant here. There are also buffaloes, not very far away, to the north-northwest, but fear of the Comanches hinder these Indians from hunting them. Their dwelling places are huts of cane, of which they also make curious baskets and other useful articles. They are very poorly clothed; the most decent garment they wear is a jacket of buckskin and moccasins and leggings of the same. For cold weather they have blankets made of rabbit skins; they use the Yuta language, but with a great many changes and accents, and even some foreign words. They are good-looking, and most of them without any beard. In all parts of these mountains, south-southwest, the west and the southeast, there live a great many of the same people as the Lagunas, with the same language, and gentleness, among whom might be formed a province of many large settlements. The names of the chiefs that are in the "token" spoken of above, are in their own language, the Big Chief being Turuñianchi; the second, Cuitzapununchi; of the third, which is our Silvestre, Panchucumquibiran (which means spokesman), who is not a chief, but is a brother of the Big Chief, Pichuchi.

The other lake that joins this one, occupies, as we are told, many leagues, and its waters are very harmful and very salty; the Timpanois assured us that anyone who moistened any part of the body with it would at once feel the part bathed greatly inflamed. They told us that near the lake there lived a tribe very numerous and very quiet, who were called Puaguampes, which in our tongue means sorcerers; they speak the language of the Comanches; they live on herbs, and drink from the many fountains that are near the lake,

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and their houses are of dry grass and earth. They are not enemies of the Lagunas, as some have said, but since a certain occasion when they killed a man, they have not been so neutral as before. On this occasion they entered by the last pass in the Sierra Blanca de los Timpanosis by a quarter north to the northwest, and by this same pass they say the Comanches enter, but not very frequently.

Los Timpanogotzis are so called because of the lake, on which they live, which is called Timpanogo, the name being peculiar to this lake because the ordinary name which they give to any lake is Pagarori. It is six leagues wide and fifteen long, to the narrow pass and drains into the other lake.

26th day of September.

About one o'clock on the afternoon, we left the settlements we have spoken of and the river of San Antonio, where we had gone, and traveled three and a half leagues, stopping at night on the bank of the river San Nicholás.

26th day of September.

We left the river San Nicholas with the two Lagunas, José María and Joaquin, and arriving at the Aguas Calientes river we crossed it, and traveled two leagues to the south; here we halted in a plain and near a stream of good water, which we called the Arroyo de San Andrés (the Creek of Saint Andrew). It seems to have water continually and so appears to be a small river rather than a stream or creek. On its banks are middling large trees, and in the branches many small animals breed, as unknown to us as the trees themselves.

Today, two leagues.

27 ~~26~~th day of September.

Leaving the Creek of Saint Andrew, going south, a league over the plain, we crossed another small river which flows over the surface of the ground, making it very good for planting. We continued to the south over the same plain a league and a half. We passed the northern opening of it to the east, which we named the Puerto de San Pedro (the Pass of Saint Peter) and entered into another long valley towards

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the east, and near salt-pits that the Timpanois use; we named it the Valle de las Salinas (the Valley of the Salt-Pits), which is one of the upper ones already spoken of, and extends from the north to the south fourteen leagues, and from east to west five leagues. It is all level ground, with plenty of water and grass, though only a small river runs through it. Here many fowls breed, of the same kind as those of which we have already spoken in this diary.

We went another four leagues over the plain of the valley, and halted at a fountain of good water, which we called El Ojo de San Pablo (the Fountain of Saint Paul). As soon as we had halted, José María and Joaquin brought in five Indians from the nearby settlements; we gave them something to eat and to smoke, and we offered to them the same things we gave to the others. We found them as kind and gentle as the lake Indians, showing much pleasure when they heard that priests and Spaniards were coming to live with them. They remained with us until near midnight. Today, six leagues and a half.

28th day of September.

We left the Fountain of Saint Paul, and went four leagues to the south to a small river that flows to the eastern part of the Sierra, in which, they say, are the Salt-Pits. We rested here a short time in the shade of the poplars, for the heat was very great; we had hardly seated ourselves, when from behind some thick cane brush we saw coming towards us in great fear eight Indians, the most naked of any we had yet seen, with only a piece of deer skin around their loins. We talked to them, and they answered back, but without in the least understanding us. The two Lagunas and the guide who went on ahead had given us to understand by signs that they were friendly and very gentle. We continued to the south, and going three leagues, a half league to the south and another half to the southeast, we stopped again in the valley near to a fountain that we named San Bernardino.

Today, eight leagues, nearly direct south.

29th day of September.

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Leaving San Bernardino and going to the south-southwest, we met six Indians, and talked a long time with them, and by means of the two Lagunas and the interpreter, we preached to them, and they listened with great attention. Going two leagues and a half, we went in a southwest direction, now leaving the Salt-Pits that still extended to the south. Here we met an old Indian of venerable aspect, living in a little hut all alone, his beard so long and matted that he resembled one of the Hermits of Europe. He told us of a river near by and of the ground over which we would have to travel. We went to the southwest half a league, going to the west-northwest through mountain passes, and over arid rising plains, a league and a half, and came to a river without discovering it until we had reached its bank; we stopped in a plain of good pasturage, which we named Santa Isabel. We took observations by the north star, and found ourselves in 39° 4′ latitude.

Today, four leagues. Sevier R.

Soon after we had halted, four Indians came from the other bank of the river. We invited them to approach, and all the afternoon they were with us. They gave us information of the land which they knew, and of the stream by which we had to go on the following day. This river, according to the name the Indians gave to it, appeared to be the San Buenaventura, but we doubted it, because here it contained but little water, less than where we crossed it in 41° 19′ latitude, so that after it unites with the San Clemente, the San Cosme and the San Damian and other small rivers, it carried less water. More than this, it seems to be the same as the one that Silvestre told us of, when we were in this same latitude, which flows through his country, and as he had told us other things about the mountains, rivers and lakes, that we found to be as he had said, which included this one, that flows by Santa Mónica, we think it is the same stream.

30th day of September.

Very early there came to the camp twenty Indians, accompanied by those that came in the afternoon of yesterday,

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all wrapped in blankets made of rabbit and hare skins. They conversed with us very pleasantly until nine o'clock in the morning, as gentle and as affable as the others had been. These had a much shorter beard than the Lagunas, and their noses were pierced; through the hole in the nose was carried a small polished bone of the deer, hen or other animal. In features they resembled the Spaniards more than all the other Indians now known in America, and from whom they differ in appearance. They use the language of the Timpanogotzis.

From this river and place of Santa Isabel these Indians begin to wear heavy beards, which give them the appearance of Spaniards, who, they say, live on the other bank of the Tiron river, which, according to general report, is the large river that is made up of the Dolores and the rivers that unite with the Navajó. At nine o'clock we left Santa Isabel, crossing the river, and by a plain of burnt woodland, very difficult for the animals, we went three leagues and a half to the south. We entered a small cañon of good land, and at a short distance farther on came to a land of abundant pasturage, but without water, and traveled over it a league and a half, to the south; here behind some low hills we found a fountain of water, which we called el Ojo de Cisneros (the fountain of Cisneros), near which are two small trees that mark it.

Today, five leagues to the south.

1st day of October.

We left the Fountain of Cisneros, and went back a half league to the north. We again took to the south, and went a quarter of a league through a glen in some places very stony, and going up it a mile we reached the Sierra (that from the Valley of the Salt Pits continues to the south); we went a quarter of a league to the southwest, and discovered an extended plain surrounded by a mountain range, from which we had been told the river Santa Isabel descended to the valley. Going over this plain, we continued to the west, and descending a mountain pass, we turned to the west-northwest, over low, stony hills, and two leagues farther on we entered a

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woodland burnt over. Along the bank of a dry stream, without even a footpath, we went three leagues to the west; leaving the stream, and going two leagues west, a quarter to the north, we came to level ground. As we thought we saw a marsh or lake, we took a short cut and found that what we believed to be water was mostly salt, saltpetre, and tequesquite.* We continued to the west, a quarter to the south, by the plain, passing sandpits, and went more than six leagues, but we could not proceed farther. We halted without having found either water or grass for the animals. There was some poor grass where we stopped, but in all the rest of the plain that we had crossed there was neither good nor bad pasturage of any kind.

Today, fourteen leagues.

Two of our companions had gone ahead looking for water, and they said that a league farther on from this place water could be found. With this information we decided that as soon as the moon shone, we would take the animals, a few at a time, to drink and to bring water for the company. We did not find the water, so leaving two men with the animals, three others went to look for it in the direction in which they said the river Santa Isabel flowed.

2d day of October.

We awoke very early, not knowing where the three were who went to look for water, nor did we hear anything of the horses; one of those who had remained with the horses, came at six o'clock without being able to give any account of them, of his companion, nor of the other three, because he and his companion had gone to sleep. The horses strayed away looking for water, each one of them in a different direction; Don Pedro Cisneros went at once on a bare-backed horse to hunt them up, and found them seven leagues behind,

* Tequesquite is the modern Mexican name for alkali, called by Hernandez nitrum mexicanum, and derived from the Nahuatl tequixquitl, which is described as "impure natron which effloresces on the surface of the soil and of which the principal components are the sesquicarbonate of soda and the chloride of sodium." This product, of which the ancient Mexicans made great use, is still frequently used at present. The natives recognize four kinds: espumilla, confitillo, cascarilla and polvillo.

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in the half of the preceding day's journey, and returned with them about midday. A short time after, the men who had gone to look for water, returned, bringing with them some Indians, whose villages are on the banks of the river Santa Isabel, and to which our men had gone. They were the Indians with beards and pierced noses, and in their language are called Tirangapui. There were five of them, including their chief, and their beards were so long and thick that they looked like Capuchin priests or monks. The chief was of mature age, though not old, and very fine appearing. They seemed very happy when talking to us, and in a very short time we gained their good will. The chief, knowing that one of our number was still missing, sent his four Indians at once to look for him, and to conduct him to where we were; each one was to take a different direction. This was a kindness worthy of our utmost gratitude, and unlooked for by us from a people so savage; and who had never before seen any one like us. The chief soon saw the missing one coming, and very joyfully gave us the news. We preached the Gospel to them as well as we could, with the aid of the interpreter.

We explained to them the unity of God, punishment for sin, reward given to the good, the necessity of Holy Baptism, and also the knowledge and observance of the Divine Law. Being so occupied, we did not see three others that came toward us, and the chief told us that they were of his people also, and asked us to continue our conversation longer, so that they, too, might hear what we had to tell them for their good, or well-being. He told them, when they arrived, that we were priests, and that we were teaching them what they had to do to get to heaven, and so they should be very attentive. What he told them had a great effect upon them, and while we could understand only one or two words of the Yuta tongue, yet we knew what they were saying by their actions even before the interpreter translated the words. We told them that if they wished to follow the good way we had shown them, that we would return to them with other priests, so that they could be instructed like the Lagunas, who were

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now waiting to become Christians; but in that case they would have to live all together, and not so scattered as they now were. They all replied with much pleasure that we should return with the other priests, that they would do all that we taught them and commanded them to do, the chief adding that, if we wished and thought it would be more convenient, they would go and live with the Lagunas (which we had already proposed to them).

We bade good-by to them all, especially to the chief, and they took our hand with great tenderness and affection. We had only just left them, when they all, following the example of their chief, began to jump up and to cry and shed tears, and even when we were a long way off we could still hear them lamenting; poor lambs of Christ, wandering about for want of the light. They so moved us to compassion that some of our companions could not restrain their tears.

In this place, which we called the Salt Plain, we found white and delicate shells, from which we concluded the plain was at one time a lake larger than any other we had seen. We took the latitude and found we were in 39° 34′ 36″. This observation we took by the sun, almost in the middle of the plain, that from north to south is a little more than thirty leagues, and from east to west about fourteen. In most parts the grazing is very poor, and although two rivers empty into it—the Santa Isabel on the north and another smaller one on the east, whose waters are very brackish—we saw no good location for a settlement. In the afternoon we continued our journey, in a south-southeast direction, because the marshes and lakes would not permit us to go south, which was the direct road to where we should leave the plain; and going three leagues we stopped near a small mountain, from which we named the place, which had marshes of much pasturage, but of salty water, el Cerrillo (the Little Mountain).

Today, three leagues to south-southeast.

3d day of October.

Leaving the Little Mountain, we made many turns, because we were surrounded by marshes. We decided to cut across the river of the east, that seemed to exhaust itself

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in the marshes and lakes of the plain, and which contained an abundance of fish. The bed of the river was very miry, and the animal on which the interpreter Andres was riding fell into a marsh, and was got out only by giving him a hard blow on the head. We went along with much trouble, and traveled six leagues to the south and a quarter to the west, over level ground, and arrived at a stream which seemed to have considerable water, but we found only a few pools, in which the animals drank with difficulty. Notwithstanding this, we halted here, for there was good pasturage. The ravine had in all parts a kind of white soil, dry and thin, that from a distance looked like cloth spread out, from which we named it Arroyo del Tejedor (the Stream of the Weaver). Today, six leagues south, and a quarter to the west.

4th day of October.

Leaving the Weaver, we ascended in a southerly direction, and after a quarter of a league we descended a little to the south-southwest, and going a little less than five leagues, we arrived at the southern exit of the salt-plain, and here we found, in the same stream, more water and much better than yesterday, and also beautiful meadows of abundant and good grass for the animals, which were very tired, for the brackish water had affected them. We halted here, and named the place las Vegas del Puerto (the Meadow of the Gateway).

Today, five leagues.

5th day of October.

We left the Vegas del Puerto going south along the bank of the same stream, and traveling two leagues, declining then three leagues to the southwest, we halted in another valley of the stream, naming it San Atenógenes. Today, five leagues.

This morning before we left the Vegas del Puerto, the Laguna, José María, left us without saying good-by. We saw him leave the camp, but did not say anything to him, nor follow to bring him back, because we wished him to have entire liberty. We did not know what motive he had in doing this, although, as the interpreter told us afterwards, he had become discouraged, seeing that we were so far from his

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country, but doubtless it was something that happened the night before. It was this: Don Juan Pedro Cisneros, called to his boy, Simon Lucero, to come with him and the others to recite the rosary, and he not coming, the father reproved him for his laziness and lack of devotion; while Don Juan was reprimanding him the boy attacked him, and they grappled arm to arm. As soon as we heard the disturbance from where we were reciting the Matins of the day following, we put a stop to it, although not soon enough, to calm the frightened José María, for we tried to impress upon him that Don Juan was not angry, and even though a father should reprimand a son as had now happened, that he would never wish to kill him, as he thought, and so he had no cause for fear. Nevertheless, he left us, giving us no notice, and we were now without any one who knew the country through which we had to travel. We were very sorry for this incident, because we wished him to participate in the good which we could not now extend to him.

As soon as we had halted, two of our number went to examine the western part of the Sierra and a valley that was in it, to see if it was passable, and if it showed any appearance of having water and grass for the horses.

When it was very late they returned, saying they had not found any opening by which we could cross the mountains; that they were very high and rocky in this direction; and in front of it was an extended plain, with neither grass nor water. Now we could not continue in this direction, which was the best for us to arrive at Monterey, and so we decided to continue south until we had crossed the mountain range by an extended valley that began from this place of San Atenógenes, and which we called el Valle de Nuestra Señora de Luz (the Valley of Our Lady of Light). We continued along the stream del Tejedor, with sufficient good water, and plains with abundant pasturage, which in the valley we left were very scarce. During the past few days there had been a strong, cold wind blowing from the south, which resulted in a heavy snow storm, so thick that not only the tops of the mountains

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were covered, but also the low-lands were buried in snow during the night.

6th day of October.

It was still snowing at daybreak, and continued to snow all day, so that we could not resume our journey. The night came on, and seeing conditions were no better, we implored the intercession of our Mother and Patron, reciting in chorus the three parts of the rosary, singing the litanies. It pleased God that at nine o'clock at night the snow, hail and rain ceased.

7th day of October.

Neither could we leave San Atenógenes today. We were at a great inconvenience and suffered much from the extreme cold, being without wood; with so much snow and water, the ground here is very soft and almost impassable.

8th day of October.

We left San Atenógenes by the plain going south, and with great difficulty went only three leagues and a half, because the ground was so soft and marshy, that many of the pack and saddle horses, and even those that were unloaded, either fell or sunk in the mud. We halted about a mile to the west of the stream, naming the place Santa Brigida (Saint Bridget), in which we found we were in 38 degrees, 3 minutes and 30 seconds latitude. Today three leagues and a half to the south.

Today we suffered much with the cold, because a "norther" had been blowing all day; from here we still intended to go to the presidio and new settlements of Monterey, but they were still very distant; although we had gone only 1 degree, 23½ minutes from the halt at Santa Brigida, we had not advanced to the west, according to our computation, more than one hundred and six leagues and a half; but according to our own judgment, since we had not had any news from the Indians about the Spaniards and priests of Monterey, and on account of the difference of longitude which on the maps mark that port and the city of Santa Fé, we had yet many more leagues to go to the west.

The winter had now set in with great rigor, and all the

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mountain ranges that we could see were covered with snow; the weather was very changeable, and long before we could reach them (in Monterey) the mountain passes would be closed up, and we would be obliged to remain two or three months on some mountain, where there were no people and where we would not be able to provide necessary food. The provisions we had brought were now nearly exhausted, and if we continued to go on we would be liable to perish with hunger if not with cold.

We also considered, that even though we should arrive in Monterey this winter, we could not get back to the city of Santa Fé before the month of June of the next year, which delay, together with the regular and necessary ones of an undertaking so interesting, as the one we were following, would be very prejudicial to the souls of the Indians to whom we promised to return and who sought their eternal welfare by means of holy baptism. Seeing so much delay in the fulfillment of our promises to them, they would lose hope and would consider that we had intended to deceive them, which would make their conversion much more difficult in the future, and also affect the extension of the kingdom of His Majesty in these parts; to this would be added the difficulties of the return of the frightened Laguna José, who had left us and had returned to his country, making it almost impossible to obtain guides; considering all this, and also that by going to the south of Santa Brigida, we might be able to discover a shorter and better road than that of the Sabuaganas, to go from Santa Fé to the lake of the Timpanois, and to the country of the bearded Indians, and perhaps to some other people still unknown to us or to those who might live on the northern bank of the Rio Grande, considering all this, we decided to go to the south, when the weather would permit, as far as the Colorado River, and from there direct our course toward Cosnina, Moqui and Zuñi.

New Route, and the Beginning of Our Return From 38 Degrees, 3 Minutes and 30 Seconds Latitude.

9th day of October.

We left Santa Brigida, going south six leagues with less

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difficulty than yesterday, the ground being harder and less muddy; we halted near the junction of the valley and the plain of Nuestra Señora de la Luz, from which point it is wider, and toward the southwest. We called this halting place San Rústico, and although the stream of water and the grass for pasturage were not very near, we found everything very comfortable; the water being from the rain, and not perennial.

Today, six leagues to the south.

10th day of October.

We left San Rustico going south one league, and three leagues to the south-southwest. We came to a small rise of ground, in the middle of the plain, where we surveyed with the eye the extent of the plain and valley of "The Light." We ascended the hill, and we saw that from here to the southwest it extended more than 35 or 40 leagues, and we could scarcely see the mountains where it ended, they being, as we afterwards discovered, very high. We also saw three large pools of hot and very sulphurous water on the eastern side of the plain, on the lower edge of which are small patches of land full of saltpetre. We continued along the plain and going two leagues to the south, we halted, fearing that farther on we would not find water for the night; here we had plenty of good, melted snow, forming a small lake, also good grass; we named the place San Eleuterio.

Today, six leagues.

To this place the bearded Yutas come from the south, and this seems to be the terminus of their land.

11th day of October.

We left San Eleuterio, going south, a quarter to the east, and let our companions go on before us so that we could confer together as to the most expedient means for us to adopt to dispel from the minds of our companions, especially from Don Bernardo Miera, Don Joaquin Lain, and the interpreter Andrés Muñiz, the disgust which they felt on account of our abandoning the route to Monterey to follow this one, that we now understood to be expedient, and according to

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the Holy will of God, for Whom only we desired to journey, for Whom we were willing to suffer, and if necessary, even to die. We had told them the motives of our new decision in Santa Brigida, and in place of submitting to our proposals, they directed their thoughts against us, and continued to be displeased; all this was very painful and almost insufferable. They had no other topic of conversation than the fruitlessness of such a prolonged journey; because there had not yet been discovered any great country, as they said, nor a people so well disposed as to be easily added to the vineyard of the Lord or to the dominion of His Majesty, whom God preserve. They said we had not become acquainted with any extended provinces before unknown, and finally that we had not secured one single soul to the fold of the Church, the obtaining of which is the greatest reward, and worthy of the most extended journey, and of the greatest efforts and fatigue.

But they would not listen to our arguments, because Don Bernardo had entertained without any encouragement on our part, great hopes of obtaining honor and reward on our arrival at Monterey; and he told these hopes to the others, building lofty air-castles, and assuring them that we deprived them all of these imaginary benefits, so that even the servants caused us anxiety. A little time before this, Don Bernardo said that we had advanced but little towards the west, and that, there was much country to cross before reaching Monterey; and now even the servants asserted that if we had gone on within eight days we would have arrived at Monterey. Before we left the village of Santa Fé, we had said to all and to each one of our companions, that in this journey we had no other object in view, than that which God gave us, and that we were not stimulated by the hope of any temporal benefit; and that whoever among them had for his purpose the trading with the unbelievers, or following his own particular interests, without considering the only object of this enterprise, which was and is to the greater honor and glory of God and the extension of the faith, it would be better for him not to accompany us.

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Many times on the way we had admonished them that they should change some of their ways, because if not we would suffer difficulties and disappointments, and we would not accomplish all that we had desired. In part they had seen this come true, when they had not closed their eyes to the truth, not being able to attribute it to circumstances. We were more and more troubled every day, and it discouraged us very much to see that instead of things concerning heaven, those of the world were sought for first and principally. In order to make them understand more clearly that it was not from fear, nor by our own determined will that we had changed our course, we resolved to free ourselves of these charges. Having implored the Divine forbearance, and the intercession of our patron saints, we would endeavor to find out the will of God by casting lots, one for Monterey, and the other for Cosnina, and we would follow the road that should be determined by lot. We overtook our companions, and had them dismount from their horses; now being all together, Father Francisco Atanasio put before them all the difficulties and inconveniences we would have to suffer if we continued toward Monterey, and what we would gain by the return to Cosnina; and finally the misfortunes and losses we would have suffered before this, if God had not carried out His own plans. He reminded them of all the hardships they would have to endure by continuing toward Monterey, and especially he reminded them of the desertion of the guide, the Laguna José.

He assured them also that if the lot was cast for Monterey, we would have no other guide than Don Bernardo Miera, as he considered it so near. He then made them a short exhortation, advising them to put aside all kind of evil passions, to submit themselves entirely to God, and ask of Him with firm hope and living faith, that He declare to us His will. They all agreed like Christians, and with fervent devotion recited the third part of the rosary, while we recited the Penitential Psalms with the litanies and the other prayers which follow. Concluding our prayers, we cast lots, and

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it came out in favor of Cosnina. We all accepted this, thanks be to God, willingly and joyfully.

We now proceeded, shortening the way as much as possible. We went from San Eleuterio ten leagues; two to the south, four to the east, three to the south-southeast (now leaving the plain of Our Lady of Light), a quarter to the southeast, one and a quarter to the south-southeast, three and a half to the southeast, over good ground; and, after crossing a mountain of pine-nut and juniper trees by a long cañon full of good grass, and afterward over hillocks of abundant grass, we descended into a beautiful valley and halted for the night by a little river on one of its banks, where there was an abundance of pasturage. We named it the Val le Rio de Señor San José (The Valley and River of Saint Joseph).

Today, ten leagues.

We took observations by the north star and found ourselves in latitude 37 degrees, 33 minutes.

Continuation of the Route and Diary From 37 Degrees, 33 Minutes Latitude, by the Small River of San José, and by the Way of the Rivers Colorado and Cosnina.

12th day of October.

We left the small river of San José, in which there were many deep miry places, crossing a large moor with good water and grass in it, through the middle of which ran a stream of water like a ditch. Having passed it to the northwest, we went directly south along the western edge of the slope of the plain, and going over a poor road four leagues and a half, we saw our companions who had gone some distance ahead of us, quickly leave the road; we hastened on to know the reason, and when we reached them they were already talking with an Indian woman whom they had stopped, as she was running away with others that were gathering seeds and herbs on the plain; there were about twenty of them. We were sorry to see them so frightened, that they could not talk, and we tried to dispel their fears by means of the interpreter and of the Laguna Joaquin.

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As soon as they had somewhat recovered, they told us that in this vicinity, there were many of their people, and that they had heard them say that towards the south the people wore blue clothes, and that the Rio Grande river was not far from here. We could not get from them clearly what nation wore the blue garments or clothes, nor could we form any opinion of what nation they spoke, from what they told us, for we knew that the Payuchis wore only a red dress. It soon occurred to us that the Cosninas buy blue woollen garments in Moqui, and so we judged that it was of these they spoke, from which fact we inferred, that we were near the Colorado river and Cosnina. These Indian women were poorly dressed, and wore only a piece of deerskin hanging from the waist, which hardly covered what one could not see without danger. We took leave of them, asking them to tell their people that we came in peace, that we would injure none of them, and that we loved them all, and that the men who were able should come to where we were going to sleep, without imagining any evil would befall them.

We proceeded by the plain and valley of San José, and went another three leagues to the south, seeing other Indian women who fled from us. We sent the interpreter with Joaquin and another companion to try to bring one of them to where we were to halt nearby, in order to inquire of them if the Rio Grande was as near as the other Indian women had assured us it was, and to see if some of them did not wish to accompany us in the capacity of guides as far as Cosnina. They ran with such swiftness that our men could hardly overtake even one; Don Joaquin Lain brought an Indian man with him behind him on his horse to where we had already halted. We continued another half league to the south, near to a small river which we named Rio de Nuestra Señora a la Pilar de Zaragosa (River of Our Lady of the Pillar of Zaragosa), where there was, as in all the rest of the valley, abundant and good pasturage.

Today, eight leagues to the south.

This Indianwhom our companion brought to the camp was

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so excited and so terrified that he seemed almost insane. He looked everywhere and at everybody, and our every action or movement frightened him exceedingly, and to escape what he feared, he gave great attention when we spoke to him; but he answered so promptly, that he seemed rather to guess at the questions than to understand them. We quieted him a little by giving him something to eat and a ribbon that we ourselves put on him. He brought a large hemp net that he said they used to catch hares and rabbits. When we asked him where these nets came from, he replied from other Indians that lived below the great river, from which place we afterwards found they brought the colored shells; and according to the direction and the distance at which he placed them, they appeared to be the Cocomaricopas.

With regard to the distance to the Rio Grande, and the blue clothes, he told us the same as the Indian women had, adding that some colored wool which he now had, he purchased, this summer, from those who brought the blue clothes, and who had crossed the river. We asked him in many ways about the Cosninas, but he gave us no information about them, either because his people give them another name, or because he thought that if he acknowledged that he knew them, we would take him by force to conduct us to them; or really because he did not know them. We asked him if he had heard any one say that to the west or to the northwest (pointing in the direction) there were Fathers or Spaniards, and he replied no; that although there were many people who lived in that direction, they were all of his language and Indians like himself. We showed him a grain of corn, and he said that he had seen how they cultivated it, and that on a ranch that we would come to some other day, they had a little of this seed that they brought from where it was sown. We tried diligently to have him tell us what people they were who had sowed the corn, and of other things of which he had but a confused knowledge; we could learn from him only, that these people lived on this side of the Rio Grande. All

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night he was with us of his own accord, and promised to take us to the ranch.

13th day of October.

We left the little river and halting place of Our Lady of the Pillar, going south, accompanied by the Indian, to whom we had promised, if he would guide us to where the others were, a knife. We went two leagues and a half to the south, and arrived at the ranch spoken of above, that was his. On it were an old Indian, a boy, several children, and three women, all good-looking. They had some very good nuts, dates, and some small bags of corn. We talked with the old Indian a long time, but he told us only what we had already heard. We gave to him who had conducted us here the promised knife, and we proposed to them, that if one of the three would accompany us to those who sowed the corn, we would pay him well.

By the answer we knew that they did not trust us, and that they were very much afraid of us; but at the suggestion of some of the company, we put before them a knife and some glass beads. The old Indian quickly took them and, impelled by his suspicions, offered to guide us, in order to get us away from here, as we afterwards found out; and also to give his family time to save themselves by taking refuge in the mountains nearby. The old Indian and the younger one who had passed the preceding night with us, continued to accompany us. We went one league and a half to the south, and descended to the small river of the Pillar, that here has a leafy grove; we crossed it, now leaving the valley of San José, and came upon a mountain ridge that lies in the Sierras in the form of a harbor. In the roughest part of this mountain our two guides left us, and we never saw them again. We praised their foresight in bringing us to a place so well adapted to their safe and free flight, as they thought, a design, which we had suspected by the manner in which they consented to guide us, and by their great fear of us. We proceeded now without a guide, traveling with great difficulty because of the stones, a league to the south, and descending

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the second time to the River of the Pillar, where we halted in a beautiful grove on its bank, naming the place San Daniel.

Today, five leagues to the south.

The valley of San José, through which we had passed, lies for the most part to the north, in 37 degrees, 33 minutes of latitude, and from north to south it is about twelve leagues long, and from east to west in parts more than three leagues wide, in some parts two, and in others only one, or less. It contains an abundance of very good pasturage; it has large plains and a few marshes, and has land sufficient for a village and for crops; for although it has no water for irrigation, except from the two small rivers of San José and the Pillar, the great humidity of the soil would overcome this objection.

It is so humid in every part of the valley, that not only the rising ground and low portions, but also the high parts, have grass as green and fresh, as the most fertile plains of the river during the months of June and July. There is near by a very great abundance of woodland, timber, spruce and pine, a good place to pasture herds of large and small cattle. The Indians who live in this vicinity to the west, north and east, call it in their tongue, Huascari; they are scantily dressed, subsist on seeds and herbs, hares, pine-nuts in season, and on dates. They plant corn, but, from appearances, gather but little. They are extremely timid, and different from the Lagunas and the bearded Indians.

14th day of October.

We left San Daniel, going south and a quarter to the west by the western bank of the river. We turned a little away from it, going two leagues over plains of white sand very dazzling, and very rocky in parts.

We passed two fountains full of good water that empty into the river. We declined to the south over stones of Malpais (which is like the dross of metal, though heavier), now over sandy ground and now by sandbanks, and went another two leagues, descending for the third time to the river, and, crossing, halted on its bank where there was good pasture,

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naming it San Hugolino. The climate is mild here, because although we felt much heat yesterday, last night and to-day on the banks of the river it was still green, the roses and flowers were so brilliant and so fresh, that we knew there had been no frost and not much cold here. We saw also mezquite brush, which does not grow in cold lands.

Today, four leagues to the south.

We left San Hugolino by the western bank of the river and by the sides of some rising slopes near by, going two leagues and a half to the south-southeast, returning to the bank and middle of the river. Here we found a well-made basket filled with ears of corn and husks. Near to this place was a small field and on the bank of the river were three small gardens, with their ditches for irrigating; the cribs of corn that had been gathered this year, were still in good condition. This gave us great satisfaction, not only for the hope we had of being able to replenish our stock of provisions, but principally because it indicated the care with which these people had cultivated the land, making it easier to civilize them, and to turn them to the Faith when the Most High should will it, because now we knew what it cost to teach these truths to other Indians, and how difficult it was to overcome their aversion to labor, which is necessary in order to live in communities and towns. From here we went down the river, and on the banks of either side were large settlements peopled, as we supposed, by these Indians, who planted the corn and squashes, and who, in their own language, are called Parrusi.

We continued down the river in a southerly direction, and went half a league. Declining to the southwest, we left the river, but a deep gully without a path obliged us to return more than a quarter of a league toward the river, which here flows to the southwest; two other small rivers enter into it at this point, one coming from the north-northeast and the other from the east. This one for the most part, contains hot, sulphurous water, for which reason we called it Rio Sulfúreo (Sulphur River).

Here there is a grove of large black poplar trees, some

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willows and wild grape vines. On the tract over which we went there are ash pits, veins of ore, and other indications of minerals. We crossed the river of the Pillar and the Sulphur river near to where they unite, and, going in a southerly direction, we ascended a low table-land, between steep rocks of black shining stone. Ascending this we came to good open land, crossed a narrow plain, that to the east has a range of very high table-lands, and to the west plains of burnt woodland, and red sand. On this plain we could have gone by the sides of the table-lands, and finished our journey on good, level ground; but those that went ahead changed the direction in order to follow a fresh Indian trail, and so took us over the low hills of red sand, which greatly tired the horses. We proceeded three leagues to the southwest (having traveled over these same plains and table-lands before, two leagues to the south).

We descended now to the south two leagues, and came to a place overlooking a small valley surrounded by hills; on one of these hills we now found ourselves and unable to descend to the valley. There was neither water nor pasturage here for the animals, which could not now go farther. We succeeded in going down by a slope, which was rocky and full of stones. We went three-quarters of a league to the south, and halted by a stream where we found large pools of good water, and plenty of grass for the animals. We named the place the Arroyo del Taray (The Tamarind Stream), because of the trees growing there.

Today, ten leagues, which, in a direct course, would be seven south and a quarter to the west. We took observations by the north star, and found ourselves in 36 degrees, 52 minutes, and 30 seconds of latitude. In this plain or little valley, there are more tamarind trees; the branches of which are much used for medicine in New Mexico. To-night all of our provisions are entirely gone, leaving us only two tablets of chocolate for to-morrow morning.

16th day of October.

We left the Arroyo with the intention of going south to-

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wards the Colorado river; but having gone only a little way we heard some people calling to us, and turning to see where the sound came from, we saw eight Indians on the tops of the hills where we had halted, and which we had just left, which are in the middle of a plain full of chalk and a kind of mica.

We returned by these plains, giving directions that the interpreter should follow us, as he had gone on ahead. We came to the foot of the mountains, and we gave them to understand that they should come down without fear, because we came in peace and were friends. With this assurance they came down, showing us some strings of chalchihuite,* each one with a colored shell, which set us thinking, because the strings of chalchihuite looked to us like rosaries, and the shells like medals of the saints. We remained with them a short time; they spoke the Yuta tongue so differently from the other Yutas, that neither the interpreter, nor the Laguna Joaquin, could make them understand, or could understand much of what they said. Nevertheless, by signs and because in some sentences they spoke Yuta more like the Lagunas, we understood that they were Parusis (except one who spoke more Arabic than Yuta, whom we judged to be a Jamajaba). These were they who cultivated the land on the banks of the river Pillar, and lived below the river on large tracts. We took them to be Cosninas, but afterwards found they were not. They offered their chalchihuites in trade, but we told them that we had nothing, but if they wished to come with us to where our countrymen were, then we would give them what they asked, and would talk with them longer. They all came much pleased, but with fear. We now talked with them more than two hours and a half or three. They told us that we would arrive at the Rio Grande in two days; but that we could not go by the way we had wished, because it had no watering place, nor would we be able to cross the river, for the banks were very high, the river very deep, and the sides were rocky and dangerous, and finally that from here to the river the travel-

* A small shell brought inland from the coast by the Indians and worn as an ornament.

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ing was very bad. We presented them with two knives, and to each one string of beads. Then we proposed to them that if any one of them cared to guide us to the river, we would pay him. They replied that one of them would show us the way to the cañon which was in the land to the east of the plain, and from that point we could go alone; because they were barefooted and could not well travel.

We did not want to leave the south road that led to the river, notwithstanding what they said, because we suspected that the Moquis entertained hard feelings towards the Cosninas, on account of having guided Father Garcés, and they were suspicious that they would direct other priests and Spaniards into the Moqui towns, which they had attempted, with threats to prevent, and having heard of this, these Indians now tried to turn us aside so that we might not reach the Cosninas nor their neighbors, the Jamajabas. Yet because of the urging on the part of all our companions, to whom we did not wish for the present to declare our suspicions, we consented to take the route of the cañon.

We offered to these Indians soles made of trunk-leather to make sandals if they would give us a guide. They said they would accompany us until they had put us on a straight, good road. We entered with them into the cañon I have mentioned, and traveled for a league and a half, the journey being made with great difficulty and with much slipping back of the horses, on account of the sharp, flinty stones and the many dangerous spots over which we were compelled to climb. We came to one place where the passage was so narrow that it required more than half an hour to get the first three horses to enter the defile. Then we came to a lofty precipice, so steep that it would cost infinite trouble to climb it, even on foot. Seeing that it would be impossible for us to follow them, the Indians turned and fled, impelled to do so, probably, by their cowardice.

We found it necessary to turn back in order to find again the southern road. We first stopped awhile to rest the animals and give them food and water, of which there was a

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little here; but the water was so bad that some of the horses would not drink it. In the afternoon we retraced our steps through the entire length of the cañon, and having traversed a half league in a southerly direction, we camped near the southern entrance of the valley, without water for either ourselves or the horses. We were in great straits all the night, for we had no food of any kind whatsoever, and for this reason we determined to take the life of a horse in order not to lose our own; but as we had no water, we thought best to wait until we could obtain it. We had so severe a journey today that we advanced only a league and a half to the south.

October the 17th.

We continued our journey to the southward; passing the entrance to the little valley by going through a ravine in which we found a pool of good water, sufficient for all the animals. We kept on to the south two leagues, then took our course to the southeast two leagues, and in another ravine we found an abundance of good water, not only in one place, but in many. And although it was rain water, and that which gathers in the trails, it does not seem to become exhausted the entire year. Here we discovered some of the herbs that are called "quelites." We thought we could use them in satisfying our hunger, but we were able to gather only a few, and these were very small.

We took our way to the southeast, and journeyed four and a half leagues over level and good country, although somewhat spongy; we stopped, partly to see if in the ravines running down from the mesa we could find water, and partly to give some of the seasoned herbs I have mentioned to Don Bernardo Miera, who, as he had had no nourishment since yesterday morning, was now so weak that he could hardly speak. We ordered a search made in the packs and other parcels in which we had carried our provisions, to see if any fragments of food could be found, and we came across a few pieces of squash that the servants had obtained the day before from the Parusi Indians, and had hidden them away so as not to invite the rest to share with them.

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With these fragments and a piece of brown loaf-sugar which we found, we fixed up a sort of baked dish for all the party, and took a little nourishment. We did not find water, and as we could not pass the night here, we concluded to move on in a southerly direction. Some of our companions, without having informed us of their intentions, went to examine the mesa in the east and the country around it. They returned, telling us that the ascent to the summit of the mesa was good, and that from that on there was level ground broken by many ravines, in which there must be water, and they thought the river must be at the end of the plain which extended from the base of the mesa on the other side. On hearing this, our party as a whole was inclined to change the direction of our course; but we, who knew how often they had been deceived, and that in so short a time they could not have seen so much, were of a contrary opinion, because we could see pretty level and good country to the south, and we had today found so much good water in spite of what had been told us by the Indians, and had traveled over so much good road, that we were all the more reluctant to change. But as we had no provisions, and water might be far away, and since to follow our own judgment might be more inconvenient to the party than to do without water and food, we told them to go ahead and do as they thought best; they took us to the mesa in the southeast, climbing it by way of a broken ravine, or gorge filled with stone, in which there was much white stone of a good quality that is used for whitening. We reached the summit of the mesa by one of the precipitous sides covered with black stone, and camped on a small plain where there was some pasture but no water. We called the place San Angel. Today, nine leagues.

We regretted very much having changed our course, because, judging from the height we had reached, if we had continued to the south we would soon have arrived at the river. After we had camped, we were told by those who had come first to the mesa, that they thought they had seen water at a short distance from this spot. Two of them went to bring us some, but they did not return that night, and the day dawned

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without our seeing anything of them. We concluded that they had gone in search of Indian villages, to report their dire distress. For this reason, and because we had no water, we determined to go ahead without waiting for them.

October the 18th.

We went out from San Angel, in a south-southeasterly direction, and after a journey of half a league we turned to the east, a point to the south two leagues, over hills and extended valleys, covered with grass, but very rocky, and not finding any water we turned to the east; a point to the north another two leagues, going up and down rocky hills, very trying on the horses. Five Indians were looking at us from a short but lofty mesa. When we two, who followed in the rear of our companions, were passing by they spoke to us. When we turned towards them, four of them hid themselves, and only one remained in sight. We saw that he was in great fear.

We could not persuade him to descend the cliff, and we two climbed up alone, with great difficulty. At each step that we took as we came nearer to him, he was disposed to flee from us. We gave him to understand that he should not be afraid, that we loved him as a son and desired to speak with him. With this, he waited for us, making many gestures to show that he was in great fear.

After we had climbed up to where he was, we embraced him gently, and sitting down by his side, we called up the interpreter and Laguna. When he had recovered a little from his fear, he told us that four others were hidden near there, and if we desired, he would call them, so that we might see them. On giving him an affirmative response, he laid his bow and arrows on the ground, took the interpreter by the hand, and led him to where the others were in order to bring them to us. They came, and we talked with them about an hour.

They told us that water was close by. We begged of them to show it to us, promising them a piece of woollen goods; and after a good deal of persuasion three of them promised to go with us. We journeyed with them, very much fa-

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tigued and weakened from hunger and thirst, a league in a southeasterly direction, and another league to the south, over a rocky road, and reached a small mountain covered with cedar bushes, and then to a ravine, in whose cavities we found two large pools of good water. We took what we needed for ourselves, and then brought the horses near, and as they were very thirsty they drank all the water from the pools. We determined to pass the night here, calling the place San Samuel. Today, six leagues.

The three Indians who accompanied us were so filled with fear that they did not want to walk in front of us nor permit us to draw near to them, until they had talked with the Laguna Joaquin; what he told them concerning us satisfied them, and they were reassured. Among other things, they asked him how it was that he had the courage to accompany us. As he desired to relieve their minds of all fear and to find some relief from the hunger and thirst we were suffering, he replied in the best way he could; and he succeeded in calming their fears and suspicions, and in this way, in all probability, he kept them with us until we reached the place where we found water.

After we had made our camp, we gave them the piece of woollen cloth we had promised them, and they were greatly pleased with it. Knowing that we came without any provisions, they told us to send one of our party along with one of theirs, to visit their wigwams, which were at some distance away, and bring us something to eat, and that they would remain with us until they returned. We sent one of the half-breeds with the Laguna Joaquin, giving them something with which to make purchases, and sending along several pack animals to bring the burden. They departed with the other Indian, and returned to us after nightfall, bringing us a little dried meat, some prickly pears made in the form of a cake, and the seeds of some herbs. They brought us news also of one of the two men who had gone from us the night before to search for water, saying that he had been in their village; the other arrived about ten o'clock at night.

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October the 19th.

There came to our camp twenty of these Indians with dried prickly pears in cakes or chunks, and several leather bags filled with seeds of different kinds to sell to us. We paid them for what they had brought, and told them that if they had meat, pine nuts and more prickly pear, to bring them, and we would buy them, especially the meat. They said they had them, but that it would be necessary for us to wait for them until midday. We agreed to do so, and they went away; one of them offered to accompany us to the river if we would wait until the afternoon, and we agreed to that also. In the afternoon there came many more than had been with us before, and among them one who was called a Jacarilla-Apache, who said he had come with two others of his tribe from his territory to this, crossing the river only a few days before. He was of disagreeable countenance, and differed from the other Indians in the disgust that our presence here inspired in him, and in the more haughty mien that he purposely assumed, as we could easily see. They told us that these Apaches were their friends.

They did not bring us any meat, but had several bags of seeds and some fresh prickly pears, somewhat sunburnt, and a quantity of them dried in cakes. We purchased about a bushels and a half of the seeds and all the prickly pears. We conversed with them for a long time concerning the distance to the river, and the road to it; their number and mode of life; the tribes that were upon their borders, and about the guide that we asked of them. They pointed out the way we should take to get to the river, and gave us a somewhat vague description of the crossing place, with the statement that we should arrive there within two or three days. They told us they were called Yubuincariri, and that they did not cultivate corn; that their means of sustenance was those seeds, the prickly pear, pine nuts, of which they gathered very few, depending upon their need, and that they hunted rabbits, hares, and wild sheep. They added that on this side of the river the Parusis cultivated corn and squashes; that on the

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other side, just after passing across, were the Ancamuchis (by whom we understand the Cosninas), and that these planted much corn. In addition to these, they spoke of others who were their neighbors on the south-southwest, on this western side of the river, and that these are the Pa-uches (Pay-Utahs). They also gave us some account of the Huascaris, whom we had already seen in the valley of San José. So far as concerned the Spaniards of Monterey, they gave us no token whatever that they had ever heard of them. One of those who spent the preceding night with us gave us to understand that he had heard of the journey made by Father P. Garcés, which, taken with the fact that all the others had denied any acquaintance with the Cosninas (if they do not known them by the name given above, Ancamuchis), seems to prove what we have already said we suspected. The conversation being concluded, they all went away, without our being able to secure one of their number to accompany us to the river.

Don Bernardo Miera was sick to-day with stomach trouble, and so we could not leave the camp. A little farther in advance we found other pools of water which satisfied our needs for the night.

October the 20th.

We set out from San Samuel, taking a north-northeasterly course, having the ford of the Colorado river as our objective point. Leaving to one side a ridge of mountains, very rocky, which appeared in front of us, going a little more than two leagues, we turned to the northeast and entered upon a plain that was free from stone, and having gone four leagues we found in a ravine several pools of good water; having pushed ahead a league to east-northeast we stopped on the edge of the plain between two small mountains which stand in the plain, close to a ravine in which there was a great abundance of water and plenty of grass. We called this place Santa Gertrudis, whose latitude we found by the polar star to be 36 degrees, 30 minutes. To-day, seven leagues.

October the 21st.

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We left Santa Gertrudis, pursuing our journey to the east, and having gone a half league, we turned to the northeast. We several times crossed the ravine of Santa Gertrudis, which in many places has large pockets of water, and after traveling over a poor country, with several turns, five leagues and a half to the northeast, we went through a region of easy travel, and making our way more than four leagues to the east-northeast, we stopped for the night near to a little valley where there was grass but no water, not even for man. Lorenzo de Olivares, driven by the thirst caused from eating so many seeds, pine nuts and prickly pears, set out as soon as we were in camp to hunt for water in some one of the ravines in the neighborhood, and he was absent from us all night long, which caused us great uneasiness. We called the place Santa Barbara. To-day, ten leagues.

October the 22d.

We left Santa Barbara, taking our course in a north-north-easterly direction, looking for Olivares. About two leagues from camp we found him near a small pool of water which contained only enough for our men and to fill a small keg that we had with us, in case we should need it during the night. We went forward over the plain, and having traveled four leagues to the northeast, we saw a trail that led off to the south; being informed by the interpreter that the Yabuincariris had told him that this was the trail we were to follow in order to reach the river, we took it; but after we had pursued our way to the south for about a league, we found that the interpreter had mistaken the description given him, since the trail turned back upon itself. And so we turned to the east, and ascended a low mountain that we had attempted to evade, and which runs north and south along the entire eastern side of this plain. We crossed it with great difficulty and fatigue on the part of the horses, because in addition to being broken up with numerous gorges it was very rocky and covered with pebblestones. The night overtook us while we were descending the other side of a lofty ridge covered with pebbles.

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From this point we could see many fires on the far side of a small plain. We concluded that the interpreter Andrés and the Laguna Joaquin, who had gone forward in search of water for the night, had kindled the fires to let us know where they were. But after we had made the descent, and had left our trail some five leagues to the east-northeast, taking several turns through the defiles of the mountain, we arrived at the place where the fires were burning, and found three wigwams of Indians, and with them our interpreter and Joaquin. We concluded to pass the night here, since we learned that to the east and west there was water and grass for the animals, which were entirely exhausted from fatigue. We called the place San Juan Capistrano. Today, twelve leagues.

As it was night when we reached these wigwams, and as the Indians were not able to distinguish the number of people who came, they were greatly frightened, so much so that when they saw us arrive, in spite of the protestations of the interpreter and the Laguna Joaquin, the most of them ran away, leaving only three men and two women, who said beseechingly to our Laguna: "Brother, you are of the same race as ourselves; do not permit those people with whom you live to kill us." We petted them as well as we could, and tried in every way that we thought of to calm their fears and suspicions. We succeeded to some extent, and they sought to please us by giving us two roasted hares and a few pine nuts. Two of them also went, although with great fear, to show the springs of water to our servants, in order that our animals might have something to drink.

This spot is to the east of the northern point of the mountain I have mentioned, near to a number of ridges of red earth. To the south of these, very near, upon the top of several hills covered with boulders and pine and cedar trees there are two hollows filled with rain water; on this side of them, in a small gulch, there are several pools of water, but the quantity is small and the quality poor. To the south-southwest of these same hills, at the foot of the mountain, there is a spring of constantly running water.

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After we had retired for the night, several of our companions, among them Don Bernardo Miera, went over to the wigwams to talk with the Indians. They told the Indians that Don Bernardo Miera was ill, and one of the old Indians, either because our people requested it or because he himself desired to do so, set about curing him with songs and incantations, which, if they were not openly idolatrous were at least totally superstitious. All our people very willingly permitted this to occur, and the sick man was himself pleased with it, for they looked upon it as amusing clownishness, when they ought to have opposed it as being contrary to the evangelical and divine law which they profess to observe; at least, they could have withdrawn from the place. We heard the songs of the Indian, but did not know what their purport was.

When we were informed in the morning of what had taken place, we felt very much grieved in spirit because of so careless an observance of the laws of their Church, and we reproved them, and warned them against their being present voluntarily, or in any way condoning such faults. This is one of the reasons why the unbelievers, who are best acquainted with the Spaniards and Christians in these parts, resist Gospel truth, and their conversion daily being rendered more difficult. When we preached to the first Sabuaganas whom we saw, and announced to them the necessity of Christian baptism, the interpreter, either for the purpose of not offending them, or in order that he might not lose their good will which he had gained by traffic in pelts (even against the just prohibitions of the governors of this kingdom, by which on repeated occasions it had been proclaimed that no half-breed Indian or dweller should enter into the territory of the unbelievers without having obtained first a license from his Excellency), translated the words of the preacher in this way: "The Father says, that the Apaches, Navajos and Comanches who are not baptized cannot enter into heaven, and that they go to hell, where God will chastise them, and they will burn eternally like wood in the fire." At this the

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Sabuaganas showed great glee, because they heard that their enemies were under the necessity of being baptized or of being lost and punished eternally. The interpreter was reproved, and seeing that his foolish unbelief was discovered, made suitable apologies. We could add other instances, mentioned as occurring among the Yutas, taking place in connection with many idolatrous practices. but the two mentioned, which came under our own observation, will suffice. For if within our own company, where idolatrous practices were frequently condemned, persons were found guilty of transgression, what might not take place when three or four months would elapse among the unbelieving Yutas and Navajos, if no one were present to reprove them or hold them in check? Besides this, we have had abundant reason to know from knowledge acquired on this expedition that some go to the Yutas and remain a great while among them because of their desire to purchase peltries; others there are who go for carnal reasons, to indulge in their animal instincts; and thus in every way the name of Christ is blasphemed, for these men prevent, and indeed oppose, the extension of the faith. Oh! with what severity such wickedness should be reproved! May God in His infinite mercy inspire the most suitable and efficacious method for correction!

October the 23d.

We did not travel today, for we wished to give time to the people about here to calm down, and also that those who dwelt in the vicinity might visit us. The seeds and other things which we had purchased and eaten did us harm, and they weakened us instead of giving us strength. We could not persuade the people to sell us any meat, and for that reason we ordered a horse killed, and the flesh cut up in such a way that we could carry it with us.

Father Francisco Atanasio suffered very much today from severe pains, so that he was not able even to move.

All day long Indians kept arriving from villages in the neighborhood, and we received them kindly and made them such presents as we could afford. They gave us more partic-

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ulars than we had had concerning the Cosninas and Moquines, calling them by these names. They also told us the trail we were to take in order to reach the river, which is about twelve leagues from here, at the most, and they described the crossing. We purchased of them about a bushel of pine nuts, and presented them with a half-bushel of herb seeds.

The following day, very early, twenty-six Indians came, a number of them the same as came yesterday, while others we had not before seen. We preached to them the Gospel, reproving them and explaining to them the evil and folly of their wrong-doing, especially with regard to the superstitious cures of their sick people. We reminded them that it was to God only, the true and only God, that they should go in their time of trouble, because only He, the High and Holy One, had at His disposal health and sickness, life and death, and He can help everyone. And although our interpreter could not very well explain this to them, there was another listening who doubtless had considerable dealings with the Yuta-Payuchis and who well understood what we said; he explained to the others what he heard. Learning this they listened with evident satisfaction, and we proposed to them that if they desired to become Christians, priests and Spaniards would come to instruct them and live among them. They replied in the affirmative, and we inquired of them as to where we should find them when we came; they said: "In this little mountain and on the mesas in the neighborhood."

Then, in order to gain their friendship a little more, we distributed among them thirteen yards of red ribbon, giving to each of them a half-yard; which pleased them very much and for which they thanked us. One of them had already agreed to accompany us as far as the river, in order to show us the crossing, but after they had all gone, and he had accompanied us about half a league, he was seized with so much fear that we found it impossible to persuade him to go farther. Our companions, without much reflection, desired us to compel him to keep his word; but when we saw how disinclined he was to proceed, we let him go freely.

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October the 24th.

At nine o'clock in the morning, or a little later, we set out from San Juan Capistrano, taking our course through a valley to the south-southeast, and having gone a distance of four leagues we turned to the southeast along the same valley. We found here at the foot of the mesa on the eastern side of the valley three pools of good water, but not in sufficient quantity for the horses. Up to this point from our last camp we had traversed a pretty good country. Journeying for another two leagues towards the southeast, we turned to the south-southeast three leagues over a sandy trail and very rough road. Although we found no water for the animals, we camped where we found pasture, since all were very tired, and night was well advanced. We called this place San Bartholomew. The valley here is quite large, but the soil is poor. It is of sandy bottom, on top of which is a layer of limy earth about four inches deep. There are many beds of transparent gypsum, and of talc, and in places there are showings of metals.

Today, nine leagues.

The River Colorado flows along here from north-northeast to south-southwest, very deep, with high banks, so that if one should cultivate the land on the banks of the river, although the soil might be good, the stream would be of no service to him. We caught sight this afternoon of the precipices lining the sides of the river, and seen from the western side they resembled a long ridge of houses. But we judged them to be the banks of some of the many gulches that are in the plain.

October the 25th.

We left San Bartholomew, and took an east-southeasterly direction. Traveled a little less than a league and a half to the east, not desiring to arrive at what was really the bed of the great river; because we passed many streams that had banks as lofty as we now saw, and for this reason we concluded that the river we sought did not run there, but that it was some other stream. So that we bent our way to the north-

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northeast of the valley, by which route we thought we would get rid of the mesas that surrounded us. We entered the bed of a dry river, looking for water for the horses, which were very much fatigued and very thirsty, and having journeyed along for two leagues we found it impossible to get out. We followed the west bank until we were able to climb to a summit that was very rocky. We pressed ahead in a north-northeasterly direction, and having pursued our route for two leagues further, we descried poplar trees at the foot of a mesa. We pushed on towards them and found a spring of good water. On the edges of the spring we found evidences of the presence of saline matter, and we concluded we had happened upon a spring of salt water; but upon tasting it we found it sweet. We camped here, and called the place San Fructo. Today, five leagues.

In the afternoon, Don Juan Pedro Cisneros left camp to examine the northern point of the valley, to see if he could find an outlet, or could get sight of the river and its crossing. He returned after midnight with the news that he had arrived at the river; but he did not know if we could pass over some mesas and lofty peaks that he saw on the other side. Nevertheless, because he thought the river afforded a crossing at that point, we determined to travel in that direction.

October the 26th.

Going out from San Fructo, we took a northerly direction. We pushed ahead for three leagues and a half, and arrived at the spot that we had thought might be the outlet of the valley. It is a corner entirely surrounded by mountains and peaks, very lofty, of colored red earth of different formations, and as the soil underneath the surface is of the same color, it has an agreeable aspect. We continued in the same direction, traveling with great difficulty, for the horses sank to their knees in the soft earth, when the surface was broken through. Having covered another league and a half, we reached the great river of the Cosninas. Another smaller one unites with it at this point, and we called this the Santa Teresa. We crossed this one, and pitched our camp on the bank

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of the larger one close to a precipice of gray stone. We called the spot San Benito Salsipueden.

We determined to make a reconnoitre this afternoon to ascertain whether, if we crossed the river, we could continue our way from here to the east or southeast. On all sides we were surrounded by mesas and lofty mountains. For which reason, two of our people who knew how to swim entered the water of the river, with their clothing tied above their heads. They found the current so deep and swift that it was with great difficulty they reached the opposite bank, having left their bundle in the middle of the stream, without seeing it again. As they had got over with great fatigue, and because they were naked and bare-footed, they found it impossible to make the desired examination, and when they partook of some nourishment they returned.

October the 27th.

Don Juan Cisneros reconnoitered along the Santa Teresa river, to see if he could find a way to cross the eastern mesa and return to the great river by a route more open, in which the river, finding more room would be more fordable, or at least such that the horses might get across, for here at this point they would be drowned. Don Pedro traveled all day and a part of the night without finding an outlet. He saw one hill, by way of which it was thought we might surmount the mesa, but it appeared to him to be of great difficulty. Others went to reconnoitre in different directions, and they found nothing but insurmountable obstacles, preventing their finding a crossing unless they had gone great distances.

October the 28th.

We entered again upon the same search, but all in vain. We constructed a raft of poles, and with it Father Fray Silvestre, accompanied by the servants, attempted to cross the river. But as the poles which he employed in pushing the raft were too short to reach the bottom, although they were five yards in length, the waves thrown against the raft by a contrary wind forced him back three times to the same shore he had started from, without his having reached even the mid-

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dle of the stream. Besides the great depth and swiftness of the current here, the banks of the stream on the other side are so muddy that we were afraid we would lose in them some, if not all, of our horses.

We had been assured by the Yubuincarriris and Pagampachis Indians that the river everywhere was very deep, but not at the ford, because there the water rose only a little above their waist. For this reason, and because of other signs they had given us, we concluded that the crossing was farther up the river and we despatched Andrés Muñiz and his brother Lucrecio with orders to travel until they found a way by which we could get across the mesa, and that when they came again to the river, they should seek a good fording place, or at least a place where we might cross with a raft, while the horses swam.

October the 29th.

Not knowing when we might be able to get out of this place, and the meat of the horse we had killed being about exhausted, as well as the pine nuts and other stuff we had purchased, we ordered another horse killed.

October the 30th and 31st.

We remained in camp, awaiting the return of those who had gone to find a passage out and a ford across the river.

November the 1st.

They returned at one o'clock in the afternoon, telling us they had found a way over the mesa, although exceedingly difficult, and a place where we could cross the river. The passage over the mesa was by way of the hill that Cisneros had seen, and as this was very lofty and precipitous, we determined to attack it in the afternoon. We set out from the Great River and the troublesome camping place of San Benito de Salsipuedes, going along the river of Santa Teresa, and after we had gone a league to the northwest, we stopped on the bank of the same river at the foot of the hill I have mentioned. Today, one league.

That night, after the sun had set and until seven o'clock in the morning we felt the cold very much.

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November the 2d.

We left camp on the Santa Teresa, climbed a hill, which we named Las Animas, and which may be a half league in length. We were more than three hours in making the ascent, since it is a steep and rocky climb, and following it there is a stretch of shelving rocks that are very dangerous; till at last the way becomes almost impassable. We had, however, reached the top, and taking an easterly direction we went down the other side at great risk, because of the broken character of the precipices, and then we turned to a northerly course, and after going a league we turned in an oblique direction to the northeast along a red stony road that was very hard upon the horses. We ascended a low hill, and pursuing our route for two and a half leagues to the northeast, we descended to a river bed in which we found water in places; and although it was of a saline nature, was drinkable. There was pasturage for the animals, and we pitched our camp, calling it San Diego. Today, four leagues and a half.

The place where we stopped to-day is about three leagues in direct line from San Benito Salsipuedes, to the northeast, close to a large number of gorges, mesas, and mountain peaks of a red color; the whole resembling at first sight the ruins of a fortress.

November the 3d.

We left San Diego, and pursued our course to the east-southeast, and when we had journeyed two leagues we arrived for the second time at the river, that is to say, on the edge of the cañon, with its great bank and sides, from which the descent to the river is very long, very high, very precipitous and rocky, and with such bad shelves of rock, that two of the beasts of burden which went down first were unable to return, although the packs had been removed from their saddles. We had not been advised about this cliff by those who had gone to reconnoitre, and we now discovered that they not only had not found the river crossing, but had not in the several days they were absent from us, made an examination of even so small a portion of the territory, since they had spent their

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time in looking for the Indians who inhabit these regions, and they had accomplished nothing. The river was very deep, although not quite so much so as in Salsipuedes; but for a long distance it was necessary that the horses should swim. Fortunately they did not sink into the mire either on entering the water or coming out of it.

Our companions urged us to go farther down the river; but not seeing on the opposite shore any trail or way by which we might proceed if we crossed the river, except a lofty and narrow cañon widening from a smaller one which enters it at this point, and not knowing whether this one was or was not fordable, we feared that if we crossed the river we should be obliged to return, which would be exceedingly difficult in the face of this cliff. In order not to expose ourselves to such a result, we stopped up stream, and directed the half-breed, Juan Domingo, to reconnoitre and see if the cañon I have mentioned had any outlet; and that if he did not find any during the afternoon, to return, and we would continue our journey up the river on this side until we found the crossing and the trail of the Indians. We sent him off on foot, but Lucrecio Muñiz told us that if we would grant him permission, he would acompany him on a bareback horse, and take with him the materials necessary to build a fire and raise a smoke, in case they found an outlet; and then we might go on down upon seeing that signal, so there would be less delay. We told him to go, but directed him to return that afternoon, whether he found an outlet or not. They did not come back, and we passed the night here, not being able to water the horses, although we were close to the river. We named the place the Crossing Place of the Cosninas, or San Carlos. Today, two leagues to the south-southeast.

November the 4th.

Day broke without our seeing anything of the two men we sent the day before to look for a passage out. The horse-flesh was all consumed, we had had nothing to eat, and we broke our fast with a few toasted cactus leaves and a porridge made of some little fruit that was brought up from the

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edge of the river. This stuff does not taste bad taken by itself, but when it is ground and boiled in water, as we had it today, it is very insipid. As we saw the hour growing late, and our two companions not putting in an appearance, we ordered an attempt should be made to get the animals down to the river, and that once there they should kill another horse. It was with great difficulty that this was accomplished, some of the horses receiving severe bruises from rolling quite a distance down the rocky bluff. A little before nightfall the half-breed, Juan Domingo, returned, saying that no outlet had been found, and that his companion, having left his horse in the cañon, had followed the fresh tracks left by Indians. On learning this, we determined to go on up the river until we found a place to cross and a trail on which to travel on one side of the river or the other.

November the 5th.

We left San Carlos, although Lucrecio had not turned up, his brother Andrés remaining behind with orders to await him only until the afternoon, and to endeavor to join us that night. We followed along the western bank over many ravines and gorges, a league and a half to the north. We descended into a dry ravine, and into a deep cañon, where we found much copperas. We came across a trail not much traveled, and followed it. By means of it we emerged from the cañon, passing along a shelf of white and difficult rock, but which afforded a road that could be easily improved. We pushed ahead, and after a journey of a league and a quarter to the north-northeast we found water, although only a small quantity, and sufficient pasturage; as the night was drawing on, we camped near a lofty mesa, calling the place Santa Francisca Romana. Today, three short leagues.

Last night it rained hard, and in some places it snowed. The day broke with a rain-fall, which continued for some hours. At about six o'clock in the morning, Andrés Muñiz arrived, saying that his brother had not put in an appearance. This news caused us great concern, as the absent man had gone now three days without anything to eat, and with

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no other covering than his tunic, for he did not wear trousers. Andrés crossed the river, swimming his horse a long distance, and in the place where he had become weary the water reached to his shoulders. As the half-breed resolved to hunt for him by following the track from the spot where he had last seen him, we sent him off, giving him a supply of horse-flesh, and told him that if the horse he rode could not get out of the cañon, he was to abandon it and continue his way on foot, and that if he found him on the other bank he was to come back and follow our tracks, and endeavor to rejoin us as soon as possible.

November the 6th.

The rain having ceased, we departed from Santa Francisca, taking a northeasterly direction, and after proceeding for three leagues, we were detained some time by a fierce storm of rain and hail that burst upon us, accompanied by fearful blasts of thunder and flashes of lightning. We recited the Litany of the Blesed Virgin, that she might beg for us some relief, and God was pleased to cause the tempest to cease. We continued our journey a half league to the east, and stopped near the river, as the rain continued to pour down, and a number of rocky bluffs impeded our progress. We named the place San Vicente Ferrer. Today, three leagues and a half.

Don Juan Pedro Cisneros went to see if the crossing was anywhere in this vicinity, and he returned to tell us that the river was very wide at this point, and that it did not seem to be very deep, judging from the current, but that only through a cañon that was close by could we hope to reach it. We sent two others to make an examination of the cañon and to ford the river; they returned and said that they found both very difficult. We did not give much credit to the reports they brought us, and determined to look it over for ourselves on the following day in company with Don Juan Pedro Cisneros. Before night closed in the half-breed arrived, bringing his brother Lucrecio.

November the 7th.

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We went very early to make an inspection of the cañon and the ford, taking along the two half-breeds, Felipe and Juan Domingo, to see if they could ford the river on foot, as they were good swimmers. In order that we might get the horses down the side of the cañon I have mentioned, we found it necessary to cut steps with our hatchets in the rock of the mountain for a distance of about three yards, or a little less. The rest of the way the horses were able to descend, although without pack or rider. We got down into the cañon, and pursued our course for about a mile until we came to the river, and we continued down stream for a distance of about two gun-shots, sometimes walking in the water, and sometimes on the bank, until we reached what seemed the widest part of the current, where there might be a ford. One of our people entered, and found a foothold, without being obliged to swim at any point.

The rest of us followed him on horseback, going a little farther down the river. When halfway across two of the horses that were in advance lost their footing and were carried into a narrow channel. We stopped, although at some risk, until the first man who had crossed could return from the farthest shore to lead and take us over with safety, without our horses having to swim. We sent word to our companions who had remained in San Vicente that they should lower the baggage and saddles from the bluff with ropes and thongs, down to the vicinity of the ford, and to lead the horses down the trail we ourselves had come. They did so, and at about five o'clock in the afternoon we all accomplished the passage of the river, praising the Lord our God, and firing off a number of musket-shots to show the joy we felt on having triumphed over so great an obstacle, that had cost us so much labor and long delay; although the principal cause of our having to suffer so much since we entered the land of the Parusis, was because we had no guide who could show us the way through this difficult country, and we wandered about a good deal owing to our having no experienced person to lead us.

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After remaining so many days in so small a place, and after suffering hunger and thirst, and now after enduring all this, we found out at last the best and shortest road where the watering places were, with only short distances between, and we ascertained other facts, which bore upon our journey, especially since we left the southern trail on the day we set out from San Dónulo or the Ravine of the Taray. For from this point we should have gone to the good watering-place which is found on the next plain; from this place we might have easily reached another spot where there is water, which is about three leagues northeast of San Angel; from this point on to Saint Gertrude's, we might have journeyed three leagues and have camped in the same ravine where there is plenty of pasturage and water, and could have come ahead as far as possible in the afternoon towards the northeast, and would have arrived next day, following the same route, and leaving entirely to one side the mountain near the river Santa Teresa, three or four leagues to the north of San Juan Capistrano. From this river to San Diego, in a south-southeasterly direction, and from this place to the ford, we could have gone without any special difficulty, avoiding many turns, hills and bad roads. But it was without doubt the will of God that we were unable to secure a guide, partly in order to punish us for our sins, and partly that we might gain some knowledge of the people who inhabit this country. May His holy will be done, and His name be glorified!

The ford of this river is very good; it is a little more than a mile wide at this point, and the rivers Navajo and Dolores flow into it here, as do all the other rivers mentioned in this journal. And in all that we have seen of this river, there can be no town built upon its banks, nor can one journey along its banks either up or down the river, for any great distance, with the hope that its waters can minister to the wants of either man or beast; because, in addition to the broken nature of the country, the river is shut in between lofty walls. The vicinity of the ford is made up of immense

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boulders and lofty peaks. Eight or ten leagues away to the northeast is a small, round and high mountain which the Payuchis, who begin here, call Tucané, which means Black Hill, and is the only one that from this point is seen close to the ford of the river.

On the eastern bank of this same ford which we called the Holy Conception of the Virgin Mary, there is a field of moderate size containing good pasturage. Here we passed the night, and we took an observation of the polar star showing its latitude to be 36 degrees 55 minutes.

A Brief Notice of the People With Whom We Had Dealings Between the Valley of St. Joseph, Inclusive, to the Crossing of the Great River of Cosnina.

In this country, through which we traveled a hundred long leagues from the numerous turns we made, having a length from north to south of sixty leagues, and from east to west forty Spanish leagues, there dwell many people, all of them of agreeable aspect, very affable, and extremely timid. For this reason, and because all those whom we met spoke the Yuta language, the same as do the Payutas farther west, we called all the people I have spoken of Yutas Cobardes (Coward Utes). The particular names refer to the parts of the country they inhabit and divide them off into provinces or territories and not into nations; as all the Yutas compose the same nation, or we might say it is a nation divided into five provinces, of which the whole is known solely as Yutas; the divisions being the Muhuachis Yutas, the Payuchis Yutas, the Tabehuachis Yutas and the Sabuaganas Yutas. And the Coward Utes are divided into Huascaris, who dwell in the valley of San José and its vicinity; the Parusis, who join them on the south and southwest, and inhabit the banks and vicinity of the little river of Our Lady of the Pillar, and are the only ones among all these people whom we found engaged in the cultivation of corn; the Yubuincariris dwell south of the Parusis, and are found in the region closest to the Great River;

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the Ytimpabichis occupy the table-lands and mountain heights, and are nearer the country of Santa Barbara on the north; and the Pagambachis, who likewise dwell on the hard soil of the mesas and in sterile ravines; for although they have a spacious valley, through which flows the Great River, they cannot, as we have already said, make use of its waters for the irrigation of their lands. According to what was told us by the Yubuincariris, to the south-southwest from them, down the river, there dwell others whom they call Payatammunis. On the west and west-northwest of the Huascaris, we learned that there dwelt other tribes who spoke their dialect. All the others, and they are numerous, who dwell upon the western or northern, bank of the river up-stream and along the ridge of mountains which start from the Lagunas, and in the country that lies between it and the farthest rivers on the north that we crossed before they united with each other, are, according to the information we received, of this same nation of Indians, and belong, some to the Yutas Barbones (Bearded Yutas), some to the Huascaris and others to the Lagunas, depending upon the resemblance of their dialect to the language of the nearest tribe to them.

November the 8th.

We left the crossing-place and camp of La Concepcion and ascended the box-like side of the bank, traveling along an extended precipice without any serious trouble. We turned to the south-southwest, following a well-trodden trail, and traveled for five leagues over a sandy and rough road. We now turned to the east a league and pitched our camp near the last mountain of the range which extends from the river to this point, calling the place San Miguel. Here we found plenty of grass and an abundance of rainwater. Today, six leagues.

Today we discovered traces of the presence of Indians in the neighborhood, but we did not see any of them. There abound many wild sheep, the tracks showing that they roam about in large flocks, as though they were tame. They are larger in size than the domestic ones, are of the same ap-

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pearance, but much swifter in movement. Today we finished eating the horse-flesh we had brought, and ordered another horse killed. We felt the cold last night much more than we had done when on the other road.

November the 9th.

We lost our way, not being able to discover any trail by which we might descend into a cañon that lay near us to the southwest, nor by which we could go more than a half league over the stony summits and ridges that blocked our progress; for this reason we directed our steps to the east-northeast, and after having pursued our way in this direction for a couple of leagues, over very bad ground, we were compelled to stop upon the top of a table-land, without being able to take another step in advance. Near to this mesa we came close to several villages of Yutas-Payuchis, bordering upon the territory of the Cosninas, and friendly to them. We made several attempts through the influence of the Laguna and others of our party to induce those people to visit us. Either because they suspected that we were friends of the Moquinas, with whom they were at enmity, or because they had never seen Spaniards, and were afraid of us, we could not prevail upon them to draw near.

November the 10th.

This morning the two of us went very early with the interpreter and the Laguna to their villages. It was impossible for us to reach them, even on foot. We sent forward the two I have mentioned, remaining ourselves upon an elevation from which we could see them and be seen by them, so that when they saw how few we were they would come to us with less diffidence and fear. After the interpreter had urged them for more than two hours, five of them finally came, but when they drew near to us they turned and fled, without our being able to detain them. The interpreter again went to them, to find out if they would sell us something to eat, but they replied that they did not have anything. They told the interpreter that the Cosninas lived near by, but that at present they were off in the mountains gathering pine nuts.

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They said that at a short distance from this place we would come upon two roads, one leading to the Cosninas and the other to the town of the Oraybi, in Moqui land. They also described to us the trail that we had missed, telling us that we would be compelled to retrace our steps to San Miguel, and from that point descend to the cañon. It was in this way that we wasted nearly the entire day, and in what was left of it we returned to San Miguel, getting a half league nearer to the ravine or cañon to which we had not been able to go before. Today, a half league to the southeast.

November the 11th.

Early in the morning we found the descent into the cañon, recovered the trail we had lost, and went forward upon our journey. We reached the bottom of the cañon with great difficulty, because a part of the trail is exceedingly dangerous, and all of it is along precipices. The Indians have repaired it somewhat with loose stones and stakes driven into the earth; and in the lowest part they have made a ladder of some three yards in length and two in breadth. Here two streams come together that enter into the large enclosure around San Carlos. We ascended the opposite bank along a ridge of rocks and boulders, which we found between the two streams, making many turns in our travels, and surmounting rocky precipices, where a way could be opened only by the use of a crowbar. We reached the summit about midday, having traveled in our ascents and descents two leagues in an east-southeast direction. There are, in a northeasterly direction from here, two small mountains. From the lowest of these we descended to the southeast, and having gone three leagues over good ground, we stopped, although in a place without water, because we found good pasturage for the animals, and sufficient fuel to keep us warm, for we were suffering from the cold. We called our camp San Proto. Today, five leagues.

November the 12th.

We left San Proto, taking a south-southeast direction. We traveled now upon an open road and on good soil, three

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leagues, and on the way discovered a small spring of good water, and after breaking the ice the entire party, including the animals, quenched their thirst. This place, as the tracks about here show, is a spot where the Cosninas pitch their camp when they are out after the Payuchis. We continued our way along the same road towards the south, suffering from the extreme cold, and having traveled some four leagues over a good road, we turned aside from the highway to take the trail leading to the Moquis, according to the description that had been given us by the Payuchis; we followed the one most used by the Cosninas, in a south-southwest direction, and having proceeded a league, we came upon a number of deserted villages, with traces of much time having been spent here in pasturing horses and cattle. We kept forward upon the same road, and after having gone a league and a half to the southwest, night overtook us, and we camped without any water, calling the place San Jacinto. Today, nine and a half leagues.

On account of the great cold, we stopped here awhile, our companions going ahead, for the purpose of building a fire and to relieve the suffering of Don Bernardo Miera, who was in danger of freezing; and we were greatly in fear that he could not withstand the cold. For this reason our companions reached the spring before we did, and, before we could catch up with them, they had gone ahead without filling the vessels we had given them, with water, and which they had brought for that purpose. Because of this oversight, we suffered greatly that night from thirst.

November the 13th.

We left San Jacinto, bending our course in a southwesterly direction along the same road, over easy mountains where we found plenty of pasture, and after having covered two leagues, we descended towards the south a league and a half, and found, in a rocky hill, sufficient water for all our people, and almost enough for the animals. We continued our course straight ahead towards the south some two leagues over a sandy stretch of country, and then went about half a

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league to the southeast, and stopped about a league beyond, where we found a well of poor water. We called the place Espino (Spine), because we ate here a porcupine, whose flesh seemed to us very delightful. Since the day before we had eaten nothing but a piece of roasted leather, and we arrived here suffering from hunger. Naturally the porcupine, distributed among so many of us, only whetted our appetites, and so we ordered another horse killed. We had not given this order sooner because we entertained a hope that we might obtain rations in some one of the Cosnina villages, but we found no traces of their having been recently in these parts. Today, six leagues:.

November the 14th.

We went out of Espino in a south-southeasterly direction, and after we had gone a little less than a league, we came to a large pool of water near the road, from which the animals drank very freely and with great satisfaction. We continued our journey to the southeast, and entered a cañon in which we passed over a distance of three-quarters of a league, and entered another cañon in which we found three springs of good water. We followed its course for a half-league to the southeast; we arrived at some cultivated ground and a village of the Cosninas, very beautiful, and everything in good order. These fields are irrigated from the four springs referred to and from two other very abundant ones that are found near by; in this piece of land the Cosninas had planted corn, beans, squashes, watermelons and muskmelons.

When we arrived, they had gathered in their crops; and from the remnants that we found about the place, we judge the crops were abundant, especially of beans; for if we had cared to stop here, we might have gathered up a bushel. The field is surrounded by a hedge of peach trees. Besides a number of wigwams constructed of reeds, there was one little house built of stone and mud. In this hut we saw the pots and jars used by these Indians; but the people themselves, judging by what we saw, must have been absent for several

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days, perhaps in search of pine nuts in the adjacent mountain, which lay to the south-southwest. From this little farm, paths led off in various directions, and we were ignorant as to which one we should follow in order to reach the Moquis; for we could no longer continue our journey in search of the Cosninas, owing to our need of provisions, and because the winter was upon us in great severity. We chose a road that led to the southeast, and traveled over level country, and passed several pools of good water in a distance of some two leagues.

We crossed a small river that flows from northeast to southwest, in appearance very much like an irrigating ditch. There was a small grove and fields of moderate size, not very well enclosed, along the side that we passed. After leaving the river, we ascended a plain on which we found a small lake, and a number of hollows which hold rain water and serve as watering places and bathing pools for the cows, which we now began to see in numerous herds, belonging to the Moquis. We continued our way along the mesa two and a half leagues to the south-southeast; climbed a lofty hill, and as the night was drawing on, and there was pasturage for the animals, we stopped, naming the place Summit of the Plains. because from this point vast fields and pastures began to extend, without table-lands, mountains nor ranges, but covered with grass, and which reach on the southeast to a point beyond Moqui. Today, six leagues and a quarter.

November the 15th.

We went forth from the Summit of the Plains to the south-southeast, and traveled in that direction for nine leagues without finding water, not daring to lose ourselves in the search of it. We found a quantity at last in a valley where there grew chamiso, of the kind known as "little chamiso." We camped in the place, calling it the Chizo Cañon. Today, nine leagues to the south-southeast.

We had nothing for our supper to-night, since the horseflesh was not enough for the entire party. There were many herds of cattle roaming about, and some of our party were

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anxious to kill a cow or calf; they begged with insistence that we should give them permission to relieve in this way the hunger which pressed upon us all. But we, believing that we were now near to the town of Oraybi, and that such an act as the killing of one of their herd might raise some trouble with the Moquis, and might frustrate our design, which was to bring to these people the light and sweetness of the Gospel against their voluntary blindness and inveterate obstinacy, ordered that another horse should be killed, and that no one should go near the herds of cattle, even though we were assured that these herds were running as common property.

November the 16th.

We left Chizo Cañon, going to the south-southeast three leagues, and near to a lofty mesa we descended to the east-northeast a quarter of a league. We found here a well-beaten road, and came to the conclusion that it would lead us to some one of the Moqui villages. We followed it, and journeyed over level country three leagues to the northeast, and nearly two leagues to the north, which brought us to the mesa of the town of Oraybi. We ordered the members of the company to come to a halt at the foot of the mesa, and that no one, with the exception of those who were to accompany us, should pass on to the town until we had directed them to do so. We climbed to the summit of the table-land without any difficulty.

On entering the town, we were surrounded by a great number of Indians, large and small. We asked to see the chief men and warriors, in a language which they did not understand, and, wishing to pass to the house of the chief, they detained us. One of them told us in the Navajo language that we must not enter into the town. Then Don Juan Pedro Cisneros in a very earnest way, asked them in the same tongue if they were not our friends? With this they became satisfied, and one of the old men led us to his house and made us his guests, giving to us a room in which to pass the night, and furnishing us with such food as they themselves used. Today, seven leagues.

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At night there came to us the chief and two old men, and after they had assured us that they were our friends, they offered to sell us whatever food we were in need of, on which we expressed our very great thanks.

November the 17th.

Very early in the morning they brought to our lodging several jars or basins filled with flour, butter, guavas, and other kinds of provisions. We purchased of them for the present what we required; but the things which we most needed they brought in small quantities. Having no interpreter, we were not able to effect a reduction in the price as we would have desired to do. We succeeded in getting them to understand a little, especially the chief and our host and benefactor. They listened attentively, but made no other declaration than that they wished to retain the friendship of the Spaniards. The chief told us that he had already sent word to the other towns that they should provide us with lodging and sell to us whatever provisions we might need until we arrived at Zuñi. We gave them to understand that we greatly appreciated this favor, as well as the others that we had received from them, and after midday we departed from Oraybi, and took our way towards the town of Xongopabi; after a journey of nearly two leagues and a quarter to the southwest, we arrived at our destination after sunset, and were kindly received by the people, who immediately gave us lodging. Today, two leagues and a quarter to the southeast.

November the 18th.

The principal Indians of this town and of others round about, and of the towns of Xipaolabi and Mossonganabi, being assembled here, we preached to them, after having expressed our gratitude to them for the favors and kind reception they had extended to us, partly by signs and partly by the use of the Navajo language. They replied that they could not debate with us because they did not understand Spanish, nor did we understand the Moquino; that we should continue our journey to Gualpi, where there were some intelligent persons who understood Spanish, and that after telling the chiefs and

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warriors there all that we desired of them, we would then learn what they wished. But as we urged them to give us a response for themselves, in case they understood what we had said to them, they added that the chief and warriors of Oraybi had sent them word that they were to give lodging, look after our wants and sell us provisions, winning our friendship, but not treating with us concerning other matters; and that they desired to be our friends, but not Christians.

When they had concluded this address, we presented to the Indian who had given us lodging and had been so kind in many ways, a woollen shawl for his wife, judging that by this gift they would understand better what our gratitude was, and might feel a warmer friendship towards us. But it did not turn out as we expected, for when the Indian woman took with great pleasure what we had given, her brother snatched it away from her and threw it towards us in great anger. We concluded that his evil act sprang from some conception which reflected upon our honor and profession because we had innocently bestowed the shawl as some recompense; and we endeavored, with the gravity and dignity that the occasion demanded, to make him understand our true motives.

Then it was that the Indian, desirous of making some reparation for the offence (which from his point of view was not great), caused us still further confusion than by his first act. Finding that although we were many, and that none could understand him, he pointed to Fray Silvestre and Don Pedro Cisneros, after the crowd had dispersed, and said to us in Navajo, that having known what had taken place in Oraybi, when the said Fathers, Fray Silvestre and Don Juan Pedro, had been there in the summer of the year before, and that he had been present in Gualpi when the Cosnina talked with Father Silvestre and gave him directions about the road from Moqui to the Cosninas; and that now since we had come by the same road, he would not permit his brothers or brothers-in-law to receive the shawl, because if they accepted it his relations and neighbors would be angry with

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them. This he said with a view to satisfy us, but we were not able clearly to understand just what he meant by it all, although it was not difficult to understand what he meant when referring to previous events.

That afternoon we set out for Gualpi. Having traveled nine leagues and more than four in an easterly direction, we arrived late at night, our little party remaining at the foot of a pine-covered hill, while we climbed to the summit with a few companions. The Tanos and Gualpi Indians received us very cordially, and gave us lodging in the house of the chief of the Tanos, where we passed the night. Today, two leagues and a quarter to the east.

After we had rested for a while, it was told us by an apostate Indian of the town of Galisteo in New Mexico, a man of great age and of much authority among the Tanos of Moqui, named Pedro, that they were having at present a severe war with the Apache Navajos; and that these enemies had killed many and carried away many of their people; and for this reason they had been hoping that some priests or Spaniards would come this way, in order that through them they might seek aid from the Governor, or some kind of protection against their enemies; and so it was that they were exceedingly well pleased that we had come to visit them; for they hoped that we would favor and comfort them.

This seemed to us a very propitious occasion in which to preach to them a knowledge of the true faith and make them subjects of his majesty, whom may God preserve. We replied to them, giving them reason to hope, and we told them that they should summon together the chiefs and warriors of the other three towns, and have them come to us in Gualpi; that on the following day they should all be gathered together in this place of the Tanos to discuss this matter with care and with due formality. The old man, Pedro, then said to us that he wished to go to the city of Santa Fé, to draw up with the Governor in the name of the Moquis and Tanos, the treaty of alliance which they wished, and to ask for the aid that they needed, if we cared to take him along with us in our

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company. We told him that we would gladly take him along, and that we would interest ourselves in this affair of the Moquis with the Governor, but that in order to do this it would be necessary that out of each of the six towns some persons clothed with authority should appear before his Excellency. They agreed that on the following day there should be such a reunion, and that they would summon us, and gather in a place warmed for the occasion when everything could be talked over and arranged.

November 19th. The chief men of Mossanaganabi came, and having joined together with the chiefs and warriors of the towns of the Gualpi in a place belonging to the Tanos, the apostate Pedro took us over there, providing for us another apostate as interpreter, an Indian of the town of Santa Clara, called Antonio el Cuate, because he understood and spoke well the Spanish language. He translated our words into the Tegua language and Pedro did the same for the Moquis, so that all those present in the council might understand what we said. They gave us an account of what had been said before we came to the meeting-place, and that they had agreed that the apostate Pedro should accompany us to the city of Santa Fé, in order that, in the name of all of them, he might ask aid of the Governor against the Apache Navajos, and make a treaty of peace with the Spaniards; and they besought us to do all in our power for them. We gave them answer that in everything we would be in their favor, because we loved them as children and we had compassion on them because of their troubles; but that as God is the only all-Powerful One who controls and governs all; so long as they persisted in their unbelief and did not cease to offend Him, they could not hope to become freed from those troubles. We continued then to talk to them concerning eternal punishment, saying that if they did not accept the Christian religion they would be exposed to an endless suffering in hell. We enforced our doctrine, illustrating it by the afflictions they were already undergoing.

We told them, also, that if they consented to become

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Christians, they would have the constant and sure defense of the Spanish arms against all the Gentile people who should attempt to do them harm, as was the case with the Christian Indians of New Mexico; showing them at the same time the uselessness and untrustworthiness of the friendships and alliances which they had several times formed with the Yutas and Navajos; and after having said to them everything that seemed proper and efficacious, we requested them to let us know their resolution, whether or not they agreed to do as we desired; that we were disposed to take their ambassadors to Santa Fe, and to favor them in every way we could. Three times did we urge upon them their duty to submit to the claims of the Holy Church, attacking and destroying the arguments that they used in favor of not accepting the faith; but they stated that they had not cared to do so in the past and did not wish to do so now. The second time we urged them, they gave us to understand that as there were more pagans than Christians, they desired to follow the majority; and that, in addition to this, they lived in a country where subjection to the Spaniards would be very inconvenient, since if they were converted to the faith they would have to serve the Spaniards.

Having destroyed the apparent force of each one of their arguments and not finding any excuse for their opposition, the members of the council spent a good deal of time in discussion, those who were of greatest authority speaking first, and others following. And although each one spoke for himself, he explained his meaning in the form of a dialogue, and ended his monologue by addressing a number of questions to the rest, who replied affirmatively or negatively, according to the character of the questions. In these speeches they discussed the traditions of their ancestors, and exhorted each other to a close adherence to the ancient customs, asserting that it would be better to suffer their present calamities rather than go against these customs. They affirmed that they wanted only our friendship, and did not desire to be-

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come Christians, because their forefathers had told them they should never become subject to the Spaniards.

We endeavored to show them the foolish impiety there was in such traditions and advice, but without any success whatsoever. Finally, they came to the conclusion that Pedro should not go to the city of Santa Fe, the reason for which he himself gave us in these words: "They do not care to have me go to see the Governor, because I am a Christian; they say he will not permit me to return to Moqui." He feared this much more than the others did, and consequently we could not get him to put his first thought into execution. The council having broken up, we returned sad and sorrowful to our lodgings, seeing that the obstinacy of these unhappy Indians was not to be overcome. For this reason we determined to set out the following day for Zuñi, before all the passes and roads should be blocked, as it was snowing without intermission. For this reason also we were unable to take observations to find out the latitude of these Moqui towns.

November the 20th. In the afternoon we set out from the Gualpi towns, and journeying four leagues to the east and a quarter to the southeast, we stopped for the night where there was water in a place called Ojo del Cañutillo. To-day four leagues.

November 21st. We left Ojo del Cañutillo, and turned our steps in a northeasterly direction and traveled three leagues, and having gone some two leagues farther to the east, we camped a half-league before reaching a place called Estiladero or Ojito del Peñasco (Little Spring of the Rock). Today seven leagues.

November 22d. We left the company with those of the animals, which were weakest, to follow us leisurely to Zuñi, while we with three of our companions set out at greater speed. We journeyed nine leagues towards the east and a quarter to the southeast, reaching a spot called Cuma. We rested for a while, and then pushed ahead for another two

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leagues towards the east. But our horses were jaded, and we were compelled to stop. Today, eleven leagues.

November 23d. We pressed forward, although it snowed all day long, with violent storms, galloping twelve leagues, and stopped at a place called Kianatuna, or Spring of San José. We suffered much from the cold during the night. Today, twelve leagues almost continuously toward the east.

November 24th. So soon as day broke, we set out from the Spring of San José in a south-easterly direction, and after having gone something like two leagues we stopped for a while and built a fire by which to warm ourselves, because the cold was so intense that we feared we should freeze while in the valley. We then went forward more than three leagues, and after going another two towards the east, and a quarter towards the northeast, we paused a while to make a change of horses in a place called, by the Zuñis, Okiappá. We pushed forward, and having journeyed five leagues to the southeast, we arrived late at night with extreme fatigue at the town and mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe of Zuñi. Today, twelve leagues.

Not feeling strong enough to continue on our way to the city of Santa Fe, we sent word to the Governor, advising him of our safe arrival at this mission, with a brief resumé of what is recorded in this journal.

November 26th. In the afternoon our companions arrived.

For various reasons we remained in this mission until the 13th day of December, when we set out for the city of Santa Fe. After a trip of thirty leagues we reached the mission of San Estéban de Acoma on the 16th of the same month.

Then there came a heavy fall of snow that prevented our making as rapid progress as we desired.

December 20th. We left Acoma for the mission of Señor San José de la Laguna, which we reached after a trip of four leagues. Today, four leagues.

December 22d. Leaving la Laguna and traveling a dis-

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tance of six leagues to the east, we stopped at a place called Alamo. Today, six leagues

December 23d. We left this place, and, journeying five leagues to the east, we reached the mission of San Agustin de la Isleta. Today, nine leagues.

December 28th. We set out from the town of Isleta, and having gone four leagues, we arrived at the mission of San Francisco Xavier de Albuquerque. Today, four leagues.

Dec. 30th. Leaving this place, and moving forward four leagues, we arrive at the mission of Our Lady of Dolores of Sandia. Today, four leagues.

December 31st. We pressed forward, and having gone seven leagues, we come to the mission of San Domingo. Today, seven leagues.

January 2, 1777, we arrived at the city of Santa Fé, having come from the mission last mentioned.

January 3d. We offer this journal, with a description of the regions of the lakes mentioned in it, and of the Laguna Indians. And that it may be known to be true and in accordance with the facts herein recorded, and with what we saw during our journey, we place our signature this 3d day of January of the year 1777.

FRAY FRANCISCO ATANASIO DOMINGUEZ,
FRAY SILVESTRE VELEZ DE ESCALANTE.

Testimony of Spanish Copyist.

(Tomada esta copia por Antonio Castillo y Ruiz de la Segunda Serie de Documentos para la Historia de Mexico, tomo 1, páginas 375 á 558, inclusivo. En esta Biblioteca Nacional es Tercera Serie, tomo 16.)

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SIGNATURE OF VELEZ DE ESCALANTE. FAC SIMILE.

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BOOK III

Etienne Provot, Father De Smet, General Connor and the Dawning of Our Own Time

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UNIV OF
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DU CHESNE RIVER, UTAH.—CAMP OF DON MAGUIRE.

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CHAPTER XVI.

TRAILING THE PADRES.

Leaving Santa Fé, the first stopping place of the party was at the old Spanish town of Santa Clara, which name the little village still retains, and another nine leagues, or twenty-one and a half miles, brought them to Santa Rosa de Abiquiú, the still existing town of that name. From here the trail bore to the north and west to a point near the present village of Chama on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, from where the priests turned abruptly to the westward, following practically the route at present taken by the railroad, through Durango and, still along the line of the railroad, to the west until they arrived at the present station of Dolores, where the railroad turns into the mountains to the right on its way, to Ouray and Telluride.

Here, the course taken by the party was along the Rio Dolores to within some 15 miles of where the river is joined by the San Miguel, which Escalante named the San Pedro, and then turned to the eastward across the head-waters of the San Miguel.

There can be little question but this abrupt swing to the eastward was the primary cause of the failure of the expedition to reach Monterey. It seems apparent that in taking this route Escalante must have been influenced by the previous trips of Rivera and Posado, the former going as far north as the Grand River, and the latter to the San Buenaventura or Green River.

Following this easterly course for some fifty miles, they now turned northward, across the lower end of the Uncompahgre Plateau into the drainage of the Uncompahgre River, and then northward across the Gunnison and the Grand, and still on across the White river until they reached Utah.

On this portion of the journey they traveled almost en-

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tirely over Indian trails, with competent guides and, as they followed practically the routes of Rivera and Posado, nothing of noteworthy interest happened, and not until they leave the banks of the Grand River do they encounter a foretaste of the trials which are to come later.

Crossing the state line, now separating Colorado from Utah, and coming to that portion of the journey which more intimately concerns our history, Escalante made his first camp in Utah upon the eastern bank of the Green River at a point near the present town of Jensen, but on the opposite side of the river. Of the location of this camp there can be little doubt, as the minute description which he gives of the prominent topographical features could be fitted to no other portion of northern Utah, and while his latitude given for this camp is, as in other instances, erroneous owing no doubt to his failure to apply the necessary corrections to his calculations, the error in this region showing him to be about 58 minutes too far north, he could have come, according to his descriptions of the country, from no other direction than across the Yampa Plateau and down to the Green River, or, as he records it in his Journal, the San Buenaventura. Here it is interesting to note that he says in his journal, "this river of San Buenaventura is the largest that we have crossed, and is the same one that Fray Alonzo de Posado says in his report, separates the Yuta nation from the Comanche, if we may judge by the description he gives of it and the distance he says it is from Santa Fé."

The most diligent search fails to reveal any record of Posado's trip, and as Escalante makes no further mention of it beyond the Green River, it must be assumed that Posado turned back from here or continued his explorations in other directions. Having always in mind the primary object of Escalante's journey,—the resolution to open a route to Monterey,—it would be interesting to know how far Posado's journal may have influenced him in continuing his course so far to the north, and which ultimately led to the abandonment of the attempt to reach Monterey.

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Arriving at the Green River, ~~August~~ Sept. 13th, and naming his camp the Vega de Santa Cruz, or Plain of the Holy Cross, Escalante remained here the two following days to rest his horses and, with the excellent feed and abundant water found there, give them opportunity to recuperate from the wearisome efforts which the preceding days of the journey had occasioned.

On the morning of September 16th, with horses rested and refreshed, the strenuous journey is again taken up. Going northward a mile to the only available ford, the river is crossed and a westerly course is taken until Brush Creek is reached when they enter the hills on the western bank of the river and pursue a southwesterly course until they come across tracks of Indians and horses.

These signs produced in their minds such grave suspicions as to give rise to the belief that an attempt would be made to steal their stock. Their suspicions seemed further confirmed by the actions of their guide, so, swerving to the right, they turned and followed the tracks which again brought them to Green River and where they camped for the night.

Leaving this camp on a course almost due west the Uintah River, called by them Rio San Damian, was reached and crossed near the mouth of the Du Chesne, to which they gave the name of Rio San Cosmas.

From the high hill which they ascended, before reaching Uintah River, the guide showed them the point where the Green River was joined by the White, which latter they had previously named the San Clement.

Following up the Du Chesne River, sometimes wading in the river bed and again climbing the hills along its borders, they named the streams as they crossed them, still maintaining that painstaking and minute description of the country which alone makes possible the accurate tracing of their route.

Entering a narrow cañon, the trail became hard to follow, and, as they advance, their progress is seriously impeded by the more rugged nature of the country until they reached

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the mouth of Strawberry Creek, where they turned to the northwest and made their camp for the night on the banks of Currant Creek. The day had been a most trying one and the country, at times all but impassable, presenting a most formidable appearance as they entered the foothills of the Wasatch mountains; at times they were compelled to turn back and retrace their steps; for to advance seemed impossible. The indomitable will and untiring patience which carried them through this region, and by which they surmounted greater hardships encountered later on, are summed up in Escalante's journal where, after completing the record for the day, he adds the uncomplaining entry, "We arrived very tired because the road was difficult."

Leaving the camp on Currant Creek, where misfortune had again visited them in the death of one of their horses, they veered to the southwest, again crossed Strawberry Creek, and, ascending the divide between the drainage of that stream and Soldier Fork Creek, they camped for the night.

The following day they crossed Soldier Fork and, still moving to the southwest, climbed the mountain and made camp on the divide which separates the waters of the Great Basin from the drainage which finally reaches the Gulf of California through the Colorado river.

When they drew near to Utah Lake and the home of their Laguna guide, the latter's desire to see his people was so great that he so much increased his pace as to make it impossible for the party to follow him, and they suffered very much in tracing their way over the rocks.

Leaving their camp on the divide, and still going to the southwest over difficult and dangerous ground, they came to Thistle Creek, which they named Rio San Lino, and camped the night of September 22d upon ground, which is almost the present site of the little town of Indianola and which camp they named San Lino.

Carefully and usually accurate as Escalante's descriptions of the country are, from the camp of San Lino to the junction of Thistle creek with Soldier Fork, and which two

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streams are then known as Spanish Fork, it seems impossible to reconcile his description in the journal with the topography as it exists. He must, however, have gone down Thistle Creek to its junction with Soldier Fork, for, from this point down Spanish Fork to the lake, his journal can leave little doubt as to the course he traveled.

Nearing the lake and the home of the Indians, who had been notified of their presence in the country by smoke signals from distant hills, Escalante, fearing that the Indians, not knowing the purpose of their trip, might prove hostile, instructs his Laguna guide Silvester to announce the friendliness of his party and their peaceable intent.

Passing the junction of Soldier Fork and Thistle Creek, Escalante proceeded on down the Spanish Fork and, when near the valley, ascended a high hill from the top of which he—first of white men—looked down upon the pleasant valley of Utah Lake. Descending again to the river, he followed it on down to where it enters the valley and soon after, on the 23d of September, 1776, made his first encampment within the valley of Utah Lake on the north bank of the Spanish Fork, which he named *Aguas Calientes*—about two miles above the present vilage of Spanish Fork.

For many years the impression has prevailed that Escalante, when arriving at Utah Lake, came down the Provo River and entered the valley through Provo Cañon. There can be little doubt but this supposition is erroneous.

Whatever reasons may have induced Escalante to travel so far to the north of the actual direction he should have taken to reach Monterey, it is apparent from his journal that, long before arriving at the Green River, he had determined to visit Utah Lake, and his course from the camp on Green River was generally westerly until, approaching the Wasatch range, the rugged and broken country forced him daily to the southward. It is not to be supposed that an experienced traveler like Escalante would have gone straight forward to the west from Green River into the roughest and steepest portion of the Wasatch mountains without a motive.

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From his camp on Currant Creek—and there can be no doubt thrown upon the approximate location of this camp—he begins to swing steadily to the southwest and the daily courses and distances, as recorded in the journal, could only take him in a direction leading away from the Provo River.

As already stated, the only portion of the course from Green River to Utah Lake, about which there can be any question, is, for a distance of some fifteen miles, from the camp of San Lino, near Indianola, down Thistle Creek to its junction with Soldier Fork.

Referring to that portion of the journal wherein he gives a description of the valley of Utah Lake he writes, "From the four rivers which water it, the first flows from the south, and is the Aguas Calientes (River of Warm Water). This is the stream down which he came when entering the valley and upon the banks of which he camped. Again, quoting from that part of his journal where he refers to the four rivers, he says, "The second following the first three leagues to the north and with more water than the first," he names the Rio San Nicholas and which could be only the Provo River. The Provo River has more water than Spanish Fork and the distance of three Spanish leagues which he gives, equivalent to about seven and one quarter miles, is exceedingly accurate. He continues "three leagues and a half from this to the northwest is a river," and this he names Rio de San Antonio de Padua. The distance of three and one-half leagues (about eight and one-half miles) could bring him only to American Fork River, and finally, describing the fourth river, he adds, "To the fourth river we did not go, although we saw its groves. It is to the northwest of the San Antonio, and we saw it; it has on each side much level ground." This he names Rio de Santa Ana. Looking across the valley from American Fork River to the Jordan, we have no difficulty in recognizing the Santa Ana as the latter stream.

The record, as given in the journal, must fix beyond dis-

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pute the fact that to the stream, down which he came when entering the valley, he gave the name of *Aguas Calientes*, and with this fixed, there are to the north of this stream or Spanish Fork only the rivers mentioned. It is to be borne in mind that, in giving the name of river to the streams he crossed, Escalante differentiates between those carrying sufficient water to be dignified by the name of river and others having a lesser quantity. It is not to be assumed that he gave the names of these rivers to some of the smaller streams which flow into the valley. In closing his description of the water available for irrigation purposes and for the uses of possible future settlement, he says, in addition to the rivers already enumerated: "Aside from these rivers there are in the plain many pools of good water and several fountains which flow down from the mountains."*

If we are to assume that Escalante did reach Utah Valley by coming down Provo River, and to which in that case he would have given the name Aguas Calientes, it is certainly impossible to see how he could have given names to three streams located to the northwest of Provo River when only two exist.

Pitching camp upon Spanish Fork, they find the Indians have burned the grass in order to force them to leave the valley at once, and that the Indians themselves were gathered in hostile attitude in their village on American Fork. Tired as their horses were, Escalante, at once, sends Father Dominguez, with the two Laguna guides and interpreter, to visit the Indians by whom they are hospitably received as soon as their peaceful mission was made known.

The day following his arrival in the valley Escalante moves his camp to the Indian village on American Fork, where he spends the day talking to the Indians, instructing

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* "A mas de estos rios hay en el plano muchas ojos de aqua buena y varias fuentes que bajan de la sierra."

While the Spanish words "*ojos*" and "*fuentes*" are properly translated pools and fountains, the latter word, however, can only be interpreted as streams, considered in the sense in which Escalante used it.

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them and preparing them for conversion to Christianity. However, the principal object of his expedition is still uppermost in his mind, for on September 24th we find in the journal this entry: "We now determined to proceed on our journey the following day for the settlement and post of Monterey." At about one o'clock in the afternoon of September 25th he said good-by to the Lagunas, who treated him with great kindness; and leaving behind, with much regret, his Laguna guide Silvester, he again starts on the long journey to Monterey, retracing his steps to Provo River, where he camped for the night.

Pushing on the following day he swung to the westward of his first camp on the Spanish Fork and prepared to leave the valley by its southerly end, stopping for the night upon the site of the present town of Payson.

Taking a southerly course, he went out of the valley of Utah Lake and passing near the village of Pondtown, he passed the Salt Pits from which the Indians obtained their supply of salt, and to which he gave the suggestive name of Valle de las Salinas; thence on up Salt Creek and through the present towns of Santaquin and York following the line of the old Utah Central Railway and camped upon the site of the little village of Mona.

Here the party visited a band of Indians, gave them some presents and, as Escalante writes in his journal, "found them as kind and gentle as the Lake Indians."

Still pursuing a southerly course, they pushed on the following day across the ground where Nephi is now located, near, but to the westward of Levan, and through Juab, still following the line of the present railroad, to where the road turns to the westward and crosses the divide into the Sevier Valley, when they continued on the southerly course some six miles further, turned abruptly and crossed the divide, coming down to the Sevier River at a point where they did not suspect its existence until they reached it, and to which they gave the name Santa Isabel.

Here the Indians visited them and caused Escalante some

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confusion by giving to the river the same name as he had previously heard them apply to the San Buenaventura or Green River; he concluded the Indians had made a mistake and was satisfied in his own mind that it was the same stream his Indian guide Silvester had told him of, and which later he found to be correct.

Camping the night of September 29th on the banks of Sevier river they visited the Indians again and saw for the first time the "Bearded Yutas" whose heavy beards gave them the appearance of Spaniards and whose country was to the South of a large river known as the Tiron. This Escalante assumed to be a river formed by the waters of the Dolores and the Navajo and which he apparently thought to be a large river flowing to the south other than the Colorado. This river is not identified in the journal, nor is it anywhere mentioned by name in the Journal.

Leaving the camp on the Sevier River, and which was almost on the identical ground on which the village of Scipio is now built, they moved west across the Sevier Desert until the line of the old Utah Central Railroad was again reached; here they halted for the night with neither water nor grass for their animals and without water, and but scanty food, for themselves.

Although night had fallen when the camp was made, two of the company pushed on in search of water which they thought would be found near by, hoping, with the rising of the moon, they could lead their stock to a drinking place; but, failing to find water there, others started out trusting to again reach the Sevier River. The night was spent with the little party scattered over the desert in search of water; their horses strayed away and were lost, and not until morning did two of the party return bringing a number of Indians who guided them to water.

The following afternoon, after a visit to the Indian village, they started off to the southeast, stopping for the night at Spring Lake near Pavant Butte, which they named Little Mountain.

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Leaving the camp at Little Mountain, they again took a southwesterly course and attempted to follow up the bed of Beaver River, whose waters, at that season, were all but lost in the desert. It seems from the reading of the Journal, however, that this stream was not recognized as the Beaver, but was assumed to be the stream which Escalante refers to in the previous day's entry as "another small one (river) on the east" and which he again mentions when leaving the camp at Little Mountain, where he says "we decided to cut across the river of the East." The courses and distances, as given in the Journal, could bring them, in the direction they were then traveling, only up the Beaver River. Referring to the same day's entry, Escalante says, in fixing their location for the night's camp, "arrived at a stream which at a distance seemed to have considerable water, but we found on coming to it only a few pools." To this they gave the name of the Stream of the Weaver, because "the ravine had in all parts a kind of white soil, dry and thin, that from a distance looked like cloth spread out."

This description seems further to fix it as the Beaver River.

Taking a southerly course the following day, there can be no question but that they followed up the general direction of the Beaver River, although at some distance from it, and at night camped on the same stream, where it is noted in the Journal: "We found in the same stream more water and much better than yesterday," just at the point where the Beaver enters the Sevier desert and which they named "Meadow of the Gateway."

In the morning when leaving this second camp on the Beaver at the "Meadow of the Gateway," the Laguna guide, José María, left them as a result of a dispute with one of the party; from here they traveled with no one among them who knew the land which they were now entering, and which later led to the hardships and privations they endured while hunting for a crossing of the Colorado River.

Still following up the Beaver River some twelve miles,

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they again stopped on this stream the night of October 5th, and which camp they named San Antenógas. This camp of San Antenógas is of more than passing interest, for here began those very serious incidents which later led to the abandonment of the attempt to reach Monterey and to form the determination to return to Santa Fé by the shortest and quickest route.

During the few days before they camped at San Antenógas a cold wind had been blowing, and on the morning of the 6th not only the mountains, but the lowlands as well were covered with snow. It snowed continuously during the day and until nine o'clock in the evening, making travel impossible and compelling them to remain under cover all that day, as well as the following day, during which time they suffered severely as they had no wood to make a fire.

While snow-bound at San Antenógas two of the party were sent westward across the Beaver Mountains to search for a trail which might take them in the direction of Monterey, but the great expanse of desert which lay before them raised a barrier to further travel to the west and, on the morning of October 8th, we find them again tramping southward, still following up the Beaver River. The land over which they traveled was very muddy and their horses mired badly; so, after proceeding only some eight and one-half miles, they camped again about a mile to the west of Beaver River.

It continued to grow colder and more unpleasant, their provisions were practically exhausted, and after some calculations which showed the little actual progress they had made westward, Escalante decided to give up the attempt to reach Monterey, and to return to Santa Fé by the most direct route. On the following morning they began traveling on their new course toward the Colorado River, still proceeding up the Beaver River to a point some six miles from Minersville. From this camp they left the Beaver and as there is an entry in the Journal of the day, reading: "To this place the bearded Yutas come from the south and this seems to be the

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terminus of their land," it would appear that the Beaver was the stream referred to as the River Tiron by the Indians at the time of the first encampment on the Sevier.

The determination to alter their course and abandon the journey to Monterey led to serious opposition on the part of certain members of the expedition, and, in the interest of harmony, it was finally decided to cast lots to determine whether they should go on to Monterey or enter upon the return journey to the Colorado River; the cast of the lots favored the Santa Fé route, and they again marched on the southerly course.

From the last camp on the Beaver River south to the State line between Utah and Arizona, it is all but impossible to trace accurately the route of the party from the Journal. Whether disappointment over the failure to reach Monterey, or by the trying ordeal of the days and nights, or the ill-feeling in the party caused by the return, led to less careful keeping of the record, it is noticeable that the courses and distances recorded and the description of topographical features do not fit the country as it exists today. It seems apparent, however, that from the camp near Minersville they went southwestward, passing through Cedar Valley to the west of where Cedar City now stands, and thence followed down the Virgin River, leaving Utah near where this stream passes into Arizona, and thus completing that portion of the journey, with which we are here immediately concerned.

Following down the Virgin River they met with Indians, who informed them there was no crossing of the Colorado in the direction they were then going, so they turned to the northeastward and followed a course parallel with the river.

For twenty-three days they traveled over the broken and rugged country, which borders the northern bank of the Colorado River hunting for a possible crossing. With provisions exhausted, killing their horses for food, and subsisting as best they could on pine nuts and roots secured from the Indians, who refused to sell them meat, they finally reached the ford of the Colorado. They then learned that

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had they been able to secure proper guides the same journey could have been accomplished in less than a quarter of the time and with little or no hardship.

At about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of November 7th the entire party had crossed the Colorado without serious mishap and their arrival on the southern bank of the river was celebrated with firing of muskets and devout thanks to God for the safe accomplishment of the crossing.

Without careful inspection of the ground it would be difficult to fix the exact point of their crossing, but it must have been near the "Lee's Ferry" of present time.

Except for shortage of provisions and lack of water while crossing the desert wastes of Northern Arizona, the return journey from the Colorado was accomplished without any exciting incident.

Leaving the Colorado, they went southward, near where the present wagon road runs, along the Moencopie Wash and across the lands of the Moqui Indians. While still hoping to visit the Cosnina Indians they were finally compelled to abandon their intention on account of lack of provisions and the trouble they experienced in obtaining supplies from the Moqui. They then turned to the southeastward and directed their course toward Zuñi.

On November 22d, leaving his party with the weakest of the animals, Escalante pushed on to Zuñi, arriving there on the 24th, sick and exhausted, the rest of the men reaching there on the 26th.

Resting and recuperating from the fatigue of the journey, they remained at Zuñi until December 13th, Escalante having meantime advised the Governor of their arrival. They again resumed their journey to Santa Fé by leisurely stages, arriving there January 2, 1777, having traveled some 1,600 miles over mountains and deserts during the five months of their absence; most of the time without guides, always without a knowledge of the country which lay before them, and, at times, enduring untold hardships and privations.

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While their effort to open a route on Monterey was in vain, it cannot be said that they did not contribute their share, however small it may seem at this time, to the exploration and future development of our Great West.

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ETIENNE PROVOT

Taken from Castonguay's "Les Voyageurs."

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CHAPTER XVII.

ETIENNE PROVOT, GUIDE, TRAPPER AND HUNTER.

Mutations of Regional Names—Succession of Races—Hudson Bay Company and French Trappers—Hudson Bay Company Fort Built at Ogden—The Snake Chief "Mauvaise Gauche"—Names Given to Mountains, Tribes and Rivers by French-Canadian Hunters—Etienne Provot, Trapper, Hunter and Guide—Sent on a Scout to the Southwest—Opens the "South Pass," Later Known as "Mormon Trail"—Provot and Party, Treacherously Attacked by Snake-Utes—Wonderful Escape of Provot—Provot Joins Ashley on the Green River—Discovery of Sevier Lake—Death of Provot—Thomas Fitzpatrick—Prominence of Celtic Names in the Trans-Missouri Regions.

A singular, if not a unique fact, in the history of Utah and southwestern Colorado, is the change of the nomenclature of rivers, mountains and localities, indicating that members of four different races of men passed through or occupied the land for a greater or lesser period. On the mountains, rivers and lakes aboriginal man conferred original names. The Spaniard, burning with religious enthusiasm, substituted for these names those of the saints, martyrs, confessors and canonized virgins of his Church. Then came French-Canadian trappers and hunters of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, who gave French names to tribes, mountains and specified localities. Then entered on the scene, in 1823, the men of the American Fur Company, who incorporated English names with or supplanted those already bestowed by the Indian, Spaniard and French. So that on the maps of Utah and Colorado these national names remain as permanent witnesses to the presence, at one time or another, of

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the existence in our land of four different layers or strata of the human race.

That many representatives of that extraordinary and marvelously hardy class of men known as "Couriers de Bois" preceded the English-speaking trappers and hunters we know from the journals of the Hudson Bay Company, whose post at Ogden, Utah, had existed before Provot and Bridger first camped in the Green River Valley, in 1823. The Snake chief who treacherously attacked Provot and his men at the mouth of the Provo River, in the autumn of 1824, was known as "Mauvaise Gauche" (the man with the bad left hand), a suggestive name conferred upon him by the French-Canadian trappers of the Wasatch region many years before, and many of whom had probably visited Salt Lake some time before Jim Bridger sampled its waters, in 1823. Nearly all the men of Fremont's expedition of 1843-4 were Louisiana French Creoles or French-Canadians, one of whom, Joseph Girourd, well known to the author, died only a few years ago on his ranch in British Columbia.

Even when Lewis and Clark made their famous expedition to the headwaters of the Missouri, in 1804, the Rocky mountains were already known to the French-Canadian hunters as the "Montagnes Rocheuses," and the "Gros Ventres," the "Bois Brulés." The "Nez Percés" and the "Pends d'Oreilles" tribes had long before received these names from those fearless bush-rangers, the French-Canadian *voyageurs* and trappers. As early as 1739—thirty-seven years before the Declaration of Independence — the Mallett Brothers, French-Canadians, opened the trail from a point on the Missouri to the Spanish city of Santa Fe, N. M., and named La Platte Rivière. These French Creoles and Canadians were all nominal Catholics, and left the impress of their wild faith upon the tribes with whom they came in contact.

Of this class was Etienne Provot (pronounced Provo), who gave his name to Provo city, river and valley. When, on March 20, 1822, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company was organized at St. Louis by Major Andrew Henry and W. H.

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Ashley, Provot was one of a hundred young volunteers who answered the call for hunters and trappers for an expedition about to be organized to explore, and to trap the mink and beaver rivers of the Rocky Mountain regions. On April 15 the expedition set out from St. Louis, ascended the Missouri to the Mandan villages and established a fortified post at the mouth of the Yellowstone. After a series of mishaps and disappointments Henry, with his men, reached the Powder River. From here he dispatched Etienne Provot with a small party on a scout to the southwest.

Provot and his men were, according to H. M. Chittenden (The American Fur Trade), "the first party of white men to have crossed the 'South Pass' late in the fall of 1823." This South Pass was afterwards known as the "Mormon Trail," the discovery of which is accredited to Jedediah Smith, who claimed to have found it in 1829, and who gave his name to the road to California known alternately as "Smith's Trail," the "South Pass" and the "Mormon Trail." "But," writes Chittenden, "tradition among the traders and trappers always ascribed the discovery of this pass to Provot, and there is little doubt of the fact." (The Fur Trade, p. 271). The same authority adds (p. 280): "He was the first white man (American) who penetrated to the region of the Great Salt Lake." In this same region Provot very nearly fell over the precipice of death. He was camping with his men near the mouth of the Provo River, when a Snake-Ute, named Mauvaise Gauche, with twenty or thirty of his band, visited him. Gauche, after being welcomed, proposed they should all enter into a friendly alliance, and to cement their friendship suggested smoking the Calumet around the "peace-fire." When the Indians and whites squatted around the fire, Mauvaise Gauche seemed to be troubled, and upon being asked by Provot what was the matter, he replied that his *wah-kon,* or protecting spirit, was angry and would not consent to anything while there was any iron in their midst; "it was bad medicine."

Gauche and his warriors now rose and piled their arms

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at a distance from the fire. Provot, to humor the superstition of the chief, rose with his trappers and placed their knives and guns by the side of the tomahawks and knives of the Utes. All of them again sat around the fire, passing and smoking in turn the Calumet. Gauche now gave a cry and his braves sprang as one man to their feet, rushed upon the whites and with tomahawks and knives, concealed under their blankets, began to butcher them. The attack was so unexpected and sudden that seventeen of the trappers were murdered. Provot, owing to his great strength and activity, escaped with four of his men to the mountains. The place then became known as Provot's hole or hollow.

That winter he joined Ashley in the valley of the Green River, from which place, in the spring of 1825, Provot led the chief of the expedition and his companions across the Wasatch mountains into the basin of Great Salt Lake, with which, as we have seen, he was already familiar.

From the valley of the Salt Lake Provot and Ashley began their remarkable explorations, circling the land and finally arriving on the shore of Sevier Lake, which was for years known as Ashley Lake. From here they swung north to the Green River, where permanent headquarters had been, in 1824, established for the American and the Columbia Fur Companies, now united under the name of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

In the autumn of 1828 Provot started out to round up the trappers of the companies, scattered over a broad region, and rendezvous them at Fort Floyd, at the mouth of the Yellowstone.

We know nothing of the life of the intrepid leader for the next two years beyond the fact that he at once plunged into the wilderness and succeeded in his mission.

We do not again hear of him until February, 1838, when he arrived in St. Louis from the Far West, bringing tidings of the appalling ravages of smallpox among the upper Missouri tribes. On February 25th, the elder Choteau, writing to his son, Pierre, who was on his way to New York city, said:

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"Late last night Etienne Provot arrived, bringing melancholy details of plague, pestilence and devastation."

This plague of which Charles Choteau writes was the smallpox, and was the most frightful visitation that, perhaps, ever swept through the North American Indians. Hear what Father De Smet says of its ravages: "In the spring of 1837 the smallpox was communicated to the tribes on the upper Missouri. The fine camp of Tchatka, composed of 1,200 warriors, was reduced in this single season to eighty men capable of bearing arms. Other tribes experienced trials still more severe. This scourge counted more than 10,000 victims among the Crows and Blackfeet alone.

The Minnetares were reduced from 1,000 to 500; the Mandans, the noblest among the races on the upper Missouri, counting 600 warriors before the epidemic, were reduced to thirty-two; others say to nineteen only. A great number committed suicide in despair." (Letter xiii, 2d ser.)

In 1846 Provot made his last expedition to the Missouri territory. Returning in December of that year, he settled down in St. Louis, where he died July 3, 1850. It may be well to say here that Provot is the correct spelling of the name, and not Provost, which occurs in all the histories of and literature on Utah dealing with the fur trading period. In answer to our request to ascertain the date of the death and the correct spelling of the name of the famous guide, we received from Judge Walter B. Douglas, of St. Louis, this letter:

"St. Louis, Jan. 9, 1909.

"I went to the court house myself this morning and after a long search I found the answer to your question. I discovered that, in the record of the administration of the estate of Etienne Provot the name is Provot, not Provost. Searching the files of the "Missouri Republican," I came across this obituary notice inserted in the issue for July 4, 1850:

" 'Died, yesterday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, Mr. Etienne Provot. The friends and acquaintances of the family are invited to attend his funeral this afternoon at 4 o'clock, from

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his residence, on the corner of Lombard and Second streets, to the Catholic burial ground."

He left a wife and one daughter. His wife was Marie Rose Salle, dit Lajoie. She was the daughter of the woman mentioned in Greggs' "Commerce of the Prairies," Vol. I, p. 146.

As the "t" in the French name Provot is silent, we can now understand the origin of the name Provo, as applied to the city, valley and river.

We have recorded the discovery of Salt Lake by Major J. Bridger, or "Jim" Bridger, as he is more familiarly known. He was in his day regarded as the greatest scout, the best shot and the foremost guide and hunter of the Rocky Mountain region and the trans-Missouri territory. He spent thirty years among the Indians and was, on the testimony of Father De Smet, "one of the truest specimens of a real trapper and Rocky Mountain man." On the advice of Provot, Bridger sent his two children, daughter and son, to be educated at St. Louis. In answer to inquiries about their health, Father De Smet sent him the subjoined letter by Colonel R. Campbell, who was leaving St. Louis for the Rocky Mountains:

"ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, April 1, 1853.

MR. J. BRIDGER, FORT BRIDGER AND VASQUEZ:

"DEAR FRIEND— * * * A few days ago I had the pleasure of paying a visit to your children, who reside at present in St. Charles. They appeared to be well pleased and are certainly well taken care of. Felix attends our school and is making progress. His sister lives in the Academy, and under the immediate care of the ladies of that well-conducted establishment, who have every regard for her that good mothers could have for their own children. * * * You may rest assured that all shall be done to make them comfortable and happy. You have promised me a letter in regard to the Flatheads. Remember me to them," etc. (Life and Letters of Father De Smet, p. 1484.)

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MAJOR THOMAS FITZPATRICK.

Conspicuous among the daring hunters and free-trappers of Utah and the Intermountain regions in the early days of the fur companies was Thomas Fitzpatrick, friend and companion of Etienne Provot and James Bridger.

Fitzpatrick was grand uncle of Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, K. C. M. G., now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Dominion and member of the Board of Governors of the Catholic Church Extension Society for the Dominion of Canada.

He joined the Northwest Fur Company at Montreal, Canada, in 1819, at about the time Peter Skeen Ogden of the same company was leaving Vancouver to open a trading post in the Wasatch Range of the Rocky Mountains. The fur-traders, both of the Hudson Bay Company and the Canadian Northwest Company, penetrated to the Rocky Mountains and westward still to the streams flowing into Great Salt Lake years before the American trappers entered the country; and the names of many of the early explorers are perpetuated in the rivers and lakes which are found in this vast territory. It is not too much to say that the fur-traders were the pioneers of civilization in these immense regions. They undertook the most fatiguing journeys with the greatest pluck and fortitude; they explored the land and made its wealth known to the outposts of civilization. In 1821 the long and violent conflict and rivalry between the Northwest and the Hudson's Bay Companies was ended by a coalition of the companies.

When the coalition was effected Ogden and Fitzpatrick were in the Wasatch region. Peter Skeen Ogden (after whom Ogden City is named) was a British subject, the son of Chief Justice Ogden of Quebec. This is the Ogden who, in our histories, is mentioned as the discoverer of Humboldt River, which had been discovered and was well known to the Spaniards long before Ogden was born. Ogden, after the union of the English Fur companies, continued as purchasing

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agent for the Hudson's Bay Company, retaining in his *entourage* French-Canadian trappers, hunters and traders of the Northwest Company, who had followed him from Canada.

Although wild and reckless at times, these hardy men were remarkable for obedience to their superiors, for their unequalled skill in handling the paddle, their strength and endurance and their facility in adapting themselves to the habits and peculiarities of the Indian tribes. They were the greatest bush-rangers and canoe-men of their time and, long before the advent of the American trapper hunter and frontiersman, had penetrated vast regions and trapped the beaver streams of the great west. With the help of these men Ogden had accumulated for his company a vast supply of valuable furs worth, it is said, $175,000. At about this time—1823—Ashley and Henry, with their hunters, entered the Green River Valley region, and began moving into Ogden's territory.

The Hudson Bay chief, fearing for his precious furs, removed them by night from the warehouse and hid—cached—them in a neighboring valley (now Cache Valley from the French word *caché,* meaning a hiding-place).

Ashley bribed some of Ogden's men, stole the furs and escaping to the Missouri, sold his rich haul at St. Louis and laid the foundations of a great fortune. After this misfortune Ogden broke camp and retired to the Columbia region. He died at Oregon City in 1854, in the sixtieth year of his age.

His companion, Thomas Fitzpatrick, remained in the Rocky Mountain region as an independent trapper and hunter. When he joined the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, in 1824, he was welcomed as one of the "fairest, straightest, squarest" men of the west. The fame of his great knowledge of the Rocky Mountain country, his familiarity with the Salt Lake Basin and Desert, his dauntless courage and singular honesty in all his dealings, reached the United States government, which invited him to join its frontier service and made him a military captain at large. While his commission was

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hunting him in the autumn of 1840, Fitzpatrick was guiding, across the Rockies, the John Bartleson party which threatened to go to pieces and perish of starvation and cold when Fitzpatrick found them. He was a man held in high esteem by Indians and whites, and was incorporated into the Flathead tribe when their chief, Red Feather, adopted him as his brother.

In 1848 he was breveted major and was appointed Indian agent over the whole upper La Platte region. In his official capacity he was present with Colonel Robert Campbell and Father De Smet at the Great Peace Council assembled—September, 1851—in a vast plain of the Platte. Ten thousand warriors, Cheyennes, Sioux, Crows, Arapahos, Minnetarees, Mandans, Shoshones and Aricaras, met, by invitation from Washington, carried to them by Father De Smet when no other white man would be allowed to enter their territory. This was the largest and most representative meeting of warriors, chiefs and Indian fighters ever brought together on the American continent. Its like can never be seen again, for conditions can never make for its reproduction.

After the treaty of peace was signed Fitzpatrick was continued in office and was created a government guide, explorer and chief of scouts. In 1843-4 he and Kit Carson were with Fremont on his explorations. The dime novel and the frontier drama made Kit Carson a hero forty years ago; history is now lifting Fitzpatrick onto the plane of the heroic. Fremont in his report speaks generously of him. Chittenden in his: "American Fur Trade of the Far West" praises him, and Father De Smet says of him in a letter to Colonel McKay, written from St. Louis, May 10, 1849: "I had the pleasure and happiness of traveling in his (Fitzpatrick's) company during the whole summer of 1842, being my second expedition to the mountains, and every day I learned to appreciate him more and more." With the possible exception of Bridger, Fitzpatrick was the most expert trailer and mountaineer of his time. His knowledge of the wilderness and his

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undoubted courage and honesty of purpose, won for him the respect of the men of his time and territory, and, in the official and private letters, yet extant, of those times he is spoken of in terms of the highest praise.

When reading the narratives and correspondence which have come down to us from those stirring times and the trading and military reports of the intermountain region for the first quarter of the nineteenth century, one cannot fail to notice the number of Irish and Catholic names which figure so prominently and honorably in the records of the time. In 1829 Major Bernard Riley, after whom Fort Riley was named, commanded the Sixth Infantry at Fort Leavenworth.

Major O'Fallon's name is conspicuously prominent in Indian fighting west of the Missouri for many years. In 1824 he was appointed by the Department of the Interior, Government Superintendent of Indian Affairs, with headquarters at Council Bluffs.

In 1823, Captain Michael Moore is mentioned for conspicuous bravery in the field by Colonel Leavenworth, then commanding at Fort Atkinson.

In 1820 James L. Dougherty accompanied the first Rocky Mountain expedition as scout and hunter.

In 1820 James Patrick Purcell, hunter and trapper, discovered and made known to the East the existence of gold near the head waters of the Arkansas.

The prominent part taken by the "Gael Across the Sea," by Irish and Scotch Celts in exploring and opening the Great West for settlement, forms one of the most interesting chapters in the history of our country west of the Missouri.

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FATHER DE SMET, S. J.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Father De Smet, S. J.

Missionary and Explorer.

Of interest, in connection with the growth of the Church in Utah, and the influence he may have had in the early settlement of the State, comes after Provot, and next in chronological order, that intrepid missionary and traveler, Father De Smet.

Born January 30, 1801, at Thermonde, Belgium, his early boyhood was passed in his native city until he finally entered the seminary of Malines, where he remained until his twenty-first year; some years before he entered the seminary the restoration of the Jesuit Society had been accomplished, and it soon became apparent that he intended following a religious life, the probability being that he would become a member of the Society of Jesus. During that period, while he, no doubt, had this in mind, and at about the time of the close of his term at the seminary, Father Charles Nerinckx, a priest whom the French revolution had driven into exile, returned to Belgium from his missionary work among the Indians of North America in search of funds and recruits with which to carry on the work of the missions. Father Nerinckx succeeded in inducing six students of Malines to return with him to America and enter the Jesuit Novitiate, at that time established in the State of Maryland, preparatory to taking up missionary work among the Indians of the West. Although in opposition to the hopes of his family, De Smet became one of this number, and embarked with the rest of the party for America in July, 1821, arriving some 40 days later at Philadelphia.

After visiting Washington, Baltimore and Georgetown, De Smet, with the other novices, entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Whitemarsh, Maryland, where he remained for some eighteen months.

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In 1823, steps were taken for the establishment of a Jesuit Novitiate near St. Louis, and on April 11th of that year a party of twelve priests and novices, including De Smet, started from Whitemarsh for St. Louis, arriving there May 31st. After a most trying journey, from here they proceeded some fifteen miles further west to the little village of Florissant, where was founded the second novitiate of the Society of Jesus in the United States, and which was destined later to become the headquarters of the Jesuits in this country.

Entering the novitiate then established, De Smet remained there until 1827, when he completed his studies and was ordained. The first few years of his priestly life were uneventful until 1833, when, on account of ill health, he was sent to Europe on business of the Society and to recruit his health by a sea voyage. Before leaving for Europe on September 23, 1833, he took out his naturalization papers, becoming a citizen of the United States, and casting his fortunes with the New World, to the future development of which he was ultimately destined to largely contribute.

In the latter part of 1834 he left for the home and country of his choice, but again serious illness compelled his return to Belgium, where he remained until 1837, occupying his time in soliciting financial aid and procuring recruits for the mission about to be established in the Far West.

Returning to St. Louis, he started on May 10, 1838, on his first mission to the tribes, and began what was to be his life work, the value of which in paving the way for the later opening of the West is only now being accorded the appreciation fully due.

Making spasmodic visits to the plain Indians and entertaining deputations from distant tribes, De Smet remained at St. Louis until March 27, 1840, when he entered upon his first long journey into the northwest, and began a career which was destined to result in the establishment of the well-known Rocky Mountain Missions and in a friendship for and intimacy with the Indians which became of incalculable as-

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sistance to the pioneers and of acknowledged aid to our government.

During this period until 1846 his time was spent in establishing Indian missions, soliciting for them money and recruits both here and in Europe, until the close of the year. The great value of his work and achievements up to this time is best summed up by his biographer in the following expressive language: "But most important of all, from a public point of view, was the fact that he had become a great power among the Indian tribes. All now knew him, many personally, the rest by reputation. He was the one white man in whom they had implicit faith. The government was beginning to look to him for assistance. The Mormon, the Forty-niner, the Oregon immigrant, came to him for information and advice. His writings were already known on two continents, and his name was a familiar one at least in the religious world." (Life and Travels of Father De Smet.—Chittenden.) When but seven years of active work brought results such as this indicates, the stupendous labors accomplished during the years of his life may now be understood.

During this early period of De Smet's activity there occurred an incident which, in view of the great influence it may have exercised in the settlement of Utah and the colonization of that territory by the Mormons, singularly enough, has escaped the notice of all historical writers on Utah and the intermountain states. In a letter to his nephew, written in March, 1851, he writes: "The Great Salt Lake, which is about 300 miles in circumference, lies in the northern part of the Great Basin. It is rather shallow in the portions thus far explored; but is supposed to be very deep in the central parts. The water of the lake is more salty than sea-water. Three gallons of it yield a gallon of salt of the greatest purity, whiteness and fineness. On the northeast of the lake is the termination of the valley of Bear River. This valley is thirty miles long by twenty-two wide, and communicates with another valley, which is fifty miles by eight (now Cache

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Valley). It is in this first valley, inclosed by picturesque mountains, which has taken the name of the Valley of the Mormons, that their capital stands, called by some Great Salt Lake City, and by others Mormonville." That De Smet visited Salt Lake during his trip to the northwest in 1841 does not seem to have been generally known. This visit, in association with the fact that he was the first Catholic priest to enter Utah subsequent to the explorations of Fathers Escalante and Dominguez in 1776, gives to this part of his journey great interest in connection with the history of the Church in our State.

Quoting further from the same letter, and coming to that portion of the events which followed it, he writes: "In the fall of 1846, as I drew near to the frontiers of the state of Missouri, I found the advance guard of the Mormons, numbering about 10,000, camped on the Territory of the Omaha, not far from the old Council Bluffs. They had just been driven out for the second time from a State of the Union (Illinois had received them after their war with the people of Missouri). They had resolved to winter on the threshold of the great desert, and then to move onward into it, to put distance between themselves and their persecutors, without even knowing at that time the end of their long wanderings, nor the place where they should once more erect for themselves permanent dwellings. They asked me a thousand questions about the regions I had explored, and the valley which I have just described to you pleased them greatly from the account I gave them of it. *Was that what determined them? I would not dare to assert it. They are there!* In the last three years Utah has changed its aspect, and from a desert has become a flourishing territory, which will soon become one of the states of the Union."

To the Mormons living in a temporary camp on the edge of the desert, unable, or at least unwilling, to retrace the road leading back to the land of their persecutors, ignorant of the region which lay before them, De Smet's glowing description of the beautiful and fertile valley which lay be-

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yond the mountains, brought the solution of their most perplexing problem, for it indicated a place wherein they could establish their homes and their religion, free from the troubles and persecutions which had so far beset them. His close acquaintance with Brigham Young,* and his many conversations with him on the Rocky Mountain regions and on Salt Lake Valley, probably determined the choice of the Mormon prophet, and led to the decision which ultimately settled the Latter Day Saints in the fertile lands they now occupy in Utah.

While it was not generally known that De Smet passed through the valley—for there appeared in De Smet's writings no exhaustive or detailed account of his visit to Salt Lake—no doubt can now be cast on the fact that he was there and had explored a considerable portion of the valley. Under date of January 19, 1858, in a letter addressed to the editor of the "*Précis Historiques Bruxelles,*" and following a description of the Great Salt Lake Basin, he writes: "In 1841 I traversed much of this valley in my rambles in the Rocky Mountains." Inasmuch as De Smet's writings consist almost entirely of letters, addressed for the most part to friends in Europe, and written after his return to St. Louis from his various trips, no attempt being made to carry on any connected narrative, and having for their principal object the obtaining of funds for the furtherance of his missionary work, it is not strange that he should have passed over, somewhat lightly, an incident which now seems of such great historic value.

With his return to St. Louis on December 10, 1846, his active missionary work among the Indians practically ended. Only twice, and both occasions on important missions, did he revisit the field of his early labors. Various reasons have been assigned for his retirement from active missionary work,

* "He (De Smet) became well acquainted with Young, and it is possible the information he gave him may have influenced that leader in choosing Salt Lake Valley as the future home of his people." (Father De Smet's Life and Travels Among the North American Indians.)

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and many of them are far afield of truth. Certain it is that the abandonment of his missionary work was contrary to the desires of Father De Smet. For years he held the office of procurator for the Indian Missions, and there is little doubt but his former successful efforts in procuring funds and aid for the missions from Europe led his Superior to believe that his services in this direction might ultimately be of greater benefit in Christianizing the tribes than they would be if devoted exclusively to missionary work. Singularly enough, at about this same time jealousy in certain quarters prompted the sending to Rome of false and malicious statements concerning De Smet's work among the Indians, and challenging also the truthfulness of the reports he had written upon the success of his missions. These attacks, however, had not the slightest influence upon the assignment to him of other duties, and if the Church did not entirely approve of his plan for the establishment of an extensive series of missions among the Indians it was only because that plan was too large to permit of its successful fulfillment in the then existing financial condition of the Society. One thing seems certain: this arrangement did not altogether suit Father De Smet, and, though he accepted the change with that spirit of cheerful obedience which characterized his life, we find in his more intimate correspondence frequent expressions of utmost regret that he was no longer able to continue his work among the Indians.

After his return to St. Louis, in 1846, he remained there with the exception of one short trip to New Orleans and a trip to Europe, until 1851, when he was invited by the government to attend the Great Council of Indian tribes, which had been fixed for that year, and thus began that long series of negotiations with the Indians which ultimately resulted in the pacification of many warlike tribes. For his valuable work on behalf of peace, the great priest received the thanks of President Peirce.

Making such short trips as the duties of his office required, and with the exception of one voyage to Europe, he

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remained in St. Louis until 1858. At this time there came a call for his services in a most unexpected quarter. Trouble with the Mormons had been more or less serious, and General Harney, who was to command the second expedition sent into Utah, requested that Father De Smet be invited to accompany the expedition as chaplain. This request meeting with the approval of the Government, as well as with that of the church authorities, he left St. Louis May 20, 1858, to join the army at Fort Leavenworth. It had then been seven years since he had crossed the plains when on his way to attend the Great Council between the war chiefs and U. S. officials, and we can well imagine the pleasure with which he returned to the scenes of his earlier travels. The misunderstanding between the Mormons and the U. S. Government having been settled, and General Harney's expedition called back, Father De Smet again returned to St. Louis, reaching that city September, 1858, when he tendered his resignation as chaplain in the army and prepared to resume his interrupted duties.

At about this time occurred the outbreak of the Indians in Oregon, and he was requested by the Secretary of War to retain his commission as army chaplain, and again accompany General Harney, who was to command the expedition against the Indians. This reappointment again meeting with the approval of his superiors in the church, Father De Smet left for Oregon, going by way of Panama, and arrived at Vancouver October 28, 1858. The Oregon campaign, however, was closed before he was able to join the expedition or reach the field of operations. His long voyage, however, was not without beneficial results, for he remained during the winter and the greater part of the following spring and summer, directing his efforts toward the pacification of the Indians and in effecting a peaceable and satisfactory solution of the trouble with the mountain tribes.

After his return from Oregon and the northwest, he once more resumed his duties in St. Louis, remaining until 1860, when business of the Society again took him to Europe.

From this time his health, which was failing rapidly, to-

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gether with increasing age, was unequal to the wear and tear of the many journeys which his duties and conscience imposed on him. For the last twenty years of his life he was seldom free from physical ailment of some sort, brought on, no doubt, by the hardships and exposure of his missionary life. To quote from one of his letters will best illustrate the deprivations of his early life. "I have been for years a wanderer in the desert. I was three years without receiving a letter from any quarter. I was two years in the mountains, without tasting bread, salt, coffee, tea, sugar. I was for years without a roof, without a bed. I have been six months without a shirt on my back, and often I have passed whole days and nights without a morsel of anything to eat." With a life spent in this manner small wonder that disease should lay heavy tribute on his declining years.

On March 30, 1868, Father De Smet left St. Louis on what was practically his last visit to the Indians, and from a secular point of view his most important. It was at this time that a Sioux uprising threatened all our northern territory. Father De Smet was appealed to from Washington to penetrate the regions closed to all other white men, reach the hostile Indians, and bring a deputation from them to meet a Peace Commission. His mission was crowned with the same invariable success which always marked his intercourse with the Indians, and once more he paved the way for peace between the whites and the hostile tribes.

Returning from his expedition, he made a short trip to Europe, and on June 1st, 1870, started on his last visit to the tribes, ascending as far as Grand River Agency in South Dakota.

Increasing illness and bodily infirmities now weighed heavily upon him, and in 1871 he made what was destined to be his last visit to Europe, and to the home of his birth.

He left Europe April 11, 1872, completing his nineteenth voyage across the Atlantic, and with his arrival in St. Louis ended his life's travels, which reached the prodigious total of 180,000 miles. When a moment's consideration is given

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to the crude methods of travel available at that time, and that much of this distance was accomplished by stage, wagon, horseback, and often on foot, his work in travel alone bears convincing testimony of the arduous life he led.

He remained at the Jesuit College, St. Louis, till his death, which occurred on May 23, 1873, in the 73d year of his life.

The body of the great missionary rests in the little cemetery near the Jesuit Novitiate, Florissant, within sight of the spot where his labors began, and within sound of the chapel bell.

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CHAPTER XIX.

General Patrick Edward Connor.

Patriot and Promoter.

It would be unfair to the memory of a distinguished man and a gallant soldier, who figured conspicuously in the history of Utah in the early sixties, to omit a sketch of his career in a work professing to deal with the origin and expansion of Catholicism in our state.

The memory of Major General Connor is held in kindly remembrance in Utah by those who knew him and are yet living, and his name is mentioned with respect and admiration by those who were not born when he crossed the Jordan, and, with his regiment, camped among the foothills of the Wasatch.

Like many others of his countrymen who fought their way to recognition and promotion in the army and navy, Patrick Connor, when, in 1836, he landed with his parents in New York, was a penniless exile. The hostility to his religion and his nationality was, at that time in the United States, a very serious handicap, which closed to Irishmen the avenues leading to commercial and professional success.

Born in Ireland, March 17, 1820, the future general inherited the fighting blood of the great O'Connor Clan—"The O'Connor fire-eaters of Kerry,"—and, when he was nineteen years old, he enlisted as a private in a regiment organized for active service in the Seminole campaign. After his regiment was mustered out of service, in 1844, Connor returned to New York, from which city he went to Texas. While there, Mexico declared war against the United States, and at once the "Lone Star" State raised a detachment of volunteers, subsequently designed as Company A, 1st Texas Foot Riflemen, to serve for a term of three months in the Mexican War. Connor enlisted in this company, and was

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BRIGADIER GENERAL PATRICK EDWARD CONNOR.

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made first lieutenant. At the expiration of his period of service, he joined Captain Seefield's "Independent Company of Texas Volunteers," then at Camargo, Mexico. With the Volunteers he took part in the engagements of Palo Alto, Dela-Palma, Resaca, and in the fierce fight of Buena Vista, where he was badly wounded. He was mentioned in a dispatch to the war office for "conspicuous bravery in action," and on February 12, 1847, was promoted captain of his company.

After the battle of Buena Vista, Connor, at his own request, was honorably discharged and retired to California, where he remained till the opening of the Civil War.

When the news of the attack on Fort Sumpter reached California, Connor at once tendered his services to the Governor, and was appointed to the command of the Third California Infantry. In May, 1862, Colonel Connor was ordered with his regiment to Utah, ostensibly to guard the trails, to protect the mail and immigrant routes of the Wasatch and portions of the southwestern region, and keep an eye on the Indians. Early in October, 1862, the Third California Infantry and a company of the Second California Cavalry, under the command of Colonel Connor, entered the Valley of Salt Lake.

The colonel established his headquarters on a bench of land east of Salt Lake City. Here his men broke ground for a presidio, or military fort, and on October 24 he named his post Camp Douglas. His soldiers were yet engaged in the construction of temporary winter quarters when a messenger came to the camp, reporting that the Snakes and Bannocks were holding up the trails and slaughtering immigrants along the Valley of Bear River. Connor went after them, and on January 29, 1863, he almost annihilated the Snake tribe and put an end for all time to Indian deviltry in the Wasatch and Salt Lake regions.

On March 30, 1863, he was promoted Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and his command honorably mentioned for

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their part in extinguishing the rising of the Shoshonian tribes.

Early in '65 the Indians of the region, including the present states of Nevada, Colorado, Utah and parts of Dakota and New Mexico, showed signs of serious discontent. General Connor's military jurisdiction was enlarged to include the territory of these states. Soon after his appointment as "Military Commander of the District of the Plains," the Arapahoes ambushed the Overland Mail Route, killing the drivers, destroying the coaches and running off the horses. At about the same time roving bands of Sioux were attacking the immigrant trains and slaughtering women and children.

General Connor, at the head of two thousand cavalry, rode into the enemy's country, attacked the Arapahoes on the Tongue River, and inflicted a memorable defeat upon them. In this engagement the Indians lost sixty-three of their braves, their village was burned, many of their women and children made prisoners, and six hundred of their horses rounded up and driven in.

Connor returned with his mounts to Fort Laramie, where, in obedience to orders from the war office, he sent the volunteer troops under his command—about six thousand—back to their separate states, to be mustered out of service.

Soon after his return to Fort Douglas he was breveted, March 13th, Major-General of Volunteers, for gallant and meritorious service.

On April 30, 1866, General Connor was mustered out of service, declining the tender, on the part of the President, of a colonelcy in the regular army.

On his retirement from active military duty the General at once entered enthusiastically into the political and industrial life of Utah. He launched the "Daily Union Vidette," a newspaper, in which he advocated the basic principles of a united patriotism for the state, and in which he endeavored to show the utter futility of propagating, with the hope of

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eventually establishing, the theory of a theocratic government in a free country.

To counteract the teachings of the "Vidette," and educate the public to an appreciation of individual rights, the "Daily Telegraph" was founded.

Connor now entered the mineral region, and located the Jordan mine in Bingham Canyon, said to be the first mine opened in the State of Utah. He summoned and presided over the first meeting of miners in Salt Lake City, and submitted for the approval and adoption of thosepresent a series of mining rules which were afterwards consolidated into a law. He located the site for the present town of Stockton, erected the first silver-lead smelting works in our State, and threw eighty thousand dollars of his money into mining and other enterprises calculated to develop the resources of Salt Lake territory. His restless energy was not satisfied with the exploitation of the resources of the mountains. He believed that if the people living on the shores of the Great Salt Lake could be brought into closer touch and more intimate association, it would add much to their social happiness and industrial prosperity. To achieve his expectations, he built the steamer "Kate Connor" and the sloop "Pioneer," the first craft of the kind which ever opened the salt waters of the lake.

In the autumn of 1870, conditions called for the presence of a strong man at the head of military affairs in the state, and the central government, knowing their man, commissioned and appointed General Connor "Major General commanding the Utah Territory," embracing Utah, Idaho and Colorado. The crisis having passed, he again retired to private life, took an active part in social and industrial life around him, and retained to the last the good will and respect of all classes of the state and city.

On the evening of December 17, 1891, his physicians pronounced the General to be seriously ill. He at once sent to the Bishop's residence a confidential friend with a message for Father Kiely, the Vicar-General of the diocese.

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The Vicar-General immediately hastened to the bedside of the dying general, heard his confession and administered to him the last sacraments of the Catholic Church. On the 19th the brave soldier and honorable man expired, and two days afterwards was buried with military honors and the rites of his Church. He died as he had lived, a Christian, with the resignation of a devout man, the fortitude of a hero.

> "And to add greater honors to his age
> Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

An imposing mortuary shaft rises over his grave in the lonely military cemetery at Fort Douglas. The fort was his creation. He saw it expand from a collection of rough log shacks to the imposing group of buildings which impart dignity to the commanding plateau, and it is fit and proper that within sound of its cannon and within the shadow of its buildings, he should sleep his last sleep.

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CHAPTER XX.

Pioneer Priests.

About a year after General Connor had established his headquarters at Fort Douglas, and the place was beginning to take on the appearance of a garrison, a gentleman on horseback rode into the post and asked to see the commanding officer.

"General," he remarked, after he was introduced to and shook hands with the commanding officer, "I am a Catholic priest, the Rev. J. B. Raverdy, from Denver, Colorado; may I trouble you to examine my credentials?" After carefully reading the letter handed to him by the priest, the General greeted him most cordially and invited him to be his guest while he remained in the neighborhood. Father Raverdy lingered some weeks searching for a needle in a haystack, that is, for a Catholic in Salt Lake City, in those early days.

There were a few Catholics among the soldiers at the Fort, whose confessions he heard and in whose presence he daily offered up the Holy Sacrifice. On the morning of May 11, 1864, at the request of General Connor, he blessed the military cemetery, where reposed the dead, killed in the Bear River engagement.

Father Raverdy was the first priest of whom there is any record, that entered Salt Lake Valley since 1841, when Father De Smet passed through on his way to the Yellowstone.

The Rev. John Baptist Raverdy was born in the city of Rheims, France, in June, 1831. At an early age he volunteered for the missions, and came to Santa Fé in 1859, where he was ordained a priest by Bishop Lamy in the autumn of that year.

Soon after his ordination he entered the Rocky Mountain region with Father Machebeuf, afterwards Bishop of Denver, and late in the evening arrived, Oct. 29, 1860, with

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his companion, at Denver, then a collection of shacks, tents and rambling frame buildings.

From Denver the zealous priest made excursions into Colorado, Idaho and Utah, in quest of scattered members of his Church. He lived as best he could, slept in the open under a buffalo robe, and companioned with prospectors, miners and adventurers. His life was as disinterestedly missionary as was that of St. Francis Xavier.

Father Raverdy died in Denver, on the 18th of November, 1889, and his memory still lives in the grateful recollection of many of the older inhabitants of Colorado, and the citizens of Denver.

The Rev. E. Kelly.

In June, 1866, the Rev. Edward Kelly, at the request of Bishop O'Connell, of Sacramento, came to Salt Lake, rounded up the few Catholics in the city, and taking up a subscription, purchased the piece of ground on which the lately abandoned cathedral was built. Soon after the purchase it was discovered that there was a blemish on the title to the lot. To avoid litigation, the seller and buyer agreed to submit the matter in dispute to the Mormon President, Brigham Young, and stand by his arbitration.

The President, after examining the deed and listening patiently to the evidence, decided that Father Kelly was right, and ordered that the title should be quieted, all claims against the ground settled by the seller, and the deed handed over to the priest.

Father Kelly said his first public Mass in Salt Lake in the old Assembly Hall of the Latter Day Saints, courteously placed at his disposal by the President and Elders of the church. After administering to the spiritual demands of the handful of Catholics then in the city, Father Kelly returned to Sacramento.

When examining the diocesan archives we came across the name of Father Mesplie, an army chaplain, who said Mass for the Catholic soldiers of Fort Douglas on December 8,

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1870, when on his way to San Francisco. George Rauscher, an early pioneer, now in his eightieth year, served the chaplain's Mass, and was married the same morning by the officiating priest.

The Rev. James P. Foley.

On February 5th, 1868, Colorado and Utah were erected by Papal brief into a Vicariate Apostolic, and the Very Rev. Joseph P. Machebeuf was, on August 16th, consecrated Bishop in St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati, by Archbishop Purcell, to administer the new vicariate. Bishop Machebeuf established his see in Denver, and almost immediately after his return appointed the Rev. James P. Foley pastor of Salt Lake and the regional territory. Father Foley was hospitably welcomed by his Catholic parishioners who, though few in number, were socially prominent and influential.

On November 30, 1868, Bishop Machebeuf, in his official capacity, visited Salt Lake, where he was the guest of General Connor during the week he remained in the city. The Bishop visited the three Catholic families then residing in Salt Lake and, assembling them in the home of Judge Marshall, prepared them for the sacraments; and, on three occasions, offered up the Holy Sacrifice in a room set aside as a temporary chapel. At the Fort he gathered around him every evening the Catholic soldiers, prepared some of them for confirmation and on the following Sunday administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to fourteen. On the 8th of December, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, he celebrated two marriages and baptized three children of John Sloan. On December 10th, Bishop Machebeuf left for Fort Bridger on his way to Denver, his episcopal city.

On the lot purchased by Father Kelly was a dilapidated adobe structure. This humble ruin Father Foley repaired, and on Sundays and holydays offered within its mud walls the Holy Sacrifice, and taught to his devout little flock the doctrines of Apostolic Christianity. It may interest our readers to read over the roll call of honor of those who as-

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sisted at Father Foley's Mass, the first Sunday possession was taken of the adobe chapel. Those present were Judge Barron, Mrs. Governor Vaughan, Mrs. T. Marshall, J. J. and T. B. O'Reilly, J. L. Burns, Mrs. Simpkins and family, and C. L. Dahier.

Father Foley continued his labors in obscurity and poverty till the autumn of 1870, when the Holy See, at the urgent solicitation of Bishop Machebeuf, who, in 1868, visited Salt Lake in his official character, placed Utah under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco. Father Foley now returned to his own diocese, Denver, and

THE REV. PATRICK WALSH

was appointed by Archbishop Alemany, pastor of Salt Lake. He entered upon his pastoral duties early in 1871, and at once began interviewing his parishioners touching the prospects of erecting a church. His encouragement was sufficient to induce him to frame a subscription list, which he headed with an humble donation from his own limited means.

As a result of his own untiring efforts and the generous support he received from the citizens of Salt Lake, irrespective of creed, the chuch of St. Mary Magdalene, on Third East, was erected, and on November 6, 1871, was consecrated by Archbishop Alemany, who made the trying journey from San Francisco expressly for the consecration. In the introduction to his sermon on the occasion, the Archbishop congratulated those present on the imposing appearance of their ecclesiastical home, and expressed his appreciation of the generosity of the friendly people who had contributed to make the church a possibility. This was the first Catholic church consecrated in Utah, and around it are grouped many pathetic scenes and consolitary incidents in the early communal life of the Catholics of Salt Lake, many of whom have, since its opening, entered the life beyond the grave.

Early in 1872, Father Bouchard, a Jesuit priest, came by invitation of the pastor, and conducted a retreat, popularly known as a mission, for the Catholics of the city. These

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popular missions have their origin far back in the history of the Church, and experience and results have proved them to be of incalculable value to a community and to individual souls. During the days of the mission the members of the congregation assemble in a body in the church at stated hours, and, after worshiping God, are addressed by the mission priest on a particular subject bearing upon the duty individual man owes to God, to his neighbor, to himself. Sermons are delivered on the gravity of mortal sin, on the four great truths,—death, judgment, heaven and hell. In fact, a mission is a spiritual awakening, a time when the human soul is asked to commune with itself, to enter upon an examination of its health, and ask itself the question: "How fares it with me, and what will be my judgment when my eyes are closed in death?"

As this was the first mission given in Salt Lake, the church was always crowded at the spiritual exercises by Catholics and non-Catholics, drawn to the church by devotion or curiosity.

Father Walsh remained as pastor of St. Mary's until July, 1873, when he was recalled by his Archbishop and promoted to another charge in California, where he died December 23, 1884. During his pastorship of the parish he effected much good, and, when he retired, he carried with him into his new field of labor the love of his parishioners and the respect and esteem of those who were not of his flock. When taking farewell of his people he expressed his deep regret that, notwithstanding his efforts, there yet remained on the church a debt of $6,000, which, he feared, would greatly dishearten his successor, owing to the numerical weakness of the congregation.

When Archbishop Alemany sought in his diocese for a successor to Father Walsh, he was confronted with a serious problem. Salt Lake was enlarging its civic boundaries, mining camps were increasing in the mountains, and the resources of the state were being exploited. To meet the exi-

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gencies of the time and region, and visit the distant mining towns, demanded a priest physically strong, dowered with prudence, and fortified with exceptional strength of soul and mind. The Archbishop had canonically the power to order any of his priests to this distant and rugged region, but his tender and kindly heart was opposed to the exercise of his authority where the command involved great privation, much self-denial and unavoidable suffering.

There was then at Petaluma, one of the promising towns of his diocese, a stalwart young priest, who had come to him from Ireland a few years before, and whom, in recognition of his valuable services as assistant priest in San Francisco, the Archbishop had promoted to the pastorate of Petaluma.

His Grace sent for him, outlined the hardships of the vacant parish of Salt Lake, the debt upon the church and the difficulties to be encountered in reaching the remote mining camps in the mountains. At once the young priest yielded to the entreaties of the Archbishop, returned to Petaluma and settled his affairs, bade "good bye" to his people, and, on August 14, 1873, Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, now Bishop of Salt Lake and Utah, entered Salt Lake in the prime of his young manhood, and almost in the early morning of his priestly ordination. On that eventful and auspicious evening, when concluding his devotions, he might have said with the aged patriarch: "*Hic requiscam, quoniam elegi eam*—here will I remain, since I myself have chosen it."

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EDUCATIONAL AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF THE DIOCESE

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ALL HALLOW'S COLLEGE, SALT LAKE CITY.

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CHAPTER XXI.

The Marist Fathers.

All Hallows College, Salt Lake City, is one of the high-class educational establishments for which Utah and the Intermountain states are winning distinction. This admirable seat of learning was handed over by its founder, Bishop Scanlan, in 1889, to the Marist Fathers.

Now who are the Marists, as they are familiarly known, and how, and when did they come into existence?

The Society of Mary was founded in the beginning of the nineteenth century by a French priest of the diocese of Lyons (France), named Jean Claude Marie Colin. The idea of a religious society dedicated to the Blessed Virgin had originated with a group of seminarians at St. Irénée, near Lyons. Although the most retiring and modest of the group, Father Colin became the real founder. While serving as assistant pastor in the town of Cerdon, he drew up provisional rules, which met the hearty approval of several bishops and of Mgr. Frayssinous, then Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs in France. The town of Cerdon having passed to the newly reorganized diocese of Belley, Father Colin obtained from its Bishop, Mgr. Devie, permission to take a few companions and preach missions in the neglected parts of the diocese. The little community soon increased in number, and though the Bishop would have preferred to see it remain a simple diocesan congregation, Father Colin obtained, in 1836, from Gregory XVI the canonical approbation of the Society of Mary, as an order with simple vows. In the same year Father Colin was chosen Superior-General.

Besides the Fathers, the Society of Mary, in Father Colin's mind, comprised several other branches: The Brother coadjutors, the teaching Brothers, the Sisters, the Contemplative Branch and the Third Order of Mary. All these branches are now in existence. The Brother coadjutors

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were the first to be organized, and they have ever since helped the Fathers in their ministry. Father Colin also founded the Third Order of Mary for persons wishing to live a religious life in the world, and the Order is now flourishing in most missions and parishes entrusted to the Marist Fathers. Again the branch of the Marist Sisters was the direct result of Father Colin's efforts; they form now an order independent in administration from that of the Marist Fathers, but the same spirit animates their rules and their constitutions; they have now colleges and academies in France, England and Oceanica. The two other branches of the Society of Mary are also independent of the Marist Fathers; that of the Brothers, who are called "The Little Brothers of Mary," was founded by Father Champagnat, one of the first Marists, and is now the most numerous of the Marist organizations, having rapidly spread almost over every part of the world. Finally the contemplative branch, largely as planned by Father Colin, was organized, though long after the latter's death, by Father Eymard, likewise a Marist, and is now known as "The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament."

But we are concerned here only with the Marist Fathers —the first creation of Father Colin. The name they bear— Marist Fathers, Society of Mary—sufficiently tells under whose patronage and in whose spirit they devote themselves, both to their own sanctification and to that of their neighbor, particularly of the poor and of those most destitute of religious comforts.

After the approbation of the order in 1836, it spread rapidly, first in France, where numerous missionary houses and colleges were founded; then in Oceanica, which had been entrusted to the Society by Gregory XVI, and where, during Father Colin's administration (1836-1854), over a hundred Marists were sent, several of whom gave up their life in the attempt to convert the natives; later in England, Ireland, and the United States.

Already, in 1847, Mgr. Mathias Loras, Bishop of Dubuque (Iowa), had asked Father Colin to send him some

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Marists for his diocese. But on account of the small number of subjects at the time the request could not be granted.

In 1862 Mgr. J. M. Odin, first Bishop of Texas, and who had been lately transferred to the archiepiscopal see of New Orleans, addressed a similar request to Father Favre, who had succeeded Father Colin as Superior-General of the Society of Mary, and requested so urgently that some members of the order were sent to Louisiana.

The parish of St. Michael, about fifty miles north of New Orleans, on the Mississippi River, was the first Marist house in America. Others were to follow a few years after. Jefferson College, and the parish of the Holy Name of Mary, both in Louisiana, were soon also confided to their charge.

Later other foundations followed. Parishes were accepted in Massachusetts, Maine, California, Minnesota. Another college was founded in Van Buren (Maine), and in 1889, the Society of Mary assumed control of All Hallows College in Salt Lake City.

ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.

All Hallows College was founded by Right Rev. Bishop Scanlan in 1885. The growing number of Catholics in Utah and the neighboring states made it imperative to build a school where Catholic parents could procure for their children the advantage of a good Christian education. At the time not only were there no Catholic schools for several hundred miles around, but the public schools themselves were scarce in this sparsely inhabited section. The westerners living on ranches or in mining camps enjoyed no educational facilities, and the foundation of a Catholic college in Salt Lake marked a bold but decisive step in the history of the Catholic Church in the West.

All Hallows College was the third Catholic institution in the city of Salt Lake founded by Bishop, or rather, Father Scanlan, who was then missionary rector, the city of Salt Lake, being a part of the Archdiocese of San Francisco. St. Mary's Academy and the Hospital of the Holy Cross were

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founded in 1875. In fact, the ground on which All Hallows now stands was acquired in 1881, for the purpose of erecting there the Holy Cross Hospital, which had been until then located temporarily in a rented house on Fifth East, between South Temple and First South streets; but before work on the building was begun, Father Scanlan resolved to buy a larger tract of land for the hospital on Eleventh East, and to set apart the smaller but more central lot for educational purposes. Four years later, in 1885, plans of the building which forms the east wing of the present structure, were made by Henry Monheim. Ground was broken and the work of construction begun. In September of the following year, classes were organized. Rev. P. Blake, who was then pastor of Park City, Utah, and is now pastor of St. Helena, Cal., was selected as president of the new institution. The first year it was opened 115 pupils were enrolled. Of these 49 were boarders and 66 day pupils. The following year, 1887, the school term began with 70 boarders and 83 day pupils.

Soon after the opening of All Hallows College, in September, 1886, Father Scanlan received news of his appointment as Bishop of Salt Lake. After his consecration in San Francisco, on June 29, 1887, he returned to Salt Lake and made All Hallows College his episcopal residence; he remained there until August, 1889, taking an active part in the administration of the college. But to fulfill the office of Bishop of such a large diocese and at the same time to direct successfully a struggling young institution, was soon found next to impossible. Besides the priests of the diocese were few, and could only with the greatest sacrifice to parochial and missionary work be spared for the teaching faculty of All Hallows. Hence, in 1889, Bishop Scanlan entered into negotiations with a religious order then little known in the West—the Society of Mary. Father Leterier, Provincial of the order in the United States, came to Salt Lake to confer with the Bishop, and finally accepted the direction of All Hallows College.

The college had then three years of existence. The Revs.

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Fathers Fox, Guinan and Delahaye, were selected by the superiors of the Society of Mary to take charge of the work, with Father Fox as president. The remainder of the faculty was made up of lay teachers. Trials awaited the newcomers, and the beginning was discouraging enough. Father Fox, on account of ill health, had to leave the college for a change of air, and went to California; the absence was intended to be only temporary, but his condition did not allow him to return to Salt Lake. Father Forestier, who had replaced Father Leterier as Provincial of the Society of Mary in the U. S., assumed the charge of president for a few months. To add to the misfortunes of the struggling institution, an epidemic of diphtheria broke out among the boys, and out of the thirty or thirty-five boarders, eight or ten were confined to Holy Cross Hospital, sick with the dangerous disease.

In the beginning of 1890 Father J. B. Chataignier was appointed Superior to relieve Father Forestier of a charge which it was impossible for him to carry on at the same time as that of Provincial. But again the prospects remained rather dark during his administration. Father Chataignier was an old missionary, a man of advanced years and of great experience. But the life of college President was not congenial to him, and he welcomed the news of the appointment of Father Henry as his successor. This was in 1891.

Father Henry had been Superior of Jefferson College, Louisiana, and was a man in every way fitted for the difficult work which awaited him in Salt Lake. He had great talent for organization, and was an excellent disciplinarian. During the three years that he remained in charge order and discipline prevailed, and those three years mark the beginning of a new era for All Hallows College. But he was in poor health, and again a change became necessary. He had to return to Louisiana, where his health continued to fail, and he died soon after his return.

In 1894 Father Thos. J. Larkin took charge of the college, and during six years he was untiring in his efforts to promote its success. Thanks to his earnestness and activity,

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All Hallows became more prosperous than ever. He was effectively seconded in his labor by Father B. Mader, then Vice-President, Prefect of Discipline and Musical Director, and to him also the college owes a large debt of gratitude.

In November, 1897, the Very Rev. J. C. Raffin, now Superior-General of the Society of Mary, but then Special Visitor of the Marist houses in the United States, was the guest of Father Larkin. He expressed himself again and again as delighted with the excellent work already done by the college, the good discipline and the excellent spirit that reigned in the institution.

During the scholastic year 1898-1899, an important step was taken in the history of All Hallows College. The building on Second South was now inadequate to meet the demands. A small house on Fourth East was rented, and another on Second South was bought, to be used as professors' quarters; but this was only a temporary solution of the problem, and it was evident that it would soon become necessary either to enlarge the old college or to build on some other site. The latter plan was thought better, and a forty-acre tract of land was purchased on the bench just east of Liberty Park. The site is probably the finest around the city of Salt Lake for the location of a boarding school.

The proposition was received with the greatest favor by the friends of the college, and with enthusiasm by the boys and alumni. More than twenty students subscribed from $500 down to $100, and agreed that every cent of it would be paid from their own earnings after leaving college. The money thus subscribed was to form an endowment fund for a "Greater All Hallows."

As it was, the "Greater All Hallows" on the hill which overlooks the city and the valley of Salt Lake, never became an accomplished fact, but this incident illustrates the influence of Father Larkin over the boys.

In 1902 Father Larkin was appointed rector of the Church of the Holy Name of Mary, at Algiers, Louisiana, and Father J. J. Guinan, then Vice-Superior of the Marist

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College, Atlanta, became President of All Hallows College. Father Guinan was by no means unknown in Salt Lake. He was one of the three Marist Fathers who came in 1889, when the college was confided by Bishop Scanlan to the care of the Society of Mary, and he had remained there for eight years as professor, spiritual director, and later Vice-President. He was welcomed back by his numerous friends and hailed as the real founder of "Greater All Hallows." However, an important change was made in Father Larkin's plans. The need of a larger college was more imperative than ever; during the scholastic year 1901-1902, the number of students was larger than ever before, the roll showing for that year 123 boarders, besides the day boys. The classrooms, the dormitories, the dining-rooms, the chapel were all too small. After mature consideration of the pros and cons, it was decided to build, not a new college on the property acquired by Father Larkin, but a large addition to the old structure. For this it was necessary to buy first a tract of land adjoining the college grounds. Then, under Father Guinan's direction, a large and handsome building and a new chapel were erected at the cost of nearly $100,000. The new building contains sixty rooms, besides a finely equipped gymnasium.

The dedication of the new wing and of the college chapel took place on Sunday, September 6th, in the presence of an immense crowd. The Right Rev. Bishop Scanlan, assisted by the college faculty and a number of visiting priests, presided on the occasion. At the close the Right Rev. Bishop, in a few well-chosen words, complimented the Fathers on the great work inaugurated. But it was indeed a credit to the Bishop himself, who had first laid his hand to the work and founded All Hallows College at a time when no one dreamed of its future growth and success.

The chapel erected between the old and the new building is Romanesque in architecture and quite devotional in its interior finish. The altar is a work of art, also Romanesque

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in style, of white Carrara marble, with onyx pillars, having burnished gold trimmings, while there is a lofty canopy of marble and burnished copper that sets off the whole to advantage. Fourteen windows of Munich stained glass, of the most beautiful coloring, add very much to the charm and the devotional character of the chapel.

The college offers classical, scientific and commercial courses, in addition to preparatory courses for young boys. Among the features of the college is an excellent museum containing carefully classified collections. Owing to the kindness of friends of the college, this museum is being rapidly added to, and will compare favorably with museums found in institutions of eastern cities.

The artistic side of the school work is cultivated by means of excellent musical and dramatic organizations. The College band and orchestra have always received high praise from those who are familiar with their work.

In athletics All Hallows has won a foremost place among the collegiate institutes and state universities of the west, and as the college has for years emphasized the importance of calisthenics and military training, it rightly prides itself on its splendid cadet battalion.

Under the able presidency of Very Rev. Dr. Guinan, supported by an efficient staff of specialists in their respective departments, All Hallows College is doing excellent work.

The records existing since the Marist Fathers were invited by the Ordinary of the diocese to assume the management and direct the destinies of All Hallows, indicate a growing appreciation on the part of the public of the practical education given in its class rooms.

In the scholastic year of 1894-95 there were entered on the College register 74 students, and the attendance steadily increased during Father Larkin's administration, which continued until 1902, when Dr. Guinan was elected to the Presidency. This year, 1909, there are 225 students on the roll, and if the list continues to swell, the faculty will be forced to again enlarge the college.

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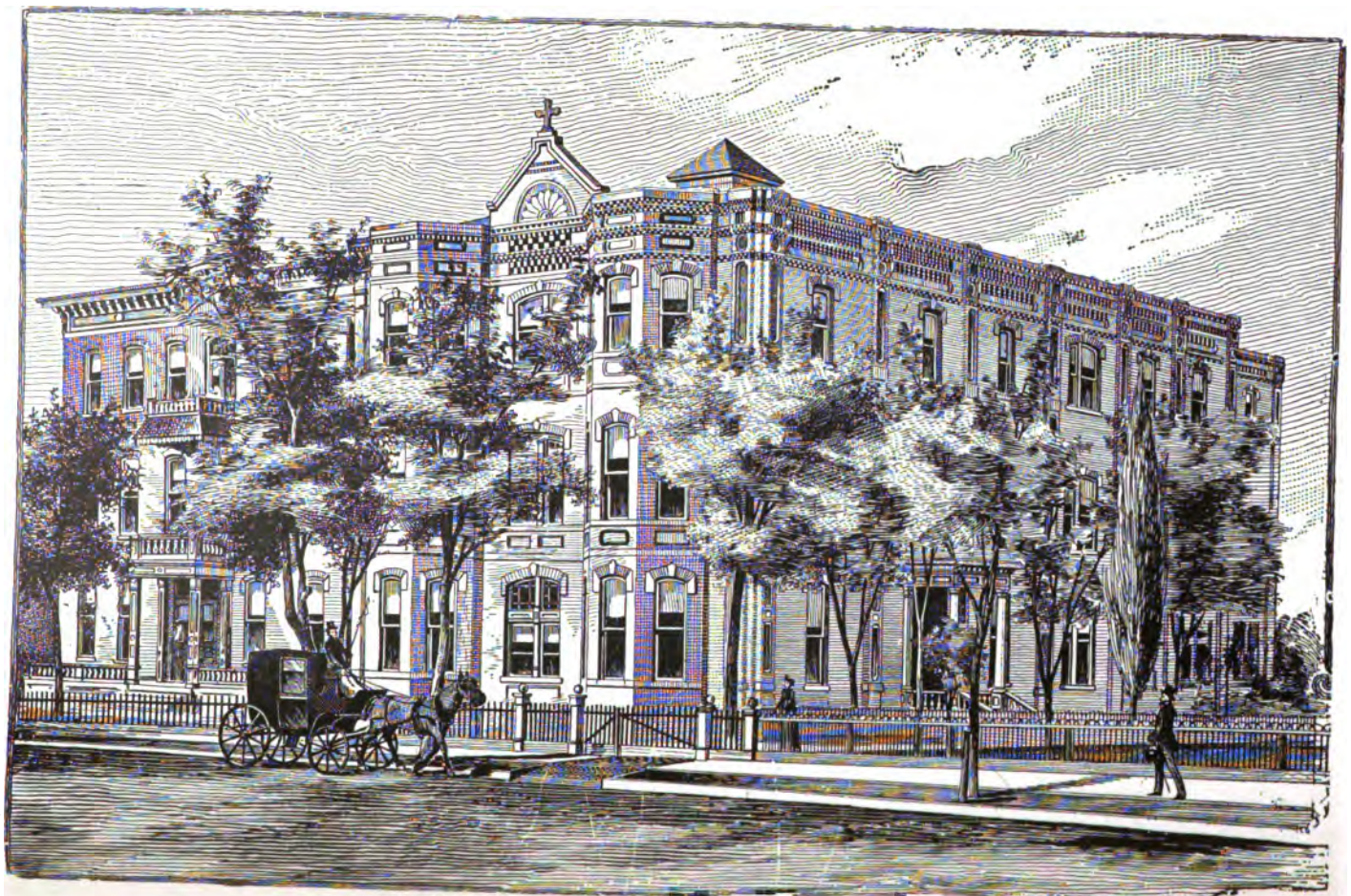

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, SALT LAKE CITY. WINTER SCENE.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Sisterhood of the Holy Cross.

Its Origin and Expansion in Our Republic.

When we begin to review the splendid work the Sisters of Holy Cross have done and are doing in the Diocese of Salt Lake, we naturally wish to be informed on the origin of the Society, and particularly of the fortituitous combination of circumstances which happily conspired to introduce the Sisters of Holy Cross to America and in an especial manner to Utah.

The Catholic Church is the prolific mother of religious orders and institutions established continuously from the morning of the third century down to our own times. Immediately following the peace of the Church in the Roman Empire, the religious orders of Thebaide and Palestine, of Lerins and Marmoutier were founded, and rolled back the sea of Arian heresy which threatened to submerge Europe and Asia. From that time until our own day, religious orders have flourished in the Christian republic of the imperishable Church, and by their untiring energy and heroic labors have civilized and converted to the faith of Jesus Christ nations, tribes and peoples. Many of these religious organizations were established to face and defeat a dangerous emergency which threatened the civilization of a particular people, and disbanded when the object for which the order was founded had been accomplished. Others were organized for the alleviation of human suffering, like the "Society for the Redemption of Christian Prisoners" taken in war by the Turks and held in bondage. When advancing civilization in Asia and conditions in the Orient made for an exchange of prisoners of war, the Society for the Redemption of Captives dissolved.

But great orders founded for the conversion of savage and infidel races, for the education of the masses, the higher

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development of the intellect, for the assuagement of human sorrow and suffering, the care of the orphan, the aged and the hopelessly poor, remain as living and active organizations; for the demands of illiteracy, of poverty and human suffering are appealing and will ever appeal to the charity of the Christian heart.

There was never, in the history of Christianity, any great crisis threatening the stability of established order, there was never a social condition so deranged and hopeless among a civilized people, that God did not inspire some one man, like St. Bernard, St. Francis, or a Peter the Hermit, to appear and meet the crisis or the condition.

In the history of the world, since the Noachic Deluge, we find no record of any social or national cataclysm comparable to or paralleling the French Revolution of the 18th century. It was a racial madness unequaled in the history of our race, and may never again occur in the life of the race. It was a satanic uprising of the French nation against God, followed by an attack on everyone and every institution that stood by or for God in the demoniac war on Jesus Christ.

When, by the providential apparition of one man, the national revolt against the Supreme Being was crushed and order re-established, the ruin was appalling. A people without a God or gods is an impossibility.

When Bonaparte fought his way to a throne and conquered an empire, he at once opened communication with the Sovereign Pontiff and re-established religion in France. Churches were cleansed, purified and reconsecrated, isolated and exiled priests were summoned from the mountains and recalled from foreign lands, the older religious orders were re-established in their monasteries, and to meet the altered conditions of society new religious congregations were organized.

Conspicuous among the communities which came into existence soon after the Napoleonic Concordat was signed by Rome and Paris, was the religious congregation known to us as that of "The Holy Cross."

Like all great and permanent institutions of the Church,

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RITA GROVE AND VIRGIN AVENUE, Academy of Holy Cross Nuns, Salt Lake.

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the society began humbly, in comparative obscurity, and without any blare of trumpets. Its founder was a pious priest named Basil Moreau, who was known to his intimates as a man of profound learning, of unblemished life, and of a piety that was at once magnetic and admirable. Gathering around him a few of his priestly companions, men all aglow with divine enthusiasm and love for souls, Basil Moreau established, with Papal sanction, the Association of the Holy Cross. The Society adopted for its motto the words of our Divine Lord to His disciples: "Unless you take up your cross and follow Me you can have no part with Me." The members went two by two, from one end of infidel France to the other, exhorting, visiting, praying and preaching "Christ and Him Crucified."

Then was formed into a pious community a number of devout young women, afterwards canonically grouped into an organization known as the "Sisterhood of the Holy Cross." The chief aims of the sisterhood were directed to the moral, religious and intellectual training of young girls, to the protection, care for and education of orphans, as wards of Christ, and to the nursing of the sick, the assuagement of human sorrow and human suffering in public hospitals.

Thus sixty-nine years ago, on September 29, 1841, in a little convent chapel in the city of Le Mans, France, the foundation was laid of the sisterhood of the Holy Cross, whose members to-day, in America alone, number more than one thousand, and whose generous devotion to the wounded of the Northern Army during the trying times of the Rebellion and the Spanish war endeared them to the hearts of the American people. In June, 1843, four Sisters of the Holy Cross sailed from France for America. They came by invitation of Bishop Hailandière, of Vincennes, Indiana, and on the urgent solicitation of Very Rev. Father Sorin, who in August, 1841, introduced the Congregation of the Holy Cross to America.

These four Sisters began their arduous noviate in Indiana under trying circumstances, and in a region that was then

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practically a wilderness. They were the first volunteers enrolled for service in America, and their names and memory are held in benediction by the members of the sisterhood.

The most conspicuous member of this community of holy women in America was Mother M. Angela, who died March, 1887. She was virtually the foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in our republic. Her untiring zeal, her devotion to duty, and her unobtrusive piety won the admiration of her companions in religion and of all who were privileged to know her. For thirty years she filled the office of Superior of the sisterhood in America, and under her administration were molded the majority of the Sisters who to-day, by their refinement of manner and courteous bearing, are winning the respect and admiration of the communities among whom their institutions are established.

WHEN THE SISTERS CAME TO UTAH.

In 1875 the Right Reverend Bishop Scanlan was missionary rector of Salt Lake. With prophetic vision he predicted a great future for the city and the state of Utah. He foresaw the expansion of his own congregation, then numerically weak, and resolved to anticipate growth of city and the increase of the Catholic population. The Catholic Church, in every period of her marvelous history, has, through her bishops and priests, endeavored to protect and shelter the poor and the orphaned, to develop the human intellect to the highest possible efficiency, to impart to her subjects graciousness of manner, and to relieve physical suffering whenever and wherever possible.

To co-operate with her in accomplishing her laudable designs for the uplifting of the human race, the Church, in all ages, founded religious societies of men and women, and on these societies she invoked the blessing of the Holy Spirit and assigned them to respective spheres of occupation and duty.

When the time came for the representative of the Catholic Church in Utah to call to his assistance one of the religious organizations already firmly established in the East, he se-

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lected, as his choice, the sisterhood of the Holy Cross, and invited the community to come to Salt Lake and open a school for the education and training of girls. Answering the call from the West, two Sisters, Mother M. Augusta and Sister Raymond, left their conventual home at Our Lady of the Lake, Indiana, and June 6, 1875, entered the then mysterious and romantic city of Salt Lake.

The Sisters were received by Mrs. T. Marshall on alighting from the train, and driven to her hospitable home, where they remained as guests of the family until the little adobe cottage—as unpretentious as the Home of Nazareth—on First West street, was completed and opened as a convent and school.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

The citizens of Salt Lake enjoy a reputation abroad for shrewdness of observation, appreciation of a good thing when they meet it, and generosity in the encouragement of meritorious effort.

When they became convinced that the city possessed a valuable asset in the presence among them of the sisterhood of the Holy Cross, they answered generously an appeal for the better housing of the Sisters.

From the snug little adobe cottage to the imposing Academy they now occupy the transition was a necessity, for the increasing number of their pupils called for more ample accommodation.

In 1878 Mother M. Charles became superior of the Academy. She remained in office till her lamented death in 1890. By the urbanity of her manner, her tact and piety, and her administrative ability, she won a very high place in the affection and respect of her Sisters and people. "She was," to use the language of one who knew her well, "a woman of mature mind, of gracious manner and refinement of feeling, and dowered with exceptional administrative and executive talents." St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake City, has been singularly fortunate in that from its inception until now it has always had as its directing mind ladies of refine-

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ment, tact and prudence, whose names and memory will for all time be associated with the growth and expansion of the institution. These ladies are known under their names in the community as Mothers M. Augusta (1875-78), M. Charles (1878-90), M. Sienna (1890-95), M. Praxedis (1895-98), M. Lucretia (1898-03), M. Alexis (1903-04).

In 1904 the present superior, Sister Frances Clare, was appointed as head of the Academy, and when we state that, by her prudent administration of the affairs of the institution and her urbanity of address, she has maintained the high standard of efficiency and added to the enviable reputation held by St. Mary's, we but do her simple justice.

The course of studies in this excellent establishment covers all the subjects taught in the great convent schools of the large cities of the East. Nuns and Sisters of the great teaching orders of the Catholic Church insist in maintaining, in Europe and America, that the education of the girl must, to be efficient, differ materially from that of the boy. They contend that urbanity, tenderness, amiability and, above all, irreproachable morality, are inseparable from the training of the girl, and that, wanting these, no young girl can ever ripen into a refined, cultured and contented woman.

The Alumnae Association, composed of the graduates of the Academy, organized in 1899, numbers nearly one hundred members. In their devotion and loyalty to *Alma Mater,* and by their noble influence, the Sisters realize the vindication of their teaching, and the reward of their life of labor and self-immolation.

The recognition by experienced heads of families in the Eastern States, of the strength of the position and the wisdom of the contention of the Sisters, is manifest from the numbers of non-Catholic young ladies now attending the schools and higher institutions of learning presided over by the Sisters of the Holy Cross and by those of other conventual organizations of the United States.

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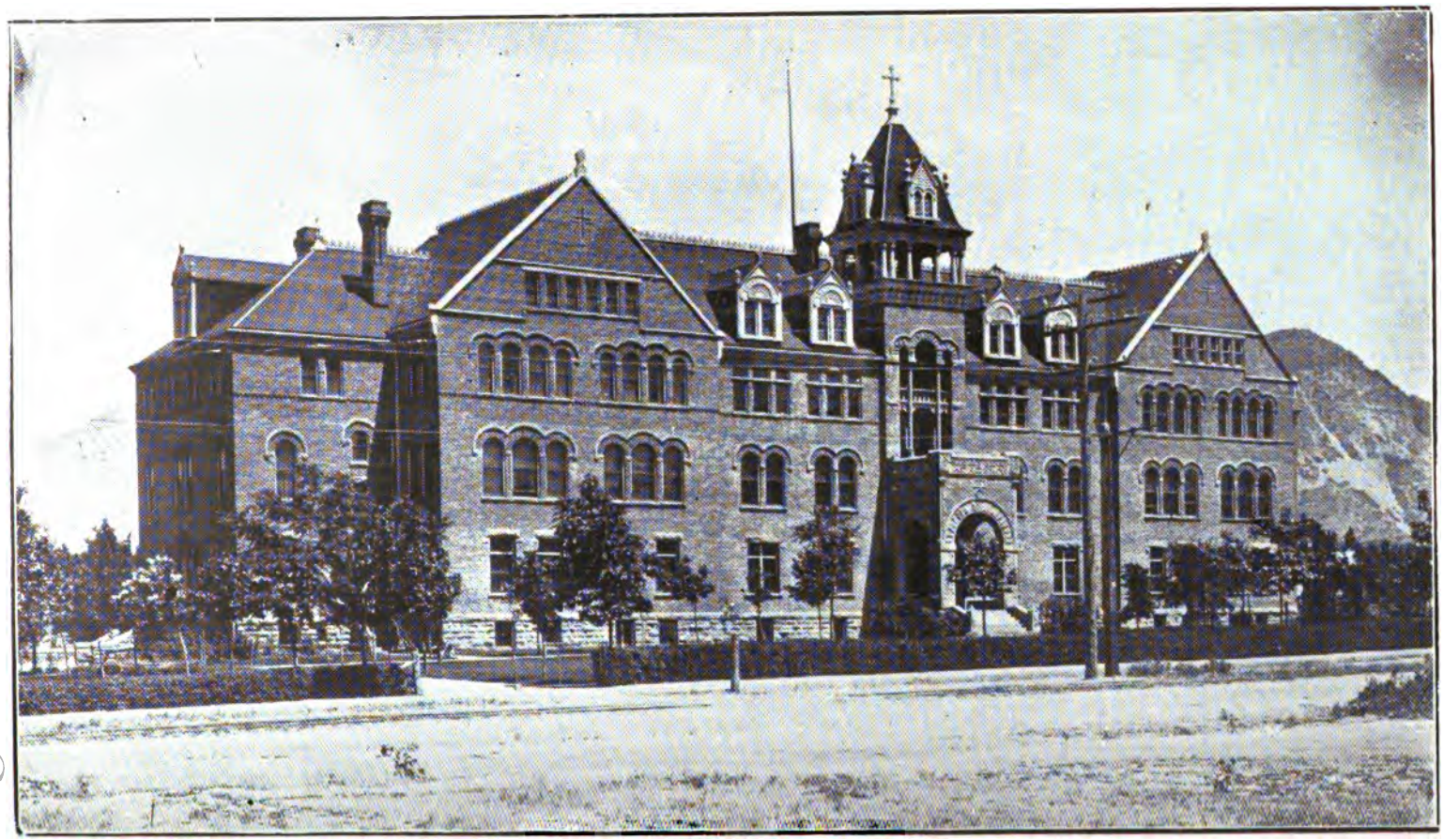

SACRED HEART ACADEMY, OGDEN, UTAH.

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CHAPTER XXtII.

SACRED HEART ACADEMY, OGDEN.

Ever watchful of the growing needs of Catholicity in Utah, Right Reverend Lawrence Scanlan requested the Sisters of the Holy Cross to open a school in Ogden. In response to this earnest solicitation, on September 16, 1878, Sisters Francis, Evangelista, Georgia, Anicetus, Calasanctius, Bernardo and Flavia—the last named is yet in Ogden—were sent from the Mother House, at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana, to conduct an institution similar to that previously opened in Salt Lake City. A spacious building on the corner of 26th St. and Washington Ave. was prepared for their reception, and here the Sacred Heart Academy of to-day had its humble beginning. In the spring of 1882, St. Joseph's School, adjoining the Academy, was built. The upper story was occupied as a sleeping apartment for boys. Two rooms underneath were used as class rooms, one for large boys and the other a minim apartment for boys and girls. In 1882 the first superior, Sister Frances, was replaced by Mother Annunciatia, afterwards Mother General of the Order. Her forceful, winning character was a potent factor in the Catholic education of this Western region; no one, bishops, priests, religious or pupils can ever forget her noble soul and her kindly heart. When called to the Mother House in Indiana to fill an important position on the directorate, Mother Annunciatia was replaced, in 1889, by Sister Pauline, who realized the growing needs of the Academy, which was no longer large enough to accommodate the number of pupils. It was decided to erect a new building, and a five-acre lot on 25th St. was purchased and plans for the present Sacred Heart Academy were drawn up. The ground was broken for the new structure Sept. 24, 1890, and the corner stone laid May 24th, of the following year. The institution was ready

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for the reception of the students in September, 1892, the Sisters having moved from the old quarters the previous June.

Beautifully situated at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, the Academy, apart from the careful moral and mental training it affords, offers exceptional advantages for the physical development of its students. In the various departments, the course of studies is as extensive and thorough as it can be made by long experience and a large and capable staff of teachers. The most approved systems of instruction are adopted. The Sacred Heart Alumnae Association, organized in 1904, numbers ninety members. The society fulfills its object in keeping alive in the hearts of the graduates the memory of their Alma Mater, and in perpetuating the friendships formed in happy school days. The location of the Academy, just on the foothills of the picturesque Wasatch range and close to Ogden's historic canyon, is ideal and appeals to all who appreciate the beautiful and the sublime in nature.

The steady increase of the resident students and the frequent commendations appearing in the Utah press indicate the growth in public favor of this meritorious seminary. The Academy of the Sacred Heart, Ogden, like its sister convent, St. Mary's Academy of Salt Lake, offers young ladies, irrespective of creed, every facility for acquiring a finished education and all the graces of a refined and accomplished woman of society. The ladies of the Holy Cross are also at the head of meritorious institutions and conduct excellent schools at Park City and Eureka.

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KEARNS' ST. ANN'S ORPHANAGE, SALT LAKE CITY.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

ST. ANN'S ORPHANAGE.

The accidents and deaths inseparable from the hazardous occupation of men engaged in mining necessarily threw upon the hands of the charitably disposed many helpless orphans.

Touched by the spectacle of these fatherless children, the Bishop resolved to make provision for their maintenance and education. He decided to open an "Orphans' Home" where no creed or color line would be drawn, and he would trust to God, to the charity of his people, to his own energy and that of his priests, for the maintenance of the orphanage. Again he appealed to the sisterhood of the Holy Cross, whose Mother-House is at St. Mary's, Indiana, and again the sisterhood answered his call. On October 15, 1891, three Sisters arrived and opened the Orphanage in the residence lately occupied by the Bishop and his priests.

Twice the building was enlarged, till at last, the number knocking at the door for admission made a new orphanage an imperative necessity, for the lot on which the building stood was too small for an extra wing.

In June, 1898, an option was offered Bishop Scanlan on fifteen acres of land on Twelfth South. He closed with the option, but the first payment exhausted his resources.

Whilst revolving in his mind the problem of securing means to meet the second payment, and increasing his appeals to heaven for assistance, help came to him in a most generous and courteous manner. Senator Thomas Kearns, learning of the Bishop's straightened circumstances, slipped down quietly one morning and looked over the Bishop's purchase. Next day Mrs. Kearns waited upon Bishop Scanlan. The result of the interview is the present magnificent building, the Kearns-St. Ann's Orphanage, costing, exclusive of ground and furnishing, $55,000.

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The institution was furnished by the ladies of the cathedral congregation, but the electric and gas fittings, the isolated and modernly equipped laundry and accessories, as well as the Orphanage itself, are memorials of the charity and generosity of Senator and Mrs. Kearns.

This splendid institution, protecting 168 children, is an enduring example of Catholic benevolence and a memorial to the Bishop and to the charity and liberality of the gentleman and his wife that made it possible.

Under the care of eleven Sisters of the community of the Holy Cross, the orphanage is a model charity. And if it be asked, what are the Sisters paid for looking after these 168 little ones, you will be told: "the food they eat, the clothes they wear and the beds they sleep on." It is the most unique example of pure and disinterested benevolence in the state of Utah. The devotion, self-sacrifice and practical charity of these ladies, whom we call Sisters, are marvelous proofs of the influence of God's grace on human souls and of the effect of the power of the Holy Spirit on human hearts. These ladies have bidden an eternal farewell to the world and the world's pleasures and have offered themselves as living victims on the altar of charity, for the salvation of the fatherless and the wards of Jesus Christ. Surely their reward beyond the grave will be very great.

Winter and summer the sisters rise at 5 a. m. At 5:30 they are in the chapel praying to God and meditating on His eternal truths. At 6 o'clock they assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and at 6:30 awake the children. At 7 the little ones are served breakfast by the Sisters, and at 9 o'clock school opens with a petition to God, that, in His mercy, He would bless them all. In addition to the ordinary common school education, those of the children of an age to learn are taught manners and morals, and are trained to believe in God, in the Holy Trinity, in the divinity and resurrection of Christ in the judgment to come and a final accounting to God for sins committed in the flesh. Forty-three of the boys and girls are taught shorthand and typewriting, and some

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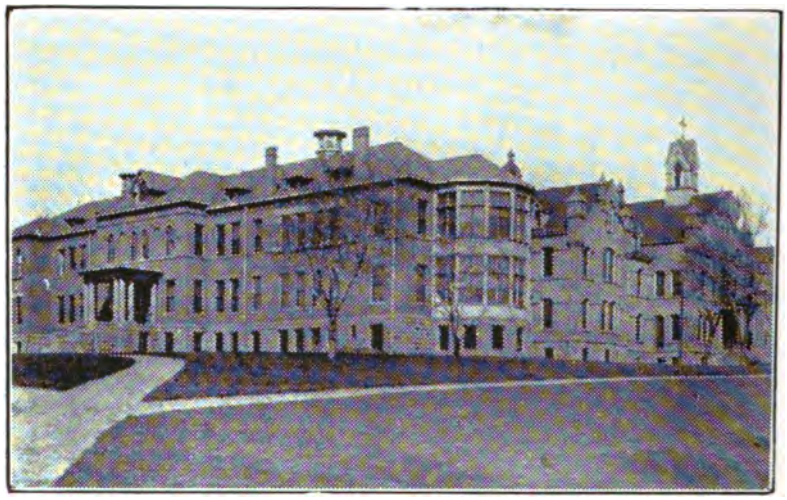
CALIFORNIA



HOLY CROSS HOSPITAL, Salt Lake City.

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of the best stenographers and typewriters filling lucrative positions in our city are graduates of Kearns-St. Ann's Orphanage. We would hardly look for it in an orphanage, but one of the Sisters devotes her time exclusively to teaching singing to the children and music to those of the girls who show an aptitude for the piano. They lost one or both their parents at a tender age, and have been sent here to be educated and trained morally. If the surviving parent or guardian can afford to pay a small sum monthly it is gratefully accepted, but the orphan, pay or no pay, is cheerfully received and no discrimination shown.

The building throughout, the dormitories, the bath rooms, the spacious halls, the class rooms and dining hall are scrupulously clean and evoke expressions of surprise from visitors. There is no hotel in our city more visibly clean or better managed. Call in and go through the orphanage and verify for yourself our statements. To conduct this great institution, to heat it, light it, keep the building in repair, and furnish food and clothing call for a liberal expenditure.

To the acting superior, Sister M. Martina and her predecessor, Sister M. Octavia, the orphanage, as a live institution, is deeply indebted. They have done much, by their urbanity, tact and mild discipline, to lift this great Catholic charity unto a plane of high efficiency and of admirable adaptation to the wants of homeless children. To Catholic institutions, such as the Kearns-St. Ann's Orphanage, Mr. John D. Rockefeller referred when, writing in the January number of the World's Work on problems of general uplift, he pays this tribute to the Catholic Church:

"I fully appreciate the splendid service done by others in the field; but I have seen the organization of the Roman Catholic Church secure better results with a given sum of money than other church organizations are accustomed to secure from the same expenditure."

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HOLY CROSS HOSPITAL.

This magnificent institution was founded by Bishop Scanlan early in October, 1875, when he brought from Indiana Sisters M. Holy Cross and M. Bartholomew, who at once entered upon their meritorious labors. On the 22d of October, humbly, unostentatiously and full of the spirit of their Divine Master, their work began in a rented building on Fifth East between South Temple and First South streets. It was called the Hospital of the Holy Cross. In this unpretentious abode their labor of love was pre-eminently successful. Their charity in behalf of suffering humanity won for them from a grateful people the true title of angels of mercy and real Sisters of Charity. No appeal was unheeded; immediate wants alone were considered. To this day their names are sacred in every household as symbols of charity and mercy, and their memories are enshrined like the Good Samaritan in the hearts of a grateful people. For seven years they labored faithfully and successfully. As a mark of their success the present beautiful hospital, with its spacious grounds, and without encumbrance when Sister Holy Cross resigned her position as Superior, stands as a living monument. The ten-acre block was purchased in April, 1881, by Bishop Scanlan and the deed given to the Sisters. Ground for the new hospital was broken the following month. The next year the Sisters, with their patients, removed from the old to the splendid structure they now occupy.

There are few hospitals in the country more ably conducted than is the Holy Cross Hospital of Salt Lake City, Utah, located conveniently at First South street, between Tenth and Eleventh East. This institution, which is handled in a splendid manner by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, under the personal management and direction of a Sister Superior who has the general superintendency of the entire hospital, is one of the noted places of this city. Accommodations are provided for 150 patients without crowding, and in case of emergency 200 can be cared for. Every kind of disease—ex-

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JUDGE

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GE MEMORIAL HOME.

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cept contagious cases—are handled here, and every attention paid each patient. There are three operating rooms, an X-ray department, under the supervision of a specialist, and a staff of able and proficient surgeons and physicians, three medical men, twenty trained nurses, two interns and twenty-seven Sisters of the Holy Cross are in constant attendance, thus insuring every care consistent with the most modernly conducted hospital.

The institution has sixty-five private rooms for special patients, separate wards for patients accommodating from four to eighteen people each, and a new steam power and laundry plant will provide everything in this line necessary for the hospital.

Thousands of patients have been cared for and cured at this hospital through the careful and diligent work of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and there is perhaps no institution of its kind in the country that is more successful in its treatment of all cases. One who is taken in here is assured of every attention possible, day and night, and this is one of the reasons that the hospital is usually comfortably filled with patients.

THE JUDGE "MEMORIAL HOME."

Resting on a solid foundation of great blocks of granite, the Judge "Memorial Home" occupies one of the most commanding sites in the city of Salt Lake.

This magnificent monument of affection and charity was built by Mrs. Mary Judge to the memory of her husband as a hospital and home for injured, aged and feeble miners.

The pressing calls upon the resources and time of Bishop Scanlan, the incessant appeals made upon his energy during the building of the cathedral, and the supervising and financing of this great ecclesiastical monument have postponed the opening of the "Home" beyond the expectations and hope of the Bishop.

When the doors of the Judge's Home swing open to the public and the grounds lend themselves to a touch of land-

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scape gardening, this magnificent building, commanding a sweeping view of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, will rank among the architecturally great monuments of the West.

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BOOK IV.

Diocese of Salt Lake.

Sketch of the Life of Bishop Scanlan.

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ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, Ogden, Utah.

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CHAPTER XXV.

DIOCESE OF SALT LAKE.

The diocese of Salt Lake, embracing an area of 153,768 square miles, is the largest in the United States. To form an idea of this immense territory, under the direction of one bishop, is best realized by comparison. In the province of New York there are seven dioceses annexed to the archdiocese or Metropolitan See. Archbishop Farley is in charge of the Metropolitan See, and seven suffragan bishops exercise spiritual jurisdiction over the province of New York. The whole province has only an area of 53,376 square miles, or less than one-third the size of the diocese of Salt Lake.

The fact is the Bishop of Salt Lake governs a region greater than that included within the jurisdiction of the Archbishops of New Orleans, New York, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, San Francisco and St. Paul. Within the great ecclesiastical province of New York lie the dioceses of Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Newark, Ogdensburg, Rochester, Syracuse and Trenton covering an area of 71,000 miles, less by 83,000 miles than the diocese of Salt Lake.

Long before Utah had a name, or the region was even geographically placed, the Franciscan Fathers began their missionary labors in New Mexico. When Onate, in 1606, laid the foundations of Santa Fé and the buildings began to assume the proportions of a town, the Franciscans left their little convent at "El Yunque" (now Chamata R. R. station) on the west side of the Rio Grande and built their monastery in Santa Fé, which was ever afterwards their headquarters for the southwestern missions, subject, of course, to the great central monastery in Queretaro, Mexico.

At this time the missionary regions lay beyond the jurisdiction of any Mexican bishop, and the Franciscan Fathers, as a necessity, enjoyed exceptional privileges. The superiors

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of the Sonora and Santa Fé missions were authorized by special Pontifical Indult to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. From "*La Colleccion de Bulas, Breves y otros documentos,* etc.," gathered by Father Hernaez, S. J. (Brussels, 1879), we learn that the Dominican and Franciscan Fathers, laboring in the two Americas and Philippine Islands, possessed special privileges and—except the power to confer Orders—had episcopal faculties. The territory, now known as Utah, was subject to the Custodio or presidency of Santa Fe, until the erection of Durango, Mexico, into a diocese in 1649, when New Mexico and all the southwestern regions, including Utah, came under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Durango. In the archives, preserved at Santa Fe, we read that the Rt. Revs. Martin Eliza-Cochea and Pedro Tamaron visited New Mexico in 1737 and 1760, and in these years administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 870 Mexicans, Indians and half-bloods.

By the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, entered into between the Republics of Mexico and the United States, and signed at Guadalupe, near Mexico City, May 19, 1848, New Mexico, including Utah, Upper California, etc., was ceded to the United States on payment to the Republic of Mexico of $15,000,000 gold.

Utah now, by a law of adhesion, falls ecclesiastically, under the jurisdiction of St. Louis, U. S., governed then by Rt. Rev. P. R. Kenrick, D. D.

In 1866 the Territory of Utah was committed to the administration of His Grace, the Archbishop of San Francisco. By an ecclesiastical law of gravitation it ought to have been included within the limits of the newly created diocese of Marysville or Grass Valley, now Sacramento. Instead, however, the Holy See committed it entirely to the Archbishop of San Francisco, who sent earnest priests to build the house of the Lord in the Mormon stronghold.

On February 5, 1868, Colorado and Utah were erected into a Vicariate-Apostolic and Father Machebeuf of Denver

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made Vicar Apostolic and consecrated titular Bishop of Epiphania, August 16, 1868. On February 12, 1871, Utah is again carried to California and confided to the spiritual care of Rt. Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Bishop of San Francisco. The territory remained attached to San Francisco until April 7, 1886, when Utah and six counties of Nevada were raised to a Vicariate-Apostolic and Father Lawrence Scanlan, pastor of Salt Lake, made Vicar-Apostolic and consecrated (June 29, 1887), Bishop of Larandum, *in partibus infidelium.*

As we have had occasion to refer many times to the term Vicariate-Apostolic, we ought, in justice to our readers, to explain what is meant by the dual word.

Briefly, then, a Vicariate-Apostolic implies a region of a country where no episcopate or bishopric was at any time established, or when, having been established, the succession was, for a long time, interrupted either by prolonged wars or by national apostasy. After the apostasy of England from the faith, the Church in Great Britain was governed by Vicars-Apostolic from 1685 till the re-establishment of the hierarchy by Pope Pius IX, 1850, by the appointment of the great Wiseman as Bishop of Westminster. Missionary dioceses are usually vicariates-apostolic, and as such must report to the College of the Propaganda, Rome. There are to-day, at least a hundred of such vicariates in existence. In 1891, the Vicariate of Utah and Nevada was erected into a Diocese, to be known henceforth as the Diocese of Salt Lake *(Dioecesis Lacus Salsi).* The canonical jurisdiction of Bishop Scanlan covers all Utah and the counties of Lincoln, Lander, Eureka, Elko, Nye and White Pine in the State of Nevada, an area of territory larger than all England and Wales, and Ireland, Scotland and Portugal combined.

Whole regions of this vast territory, particularly in the mountainous ranges, are sparsely settled and are difficult of access. Mining camps leap into existence to-day and disappear to-morrow. In only a few districts is it possible to

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establish parishes, and when these parishes are created and resident priests appointed, the wear and tear of missionary life, the exposure on and loneliness of the long journeys, the severity of the winters and the poor fare, wear down the priests and shorten their lives.

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PARISHES AND MISSIONS.

SALT LAKE CITY.

The Cathedral of Salt Lake is, without exception, architecturally, the finest ecclesiastical structure west of the Missouri. Resting on an imperishable foundation of massive blocks of granite, the great building occupies a commanding site in one of the finest quarters of the city, and imparts to the surrounding neighborhood a tone of quiet solemnity and impressive dignity. Externally, the cathedral offers to the eye an example of the great ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages—the Ages of Faith—when architects and builders adhered scrupulously to structural proportions and laid great stress on architectural unities. The view from the highest platform of the beautiful Norman towers is a revelation. The eye sweeps the magnificent valley, the Great Salt Lake, the Jordan River, the towering peaks, canyons, ranges and the glorious city itself, rising from the plain and protected and battlemented by its own rock-ribbed mountains.

The cathedral is a firm mass of masonry, built of hewed and hammered stone, whose mortared joints have solidified into an imperishable material, forming with the travertine, an indestructible whole. Its dignity and grace and solemn grandeur have imparted a new glory and importance to material substance and carries to the mind a persuasion of the sublime faith of the men who raised this imperishable temple to do honor to an imperishable God.

This great Christian fane, its commanding site, its furnishment and mural decorations, with the Episcopal residence and land cost $600,000.

Under a groined canopy, whose figured windows flood it with a wealth and variety of chromatic coloring, reposes the High Altar of Carrara marble, elaborately carved by Italian masters.

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The beautiful side altars, the sanctuary railings of carved Irish oak, the magnificent windows of Munich design and finish, its groined and lofty ceiling resting on twelve pillars of Ionic finish and its splendid organ, give to this consecrated fane an immortality of quiet grandeur and an atmosphere of sanctity and religious repose.

The pastor of the cathedral parish and Chancellor of the Diocese, Very Rev. Father Kiely, V. G., has spiritual charge of the Catholic souls of Salt Lake City. He is assisted by five resident priests who say Mass daily in the cathedral, the Hospital and the Academy, visit the sick, instruct the children and co-operate with the pastor in the work of the parish. St. Patrick's Church in the western section of the city is attended on Sundays and holydays from the cathedral. On Sundays the Holy Sacrifice is offered up at convenient hours in the chapels of Holy Cross Hospital, All Hallows College, St. Mary's Academy and St. Ann's Orphanage, thus affording Catholics in all parts of the city every facility for hearing Mass on days of obligation. From the cathedral parish, priests visit Bingham, Scofield, Sunnyside, Fort Douglas, Ogden and other distant missions.

OGDEN.

The ecclesiastical growth and expansion of the Catholic Church in this charming and attractive city is so intimately interwoven with the sacerdotal life of its pastor, Father Cushnahan, that the separation of the one from the local life of the other would disrupt a union apparently providential.

If you re-examine the fine mezzo-tone illustrations of this history your attention will be challenged by a scene in the valley of the Duchesne River, including tents, wagons and horses—the camp of Don Maguire. Now if it were possible for you to examine the baptismal register—Utah's first—opened by Father Walsh back in '66, you would notice that the first Catholic child baptized in Ogden was Frances Maguire. Well, the father and mother of Frances and Don Maguire, by a mysterious law of gravitation, settled in

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Ogden long before there was priest or church there. They were of the historic Maguires of Fermanagh, or may be of the great clan of the Maguires of Cavan, and, when they drifted out west, they brought their faith with them. When a Maguire flings his faith away, his Irish descent leaves him and goes with the faith, and his manhood gets lonesome and follows the other two—always. Nothing is left him but a great name, and ashamed of its anomalous isolation, the name itself fades away, declines and becomes, perhaps, a monstrosity, a Megirr, and Megirrs do not perpetuate themselves beyond one or two generations. The Maguire, who settled in Ogden, brought his faith, his name and his manhood with him, and with him began Catholicism in Ogden. Associated with the Maguires in those early days were the Delaneys, the Hassetts, the McCormicks, and together they formed the little Catholic group which grew and multiplied into the present large congregation. 'In June, 1879, Archbishop Alemany came all the way from San Francisco to solemnly open the little church that had been built by Father Scanlan, who, on the occasion sang the first High Mass heard in Ogden. Then, twenty-seven years ago—in 1882—came Father Cushnahan, and since then great changes have been structurally wrought.

An interesting incident in the ecclesiastical life of Ogden and Salt Lake was the meeting and visit of Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, and his coadjutor, Archbishop Riordan, who was on his way to the coast fresh from his consecration at Chicago, September 26, 1883.

On Thursday, Nov. 3, 1883, Archbishop Riordan reached Ogden from the east, accompanied by a number of clergymen from Chicago. They were met at the depot by Archbishop Alemany and Very Rev. Father Scanlan, who took charge of the distinguished guests. They visited St. Joseph's Church and thence down to the Sacred Heart Academy, where they were entertained in a most pleasant manner by addresses from the pupils of that institution. Archbishop Riordan expressed his agreeable surprise at finding such a

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fine institution in the Far West. After thanking the Sisters and pupils His Grace wished them long and continued prosperity. They arrived in Salt Lake at noon, and spent the entire afternoon in visiting places of interest in the city, notably St. Mary's Academy, where the welcome of the good Sisters and their pupils found expression in the presentation of a splendid program, consisting of addresses and music, both vocal and instrumental. On Sunday morning the papers gave the following notice of services: Catholic services: Solemn Pontifical High Mass, Celebrant, Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan; Assistant Priest, Rev. J. P. Roles; Deacon, Rev. S. J. Dunne; sub-Deacon, Rev. M. F. Burke; Deacons of Honor, Revs. B. J. Spaulding and T. S. Henneberry. Sermon by the Most Rev. J. S. Alemany. Services at 11 a. m.

After the Gospel Archbishop Alemany introduced the new Archbishop to the congregation, and then preached an appropriate sermon for the occasion.

Sunday evening the party left Salt Lake for Ogden, and thence, accompanied by Archbishop Alemany and Father Scanlan, the distinguished guests proceeded on their journey to the Golden Gate.

St. Joseph's Church, Ogden, is an architectural gem. The beautiful exterior structure, all rock, with its high tower surmounted by a large cross, is the first object to attract the attention of visitors sojourning in the city. The interior in design and finish is in keeping with the exterior. Ornate and chaste, with is beautiful stained glass windows and artistic Stations of the Cross, everything is calculated to intensify the devotion of its worshipers.

PARK CITY.

Since the opening and development of the first mine in this thriving and rich mining camp attention has been always directed to Catholic interests. In 1873, soon after his arrival in Salt Lake, Father Scanlan visited Park City and celebrated Mass. From that date down to 1881 regular services were held at certain intervals in an old log cabin.

In 1881 a lot with residence was secured in this prosper-

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ST. MARY OF THE ASSUMPTION CHURCH, Park City, Utah.

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ous mining camp. A new building which served the double purpose of school and church was erected the same year. In September, 1881, the Sisters opened their school. In 1885 the church and school building and Sisters' residence were destroyed by fire. The church and school were rebuilt at once of rock under the superintendence of Rev. P. Blake, the acting pastor. In 1886 the present pastor, Rev. T. Galligan, took up the work of Father Blake, and has for eighteen years administered to the spiritual wants of the people. By his zeal and devotion he has succeeded in building up the spiritual edifice in the souls of his congregation and has endeared himself to all the members of his flock.

EUREKA.

Long before the connecting link of the Oregon Short Line from Lehi Junction to Ironton was built, Tintic was visited by a Catholic priest. Early in December, 1873, Father Scanlan went by stage from Lehi to Camp Floyd, where he remained over Sunday. From Camp Floyd he staged it to Diamond, holding services there; also in Silver City and Eureka. In the baptismal record are registered five baptisms at Tintic by Father Scanlan, dated December 9, 1873. These are Dennis Sullivan, Veronica S. M. Brown, Victor E., Alphonsus R. and Pearl M. Ether. At this early period but few members of the Church were in the district. Silver City, Diamond and Eureka gave ample evidence that prospecting was done, for the hills surrounding those places were dotted with holes made by the miners' picks.

TINTIC.

A LOG CABIN VILLAGE.

In the little village with its high-sounding and suggestive name were only a few log cabins. In one of these cabins, with his blankets on the floor, Father Scanlan rested for three weeks, returning to Salt Lake on the eve of Christmas. The growth of Tintic from 1873 to 1880, though gradual, was very slow, hence no priest visited the place till 1880.

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At this time Eureka, the principal place in the district, had developed into a fair-sized mining camp and arrangements were made for regular services every three months. In 1884 a number of families had settled in the town of Eureka. They wanted, and asked that a resident priest be sent there.

FATHER KILEY TAKES CHARGE.

In September of the following year Father Kiley was sent to take charge of the place. There being no town site and all unoccupied land being free for settlers, he selected the site on which the present church and school are located. The land being subsequently patented by mine-owners was purchased from them, and deeds made out in regular form to the Ordinary of the diocese. After locating the church and school site a collection for a new church was taken up. All gave according to their means, and the work of erection began in the latter part of November. The church was completed on Christmas eve, and the first services were held on Christmas day, 1885. In January, 1886, a school was opened in the church by William J. Bogan, who also taught night school, which was largely patronized by the miners and other citizens of the place. The school continued until October of the same year.

VISIT OF THE BISHOP.

In the spring of 1891 Bishop Scanlan made an official visit to Eureka, having for his object the reopening of the school. Seeing that the church could not accommodate the Catholic children of the place, he decided on erecting a new building for school purposes. In this new project the citizens all gladly co-operated. After the encouragement received, he commenced, in May, the construction of his future school, which was completed in August of the same year, and in September, 1891, four Sisters of the Holy Cross commenced their first school term. Rev. P. Donohoe, rector of the place, was indefatigable in his efforts to provide a good school for the children of his congregation, and has since

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1891 encouraged it in every way possible. Fully realizing the force of the text, "*Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui edificant eam,*" he has seen in the past eight years the fruits of his labors and his own co-operation blessed by God and can with pleasure look back on the good results accomplished. Father Donohoe holds services occasionally in Mammoth, which is connected by railroad with Eureka. With the big mines, Mammoth may in the near future have a church where regular services can be held.

EUREKA, NEVADA.

The history of the Church in Eureka dates from the discovery of the first great ore bodies in that once thriving and prosperous mining camp. As early as 1867 a priest visited the camp and held public services. The substantial stone church yet used, was erected by Father Monteverde. The present pastor, Father Mannion, took charge of Eureka in 1897. In addition to Eureka proper his charge extends from Palisade toward Ogden on the Southern Pacific railroad. Twice each year he visits the different railroad towns, where he holds services for the benefit of his people. Hamilton and Cherry Creek, White Pine County, which have two nice churches built in the early '70s, are also a part of the Eureka district.

In Tuscarora, Elko County, a church was erected in 1890 by Rev. P. J. Quigley, who at the time had charge of the surrounding districts. During the present year a church was built by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese in Carlin. Both churches come within the jurisdiction of the pastor of Eureka.

AUSTIN, NEVADA.

Early in 1862 the first mine was located near Austin by an *attaché* of the stage station at Jacobs Springs. Being a rider in the pony express of these days, the new mine was christened "The Pony." On May 10, 1862, a mining district was mapped out, and called the Reese River district, after

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Captain Reese, the first explorer of that region. Its growth, in a very short time, was marvelous. Being chartered by its officers it was a model mining camp.

Rev. E. Kelly, who was the first priest to visit Salt Lake, was also the first to hold services in Austin, which at the time was under the jurisdiction of Rt. Rev. Eugene O'Connell of Sacramento. Soon after his first visit he commenced the erection of a church; but before its completion, was recalled to Marysville. He was succeeded by Father Monteverde, who continued the work of his predecessor. The church then begun was soon finished. In 1872 he was transferred to Pioche, and was succeeded by Rev. William Maloney, who remained a few years, and was in turn succeeded by Rev. Joseph Phelan. In 1880 the Church, which was partially destroyed by fire, was repaired at an expense of $3,000 by Father Phelan. In 1894 Father Phelan resigned his charge, which was taken up the same year by Rev. James Butler, who was succeeded by Rev. M. Sheehan. In 1907 Father Sheehan was transferred to

ELY, NEVADA,

where a church had been built in 1905 by Father William Ryan, now of Salt Lake City. The church at Cherry Creek, attended from Ely, was erected by Father Moloney in the fall of 1880. Attached to all the parishes of the diocese of Salt Lake are outlying missions and distant stations visited periodically by the nearest priests. Many of these remote missions are mining camps buried in the mountains anywhere from fifty to two hundred miles distant from a resident priest. It is not unusual for a priest to be summoned, winter or summer, to minister to a dying or fatally injured miner one hundred miles away in the mountains. The "sick call" must be made on horseback, and is often attended with much hardship and danger.

The Catholic population of Salt Lake diocese is estimated at ten thousand, living in cities, towns, villages and in mining camps. Some of these Catholics are herding sheep

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on the great ranges, some are prospecting in the mountains and others are in out-of-the-way places and do not see a priest in years.

All in all, the diocese is, territorially, the roughest and the most difficult to efficiently and permanently organize and govern of all the Vicariate-apostolics or dioceses in the United States.

RECAPITULATION.

Bishop	1
Secular Priests	11
Priests of Religious Orders	9
Total	20
Churches with resident priest	9
Missions with Churches	11
Total Churches	20
Stations	34
Chapels	6
Religious Women (incl. novices and postulants)	98
College for boys	1
Students	225
Students studying for the diocese	3
Academies for young ladies	2
Pupils	401
Parochial Schools	5
Pupils	420
Orphan Asylum	1
Orphans	185
Total of young people under Catholic care	895
Hospital	1
Catholic population, about	10,000

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

RT. REV. L. SCANLAN, D. D.
Bishop of Salt Lake.

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RT. REVEREND LAWRENCE SCANLAN, D. D.,

BISHOP OF SALT LAKE.

"And I will raise Me up a faithful priest who shall do according to My heart and My soul; and I will build him a faithful house and he shall walk all days before My anointed."—I. Kings, 5, 35.

When we began this history we introduced to our readers a Spanish priest, Fray Marcos de Nizza, who, in 1539, tramped Sonora instructing the tribes as he passed among them, then, entering Arizona, crossed mountains and deserts, and from afar, gazed, first of white men, on the adobe and rock faced towns of the mysterious Zuñis. On the confines of the Zuñi and Moqui lands the Spaniard planted the cross, the emblem of man's redemption.

We end our work with a brief biography of an Irish priest, who, 333 years after Fray Marcos began his missionary labors in Arizona, entered the wilderness of the Southwest and raised the cross in Utah and Nevada. In the three and one-half centuries that have come and disappeared since Fray Marcos' time, the Southwest and the Pacific lands have witnessed many changes; all but the everlasting hills, the eternal truth and the immutable laws of God have changed.

The aboriginal owners of the soil, with their languages, pagan rites, customs and usages, have waned, and in a few years will be as if they were not. The Spaniard and the Mexican, who mingled among, intermarried with the tribes and shared their lands, have disappeared and their places are filled by an alien race, of an alien language, of unfamiliar ways, habits and manners. All things have altered save those that cannot change.

In 1539 the Spanish priest, five thousand miles away from his own land and people, preached to the savage Eudes and Yaquis, the Unity and Trinity of God, the Birth, Cruci-

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fixion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ; he told them of the Church Christ had founded to preserve and perpetuate the revelations God hath made to the human race, and that what he was teaching them then was that which the Son of God taught fifteen hundred years before their time; he spoke to them of death, judgment, heaven and hell.

Three hundred years after the death of the Spanish priest, an Irish priest, six thousand miles away from his natal land, meets in the wilderness of the Southwest the pioneers of civilization from the East and many of them halt and listen to his message. This Irish priest, like the consecrated Spaniard, tells them of the Unity and Trinity of God; of death, judgment, heaven and hell. In the doctrines he unfolds there is no variation, no change from those taught the Sonora Indians three hundred years before by the Spaniard, who spoke the truths the Asiatics heard from the lips of the Apostles, who received them from Jesus Christ.

In 1769 Fray Junipero Serra, dark-haired, short of stature, sun-browned, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at San Diego, California, in a miserable shack. Over the entrance to the shack, Admiral Galvez' sailors had nailed a cross. The priest sprinkled the hut inside and outside with holy water, and the shack became the Church of St. Joseph. Next day, when Mass was said again, the shack-church was filled with a swarthy-complexioned, dark-eyed, long-haired, wild-looking people, the Deguen Indians from the border land of lower California. The language of the Mass was Latin.

Forty years after the death of the Spanish priest Junipero Serra, an adobe church was built on the site where the shack, with the cross over its entrance, had stood. This church, built of sun-dried brick, had a pretentious little spire rising above it, and the spire was crowned with a cross, painted white and visible beyond Point Loma. The first Sunday the church was opened the priest who stood at the altar offered the same identical Sacrifice and in the same language

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which the dead priest Junipero Serra had offered nearly a half century before. The gestures of the priest, the vestments, the crucifix over the altar, the Mass-book, were the same, only the vestments were a trifle newer and better, and the priest's name was Morera. But the congregation had changed. Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, half-castes filled the adobe church; everything had changed but the Mass.

Four years ago, nearly one hundred years after the Mass of Father Morera, we assisted at the Holy Sacrifice in St. Joseph's Church, San Diego. There were present two Mexicans, three Indians, and about six hundred fair-haired, blue-eyed Irish Celts and Irish-Americans, speaking a common language and as different in manners, usages and habits from the two other congregations, as day is different from night. The priest, who in 1669 said the first Mass in San Diego, was a Spaniard, Junipero Serra; the priest who said the Mass forty years afterwards was the son of a Spanish father and a Mexican mother, and was called Estavan Morera; and he who offered up the Adorable Sacrifice the Sunday we were present was an Irish Celt baptised Edward Murphy. There was no change in the Mass, not even the shadow of a change; eternal truth is but from the immortal, and truth can never change.

The Church stood almost on the site of the adobe which replaced the shack. It was a large and architecturally fine structure, built of brick, with tower and spire and over all was the sign of man's redemption—the Cross—seen far out at sea.

About one hundred years after the Spaniard, Junipero Serra, said his first Mass in Southern California, a young Irish priest stood at the altar of a church, built a few years before his coming, in a valley seven hundred and fifty miles to the northeast of San Diego. The twenty men and women who were present on this Sunday in the little church, saw and heard what the Deguens witnessed and listened to a century before in San Diego. So that if it were permitted to the Indians of San Diego, dead for a hundred years, to arise,

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appear and assist at Mass on this particular Sunday and in the church built in the valley, everything but the handful of people and the priest would be familiar to them. They would see the same crucifix, the same cross over the entrance, the same altar, even the same Mass-book. They would hear the same words from the lips of the sacrificing priest, witness the same movements, see the same gestures, the same vestments, the same Host elevated, and assist at identically the same Sacrifice. There was only this difference. The priest of a century before was of delicate build, low of stature, of olive tint, and a Spaniard; the officiating priest standing at this altar of the valley, was of herculean build, of rugged health, tall, of fair complexion, and was an Irishman.

This Irish priest who halted the advancing pioneers, as did John the Baptist 2,000 years before the caravans crossing the Jordan, and spoke to them of God and the life beyond the grave; who thirty-six years ago offered up the Holy Sacrifice in the Catholic church of Salt Lake Valley, was Father Scanlan, now Bishop over all Utah and nearly one-half of Nevada.

Born in Ireland sixty-five years ago, young Lawrence Scanlan grew to boyhood surrounded by the historic hills and valleys, and filled with the romantic traditions of his native county, "rebel Tipperary."

It was, and we believe is yet, a tribal and pious tradition among the Irish Celts that the honor of every ancient family demanded a representative in the priesthood. As the sons grew up, one of them, generally the most promising, was devoted to the priesthood. Believing, with the Hebrew, that "the best of the flock and of the vineyard shall be given to the Lord," and that "every offering shall be of the best," the Irish father selected from his domestic flock the best, and physically the finest of his sons, and offered him to God. This explains why the men of the Irish priesthood—and it has often been commented upon—are, to the observant eye, the finest body of men found anywhere in Europe. The Irish,

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like the Jews, are proud of the priesthood of their nation. "Kings were my ancestors," replied Agrippa, the Jew, to the Roman Emperor, "and among them were high priests whose priesthood my family considered equal to royalty itself."

Having finished his classical studies, Lawrence Scanlan entered the famous missionary seminary, All Hallows (All Saints) College, Dublin. Writing of All Hallows in the Catholic Encyclopedia, Mr. Thomas O'Donnell tells us: "It has been the aim of the directors of All Hallows, from the beginning to form missionaries of practical type. In an academic course of seven years, three are devoted to physics, mental philosophy, language and English literature; the remaining four years to Sacred Scripture, history, liturgy, canon law, sacred eloquence and the science of theology. The students are encouraged to foster and strengthen the spontaneous spirit of piety which is the heritage of most Irish children. They are also encouraged to develop health and manliness by outdoor exercises, such as football, hurling, hockey, handball, tennis, cricket, athletic competitions and long walks." Even to this day there lingers in All Hallows a tradition that Lawrence Scanlan was among the greatest athletes that ever graduated from the college.

Having completed his theological studies and successfully passed his examinations, he was advanced to Orders, and on June 24, 1868, was ordained a priest. Selecting the far distant California for his field of labors, the young priest returned to his home in Tipperary to spend a few days with his parents and visit his relatives and friends before bidding them "good bye," perhaps forever. On July 19, Father Scanlan left his parents, home and friends with a feeling that he might never again look upon them.

Only one who knows the warmth of the Irish heart and the strong bonds of domestic affection which bind together the members of an Irish family can understand the intense grief which fills the home when a beloved son and brother leaves them, it may be forever. But Father Scanlan be-

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longed now in an especial manner to God and it was the conviction that he was doing the will of God which tempered the sorrow and strengthened the hearts of the father and mother who now, for the last time on earth, embraced their parting son. As he passed out, contending with emotions which spoke with tears, his mother followed him, flung herself upon his breast in an agony of love and grief and fainted in the arms of her consecrated son. Tenderly unwinding the maternal arms, he resigned her to his brother, and, broken in spirit, passed on.

> " * * * He went forth
> Strengthened to suffer, gifted to subdue
> The might of human passion, to pass on
> Quietly to the sacrifice of all
> The lofty hopes of manhood, and to turn
> The high ambition written on his brow
> To serve his God and help his fellow-man."

Arriving in New York, Father Scanlan crossed the Isthmus of Panama and safely reaching San Francisco, was appointed, November 29, 1868, assistant priest at St. Patrick's. From here he was transferred to the cathedral, notwithstanding the protests of the pastor of St. Patrick's, who had learned to appreciate the good will and disinterestedness of his new curate. While at the cathedral he so endeared himself to the parishioners that after thirty-six years of absence from California, the *San Francisco Monitor* could say of him: "Father Scanlan, now Bishop of Salt Lake, was a most devout and faithful priest, who is still remembered with affection by the veterans of the cathedral parish."

In 1869 a cry came to Bishop O'Connell of Grass Valley from Pioche, Nevada, asking for a resident priest. Pioche was a mining camp among the hills of southeastern Nevada, whose waters are tributary to the Virgin River. The camp was pitched four hundred miles from the nearest railroad. Bishop O'Connell was unable to answer the call of Pioche and appealed to Archbishop Alemany for assistance. The Archbishop spoke to Father Scanlan about the spiritually

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destitute condition of Pioche, and at once the young priest volunteered for the mission.

He now enters, in earnest, on his remarkable missionary career. Staging it from Palisade, Nevada, through the mountains, the cold of February wore him down, and when he reached Hamilton he had mountain fever and was threatened with pneumonia. Nothing but his youth and splendid constitution carried him through a severe siege of illness. Recovering after a month's convalescence in Hamilton, he pushed on, and on March 16 entered Pioche. We have said that Pioche was a mining camp; it was more, for in those days there gathered here some of the wildest and toughest characters of the Southwest. Every man was a law unto himself and gambling hells, brothels, elegant saloons and low groggeries swung wide open day and night. Here also were men of brawn and muscle, big-hearted men, and men of honor and generous impulses whose courage and manhood awed the tougher element. These men of all creeds and no creed welcomed the young priest, and with their co-operation he soon built a frame church with two rooms tacked unto the rear for his living and sleeping apartments.

He took his meals in a Chinese "Chop Suey." The third Sunday after he opened his little church with a big cross on it, a deputation of miners waited upon him and firmly but respectfully intimated to him that his sermons were not suited to his environment. He had been preaching on Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. They told him to keep on telling them about heaven, but to leave out the other three as unsuited to the time and place. Father Scanlan answered that he was not preaching his own opinions, but the doctrines of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, "and," he continued, "while I am here I'll preach Jesus Christ and Him Crucified." They boycotted him. The Chinese eating tent demanded cash for every meal. He was driven to beg a meal here and there, and his clothes began to lose color and assimilate to the weeds of the tramp. One afternoon, when walking in the shade of his church, Dan O'Leary approached

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him. "Father," said Dan, shaking the priest by the hand, "you've won out, the boys admire your pluck; here's fifty dollars, go down to Kimballs and buy a suit of clothes. We'll all be with you next Sunday." After the reconciliation Father Scanlan called a meeting of the miners and asked for subscriptions to build a hospital where the sick and injured of the camp might be cared for. He went around the following day soliciting aid and in two months the hospital was open and ready to receive patients.

When, early in 1873, Father Scanlan was summoned home by his Archbishop to take charge of the important parish of Petaluma, California, the citizens and miners of Pioche sent a petition to his Grace requesting him to leave Father Scanlan with them. He remained but a few months in Petaluma, when he volunteered for the Utah mission and left for Salt Lake.

When, on August 14, 1873, Father Scanlan entered Salt Lake, he became missionary rector over the largest parish in the United States. If it were possible for him to collect in one place the members of his scattering flock, he possibly could have counted eight hundred Catholics in a state population of 87,000. In Salt Lake City and Ogden there were, perhaps, 90 Catholics, the other 710 were dispersed on railroad divisions, in mining camps and among the villages of the state. The little brick church to which he fell heir in Salt Lake City carried a visible cross of wood and an invisible debt of $6,000. It was the only Catholic church in a region of 85,000 square miles of territory. In two years he lifted the $6,000 mortgage from the church, but in doing so he taxed his patience and his humility to the limit. He still dwells with grateful complacency on the courtesy and liberality of his Protestant friends who came to his help during these trying years.

In 1876 the fame of Silver Reef, because of its rich ore deposits, was becoming widespread. Before the discovery of silver ore it was an unattractive desert in the southern part of the state, and about seventeen miles from St. George, where the first Mormon temple was erected and completed.

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After the discovery of the mines men flocked there from all parts of the states of Utah and Nevada. It was called Silver Reef from the geological formation of the hills. Coming within the jurisdiction of Father Scanlan's large parish, he visited the place in 1877, making the round trip of 1,000 miles from Salt Lake and back on horseback. In the trip were included Frisco, Fort Cameron and many other smaller mining camps. He was absent five months, returning to Salt Lake in October. Being pleased with the future prospects of the place, he sent Father Kiley, who is 1874 came from San Francisco to help him, on a visit to the Reef in 1878. Father Kiely returned in August of the same year and reported that among the miners and other residents of the place were many Catholics who were prepared to build a church, and invited Father Scanlan to revisit them. Immediately Father Scanlan made preparations for his second visit, leaving Salt Lake late in November of that year. After reaching his destination a large lot was soon secured, and on January 1st a subscription list for a new church was opened. To the appeal all generously responded, and the work of construction was soon begun. In less than four months a neat, commodious frame church was completed. First services—a *Missa Cantata*—were celebrated on Easter Sunday, 1879; the church, blessed on the same day, was dedicated to St. John.

The next year Father Scanlan solicited subscriptions from the miners and built St. John's Hospital where the sick and wounded men of the camp were attended to by a surgeon and three Sisters of the Holy Cross.

In 1879, while Father Scanlan was engaged in erecting the church and hospital at Silver Reef, an invitation was extended to him by the Mormon authorities of St. George to hold services in their tabernacle. He accepted, and as the services were to be on Sunday, the regular Sunday services—*Missa cantata* and sermon—formed the program of the day. A choir was needed, and as the tabernacle choir of the place did not know Latin, it was thought that the singing of the *Kyrie Eleison, Gloria* and *Credo* could not be carried out.

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The leader of the choir asked for Catholic music, and being given "Peter's Mass," in two weeks his choir knew the Mass and could sing it in Latin. On the third Sunday of May High Mass was sung in the tabernacle. Before the services Father Scanlan explained the meaning of the vestments used at Mass, and at the Gospel preached a logical and eloquent sermon, taking for his text, "True adorers of God shall adore Him in spirit and truth." Careful to give no offense and to respect the belief of his hearers, nearly all of whom were Mormons, he won for himself the esteem and good will of all.

The invitation to Father Scanlan by the officials of the Church of the Latter Day Saints at St. George was not by any means an isolated expression of courtesy from the Mormon elders to a Catholic priest. Mr. Young and his successor in the presidency, indeed all of the Mormon officials, were ever friendly to the Catholic priest, and Bishop Scanlan has many times in conversation gratefully referred to this repeated manifestation of generous feeling towards himself and his predecessors. To what are we to attribute this exceptional treatment of Catholic priests in those early times? As a unit of society the average Mormon has no more love for a Catholic or his religion than has the Baptist or the Swedenborgian. A rather prolonged experience has taught the Catholic that in a community where the majority of the members are distinguished for courtesy and graciousness of manner, intolerance and bigotry to himself and the creed he professes are silent, if not unknown, and that where vulgarity, low breeding and absence of refined manners are the companions of a people, he and his religion are insulted and vilified, if not accursed.

Waiving the question of the social status of the Mormon community in searching for a reason of the invariable kindness with which Catholics and their priests have been always treated, and which Catholics have not failed to appreciate, we are disposed to attribute it to a comparatively unknown and an entirely unsuspected source.

When Mr. Brigham Young and the Mormons, driven by

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a remorseless persecution from Illinois, went into winter quarters near Council Bluffs on the Missouri, late in 1846, the outlook for the Mormon chief and his people for the future was gloomy and forbidding.

On November 19th, an extraordinary man, a priest, missionary and explorer, landed at Council Bluffs, returning from Fort Assiniboine on the Athabasca, in the northern regions of Canada, where he had been evangelizing the tribes. This man was Father De Smet, the Rocky Mountain missionary. Brigham Young, who perhaps had never spoken to a Catholic priest and knew nothing of his religion, had heard of him. Now listen to Father De Smet: "Not far from the trading post in a vast and beautiful plain, is a temporary establishment of the Mormons, driven out from their city Nauvoo on the Mississippi.

"I was introduced to their president, Mr. Young, an affable and very polite gentleman. He pressed me very earnestly to remain a few days (as his guest), an invitation which my limited time did not permit me to accept. The unheard-of persecutions and atrocious sufferings endured by these unhappy people will furnish a sad page to the great Valley of the West." ("De Smet's Life and Travels," Chittenden, Vol. II., p. 611). In his interviews with Mr. Young, Father De Smet unfolded before the astonished eyes of the prophet the Wasatch Range and the Valley of Great Salt Lake which he crossed in 1841. ("In 1841 I traversed much of the valley," De Smet, Vol. IV., p. 1412.) Writing in 1851 to his nephew in Belgium, Father De Smet adds: "They (the Mormons) asked me a thousand questions about the regions, and the basin of the Great Salt Lake pleased them greatly from the account I gave them of it. Was that what determined them (to settle there)? I would not dare to assert it. They are there."

Whatever influence Father De Smet's description of the Salt Lake region may have had on the mind of President Young, we feel satisfied that the address and bearing of the educated and refined priest must have impressed the Mormon chief most favorably and inclined him to a friendly

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consideration for the priests he afterwards met in the city he founded between the mountains.

When Father Scanlan returned from Silver Reef to Salt Lake, a deputation from the citizens waited upon him and presented him with a gold watch and chain and an address congratulating him on the success of his ministration and expressing their admiration for him as a priest and citizen.

At about the same time his Archbishop conferred upon him the title of Vicar-forane or Rural Dean. The indefatigable priest now entered upon a visitation of his vast parish. On horseback or on foot, he visited Provo, Ophir, Stockton, Alta, Castle Gate, Park City, and Bingham, and wherever there was a prospect of establishing a parish he erected a church. There is no part of an honorable and sensitive priest's duty so painful and humiliating as that of going from house to house and man to man soliciting money either for his own support or the building of a church. It is trying to his patience, his manhood and his self-respect. When he sets out in the morning to canvass the community for assistance he may expect to encounter an occasional refusal; but, if he be young and inexperienced, he is not prepared for the insult or sneering expression accompanying that refusal. In the early days of his ministry in Utah Father Scanlan began the erection of a frame church in a distant mission. One sharp, frosty morning in February, he encountered a fairly well-to-do man whose acquaintance he had made a few weeks before. Asking him courteously for a subscription for the church, the man turned upon him with a sneer and told him, in more vigorous Anglo-Saxon than we write it, to "go to Gehenna or Hades." Father Scanlan was then in the prime of his young manhood, weighing 198, standing 6 feet 1 and possessed of great strength. For a moment the fighting blood of his race possessed him, his color heightened, the man of the Irish race almost conquered the priest of the Roman rite; then, remembering his sacred calling, the young priest bowed his head and went his way. The next morning the same man waited upon him,

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apologized for his rudeness and gave him a hundred dollars for the church.

At Pioche, when the boycott was on, he was passing on the opposite side of the street to that on which was a saloon before whose windows were loitering a number of hangers-on. One of the number called out to him and said: "Say, Father Scanlan, we have an argument here of some importance and want your opinion. It is about the age of the devil. Can you tell us how old he is?" "Gentleman," spoke the priest from the other side of the street, "take my advice and keep the records of your own family and specially that of your own father."

At Belmont Father Scanlan was stopped on the street one afternoon by a seedy looking chap with a red and bulbous nose. The tramp asked for a dime, and the priest gave him twenty-five cents, saying at the same time: "Now, promise me you won't get drunk on this." The tramp thanked him and replied: "Drunk on twenty-five cents! I promise you I won't. Why, Reverend Sir, it would take ninety-nine cents of a dollar to make me drunk."

When, in 1886, Father Scanlan was nominated to the Episcopate by the Holy See, and was appointed Vicar-Apostolic over all Utah and a large portion of Nevada, he went to San Francisco for his consecration, and on June 29, 1887, was consecrated Bishop of Larandun by His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Bishops O'Connell and Manogue. The ceremony of consecration considered by itself alone was magnificent and elaborate as the ceremonials of the Catholic Church are wont to be; but to many of those present there was added a deep and significant interest. This arose from the fact that he who was being consecrated to one of the highest offices in the gift of the Church and who was about to return to the rugged region in discharge of the duties which that office imposed, was, eighteen years, before their own spiritual adviser, and some of whom he had married and baptized. He had been in and out among them, instructing them in all that was commendable, encouraging

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them to pure and holy living, sympathizing with them in their sorrows and afflictions, sharing their joys when they rejoiced, ministering faithfully to all their spiritual needs, reproving when reproof was necessary, but always inspired with motives unmistakably for their best interests, both spiritual and material.

And now, when the Church "put a fair mitre upon his head and clothed him with the garments of the High Priest," they rejoiced with exceeding great joy and knew he was not forgotten of God.

Bishop Scanlan returned to Salt Lake and took up his duties at once. The ring and purple made no change in him. He remained and remains the same kindly, unassuming character he was before the mitre and the garments of the High Priest were put upon him.

We have seen that he originated and founded every parish, every Catholic educational and charitable institution in Utah. He now began a pastoral visitation of his vast Vicariate, entering mining camps, visiting inland towns and crossing regions of desolation untouched by any mark of civilization.

Leaving Delamar one afternoon to visit a Catholic family four or five miles west of the Nevada mining camp, he met on the road and entered into conversation with a man who, from his dress and bearing, the Bishop thought to be a preacher. "Good afternoon," said the Bishop, shaking hands with the stranger. "May I ask who you are?" "My name is Collins," answered the other. "I am a poor missionary preaching in these parts." "A what?" said the Bishop. "A missionary," replied the preacher, pulling out of his pocket a little black testament which opened at the precise text he wanted. "I am come to preach salvation to these poor miners. How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed, and how shall they believe in Him of Whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?" "That is all very well," interposed the Bishop, "but why don't you finish the text, 'How shall they preach unless they

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be *sent?'* Now who sent *you?''* "Sent?" said the preacher. "Yes, sent," spoke the Bishop. "My Archbishop sent me, and the Pope, the Bishop of Rome, sent him and his predecessors, and I send my priests. Now, who sent *you?''*. "The Spirit of the Lord," said the preacher boldly, for he was not a man to be easily put out of countenance. "I hope you do not deny that Christ is able to send His own messengers without human intervention?" "God forbid that I should doubt it for one moment," replied the Bishop; "I know that He can. I know that He sent Moses and Aaron without human intervention to establish the Aaronic priesthood, and I know that He superseded this very priesthood of His own ordination, by sending, also without human intervention, the Apostolic priesthood, and what He did once, of course He can do again. God forbid I should doubt that; I should be a Jew if I did. Still I do observe that whenever God sends anyone directly from Himself, and without human intervention, He is always graciously pleased to confirm His own appointment to the minds of His faithful servants by signs and wonders. Moses called down bread from heaven. He and Aaron brought forth waters from the rock. And so also when God was pleased to supersede their priesthood, many wonders and miracles were wrought by the hands of the Apostles. They did not go upon their own testimony, but appealed to these signs from God as witnesses; as in the case of their Master Himself, the works that they did testified of them."

"Now," continued his Lordship, "without at all doubting the possibility that another succession may be commissioned to supersede that of the Apostles, where are your witnesses? I suppose you do not expect us to take your word for it. What supernatural power do you possess or appeal to in proof of your heavenly mission?" This was a puzzler; it had been a puzzler to Mohammed many hundred years before. The prophet, however, got out of it cleverly by saying he had written the Koran, which, as every one could see, was a miracle in itself; but the poor preacher could not say he had written the Bible, so he fell a-thinking and passed on.

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In 1891 the Vicariate-Apostolic was constituted a diocese, and the Bishop fixed his cathedral throne permanently in Salt Lake. The erection of his new cathedral was an achievement fit to test the life-time of the ablest man; yet it was begun and done by Bishop Scanlan in a few years and with a success that could be only the fruition of an apostolic zeal. And the same energy displayed in erecting the cathedral was in evidence before he began the great building by the founding of many institutions, the creation of parishes and the erection of churches to meet the needs of a growing population.

While studiously avoiding anything which might be interpreted, even in the faintest way, as mixing in politics, the Bishop has always taken a fearless open stand on all questions—religious, social and moral. When he comes before the public, he comes with the respect of all. He has been the great man of the community for thirty-five years. From his commanding presence—tall, dignified, stately—one might know at a glance that he is a ruler of men. Courageous with the consciousness of right, he has never faltered in denouncing wrong and appealing for its remedy, and the public has always waited on his word. His splendid character, his self-devotion, his many acts of kindness, and his patient toils in the early days of his missionary life, rest in the obscurity where the best of human virtues are buried from age to age.

"The life of a missionary priest," writes Cardinal Gibbons, "is never written, nor can it be. He has no Boswell. His biographer may recount the churches he erected, the schools he founded, the works of religion and charity he inaugurated and fostered, the sermons he preached, the children he catechized, the converts he received into the fold; and this is already a great deal, but it only touches upon the surface of that devoted life. There is no memoir of his private daily life of usefulness and of his sacred and confidential relations with his flock—all this is hidden with Christ in God, and is registered only by His recording angel."

The Bishop has, by his sincerity of purpose and by an admirable and honorable straightforwardness, been singu-

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larly fortunate in winning, during the early years of his priesthood, the good will and respect of the citizens of Salt Lake, and retaining now in the evening of his life, their affection and admiration; but he has been especially blessed in having for his Vicar-General a priest who is, and has always been to him, just less than a brother and more than a friend. Father Kiely possesses the saving gift of common sense, a directness of purpose, an unselfish devotion to a high conception of duty, and a loyalty to his Bishop which have won for him a distinguished place in the priesthood. What a help and inspiration he has been to Bishop Scanlan is best shown in the love and esteem which his venerable Prelate cherishes for him. For thirty-five years he has been the friend and companion of his Bishop, as assistant priest, Rector of the cathedral, Chancellor and Vicar-General of the diocese. He has been of invaluable assistance to his ecclesiastical superior, has been intimately identified with him in the building of the cathedral, and of the many Catholic institutions of the city, and in gratitude for and appreciation of his disinterestedness and zeal, his Bishop speaks of him in language of unstinted praise and holds him in the very highest esteem.

The end.

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